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War Service
Record and Memorial

OF

LESTER CLEMENT BARTON
THYRZA BARTON DEAN
WILLIAM SIDNEY BARTON
RAYMOND WELLES BARTON



Compiled by
GEORGE PRESTON BARTON
and
EMMA WELLES BARTON
1922

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THE

History and Geography

OF

THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK
AND
THE
COUNTY OF
NEW YORK

1890

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Christmas Carols of 1918

The sky is bright'ning in the east;
The last faint star is gone,
And fresh young voices in the street
Proclaim the Christmas dawn.

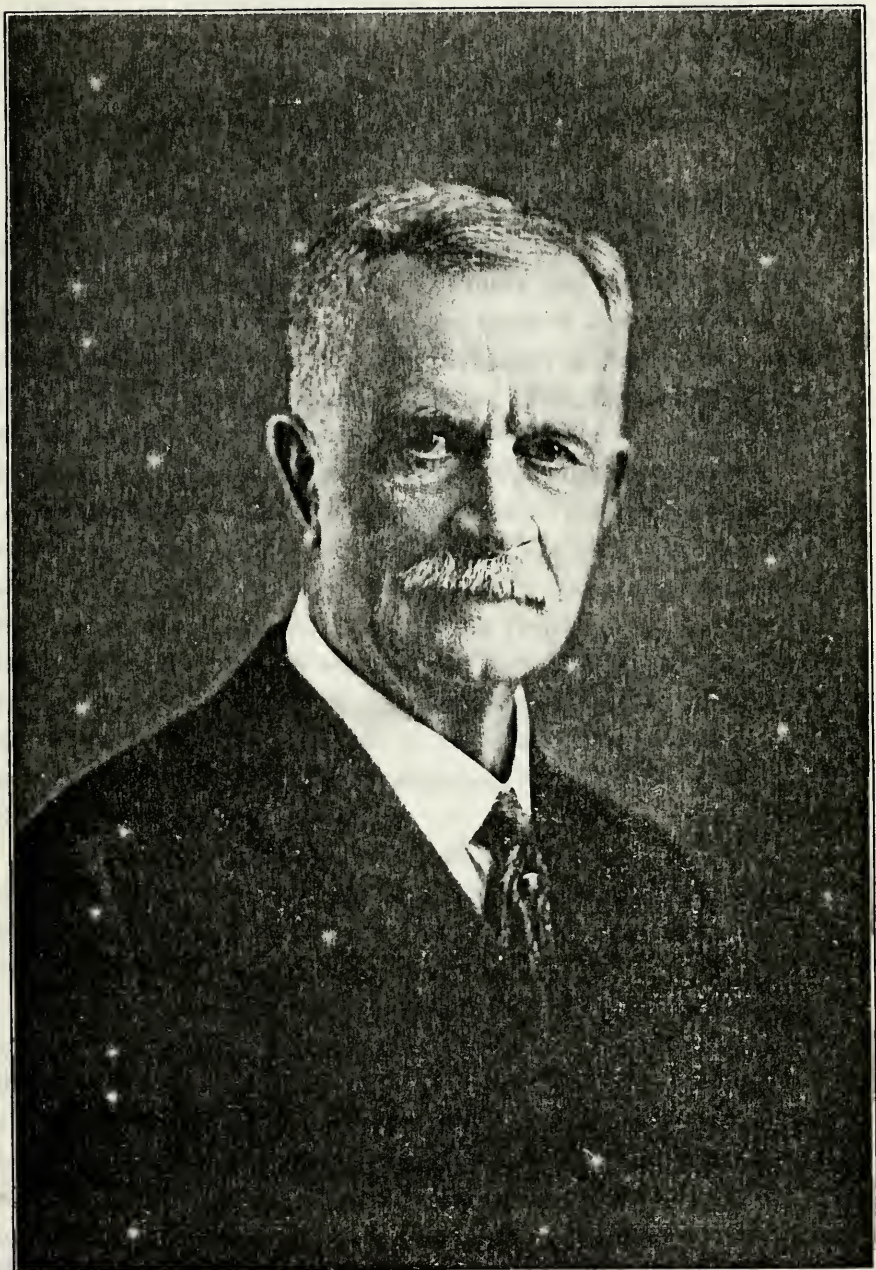
They sweetly praise the King of kings,
His everlasting reign,
The Blessed Babe of Bethlehem,
The Christ on Calvary slain.

And as their joyous carols rise,
Another youthful choir
In Heaven's eternal beauty sings,
But sweeter, clearer, higher!

This host have made their sacrifice,
E'en as the Christ did deign;
Some made it on the battle-field,
And some on beds of pain.

Sing on, sing clear, bright Angel Choir,
Who fought to right the wrong;
And may the listening Earth still hear
Sweet echoes of your song!

Emma Welles Barton.



GEORGE PRESTON BARTON
June 16, 1922

INTRODUCTION

Four of our children took active part in the World War. The oldest son fell in France; his sister, next to him in years, was privileged to serve for twenty months in France and Poland. In May, 1917, a younger brother, at nineteen years of age, enlisted in the ambulance corps and served, until discharged in April, 1919, more than a year of the time abroad. In June, 1918, the next brother, at nineteen years of age, enlisted in the Navy. He was taken by the influenza at Hampton Roads, Virginia, the following October.

This volume is primarily intended as a record and memorial of what these children did, or attempted. We shall add, however, something of family history in which will be given some account of the military services of their ancestors in American wars. We believe that the issue in the war that has as yet hardly closed was so momentous, and the result of our nation's participation so important and decisive, that it is only fair to our children, and to those who may come after them, to make permanent record of the loyalty and devotion of those who served.

So far as seems practicable, we shall let the letters written by the children tell the story of their thoughts, ideals and doings—this is history; and we shall not keep back nor delete, nor shall we change what they themselves have said.

When news came to us in the summer of 1914 that war had begun, we, six thousand miles in distance from the conflict, little thought that this war was for us. We were dazed, not knowing at all what it was all about. As a nation it really took us two and a half years to get our bearings; to wake up to the fact that the greatest crime of the ages was being wrought; to realize that we also were in danger—that Plymouth Rock itself must be defended. Not until then did our sister nations of representative democracy receive the long-hoped-for alliance. We then began to see that they had been

fighting our battle as well as their own, but without our aid, and we blushed. Is it to be wondered that, with eyes thus opened, two millions of our best, in the space of about a year were armed, equipped and trained, and placed along the battle lines over seas? I say that those who did not offer themselves, those who were too old, those who were too weak in body or in spirit, are the ones to be given commiseration, not those who offered themselves at once, even though they may have passed on. And let us remember and give honor to those who returned, whether with increased vigor or impaired by disease or wounded in battle. Dear, gentle, negative brothers and sisters, remember that fighting is positive—not a case of negation—prohibition. Because some fought like demons, we are here. Our son William said that, as he drove his ambulance loaded down with wounded marines after the battle of Belleau Wood in June, he heard from them not one word of complaint; fierce as these boys had been in the fight, they were gentle and patient under suffering.

And some five weeks later after the offensive had begun (I have it direct from one who was there), General Degoutte, on being informed how the Americans charged the nests of machine guns, exclaimed, "THE WAR IS WON!" and so it was won from that moment, for, the offensive thus started as ordered by Foch, did not slacken until Armistice Day!

Lester fell either on the second or the third day of the offensive at the northern point of Belleau Wood opposite the village of Torcy. He was on liaison duty with the infantry, and was with one exception the only artillery officer of the 26th Division to be killed in battle during the service overseas of that division. He was at the front in the most advanced and exposed position, doing his duty, which was not less than his utmost, when he fell.

To those of comprehensive vision—and Lester was one of them—it must have seemed as if the mighty universe known to man, was standing for the moment suspended; at which moment came the order from Foch not to retreat, not simply to stand and hold ground, but to go forward; and thus on the 17th day of July, 1918, was

started the offensive—the beginning of the end. Many were there at the battle front freely offering their lives to their country; and, may we not even envy each one of that so great company whose offer of life was, by the fate of battle, accepted? When again could there be occasion for an ending so crowned with service and honor? Ask the millions now within the gates of Paris. And this thought is something of solace to us in our great bereavement.

Of Raymond I write with difficulty, though about four years have passed by since he decided that he must go into the fight.

It had been primarily for his health that the first sojourn of my family in California had been made (1905-1906); and later I was persuaded to give up business and life associations in Chicago for a climate we hoped would be better for the health and happiness of all the family than that of the Windy City.

When Raymond was less than five years old I was no less than startled to observe with what facility he could grasp, and repeat word for word what he had heard and listened to. It is a gift, I had thought, to girls. My sister Ellen had it and also the gift of spelling by sight memory; my daughter Thyrza has the same gift—practically unable to misspell any word she may have seen. Lester, too, was quick in such ways. At six years of age he could tell the time of day from a watch at a glance. From these and other like instances I am convinced that Dogberry was speaking the literal truth in saying that “to read and write comes by nature,” and he should have added that to spell comes in like manner as a gift from the gods, if at all. Raymond’s mother will tell of his school work—it was even and sustained: Latin, mathematics, history, civics. I recall his theme on the Tweed Ring written when he was fifteen years of age. Even then he had a broad horizon.

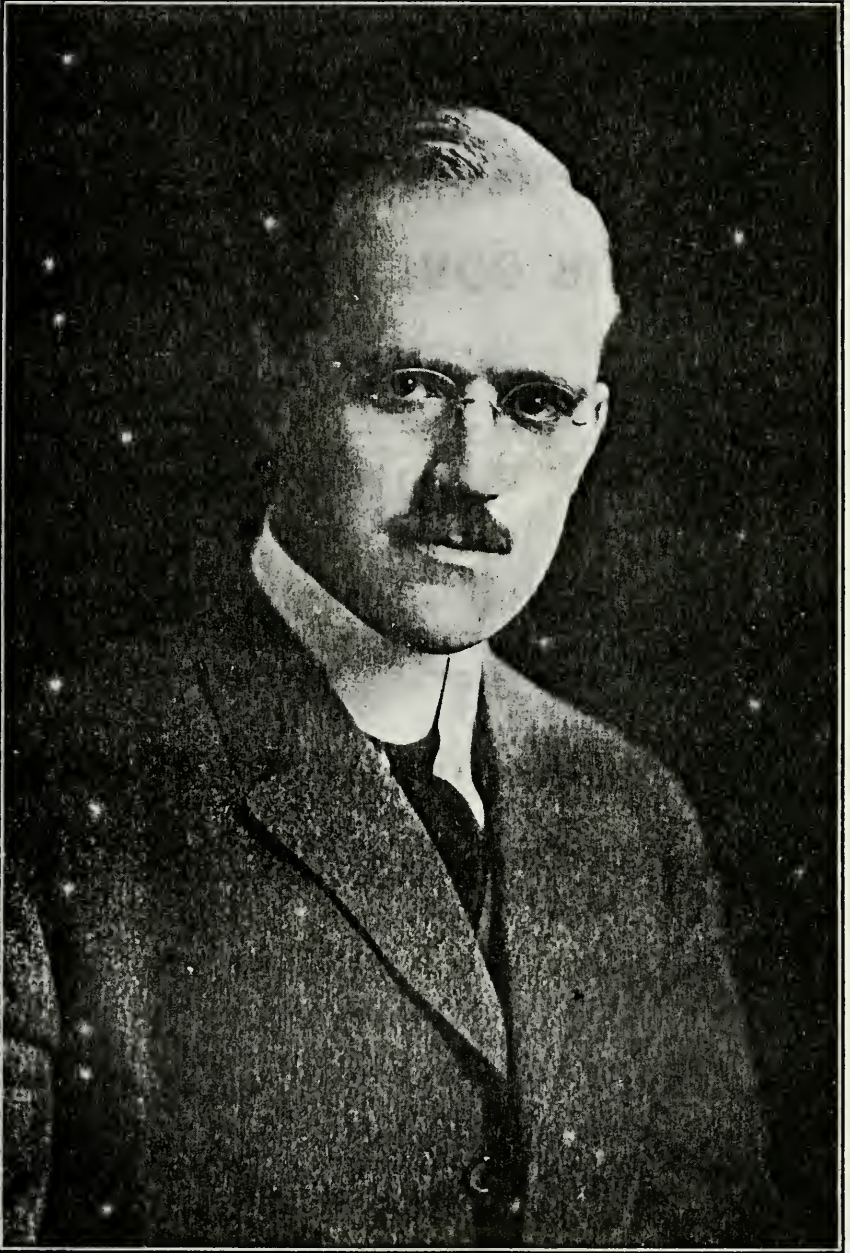
It was against my advice, though with my consent, that he enlisted. Though apparently strong, I knew that his past history did not warrant his undertaking the hardships of either Army or Navy; but he seemed determined to go, and I felt that I could not hold him back. He brought me an account of the horrors inflicted by the Germans on Belgian young women, and he said, “What would

you do?" I felt like a blind Samson and did not give audible answer, but he at least thought he knew my answer.

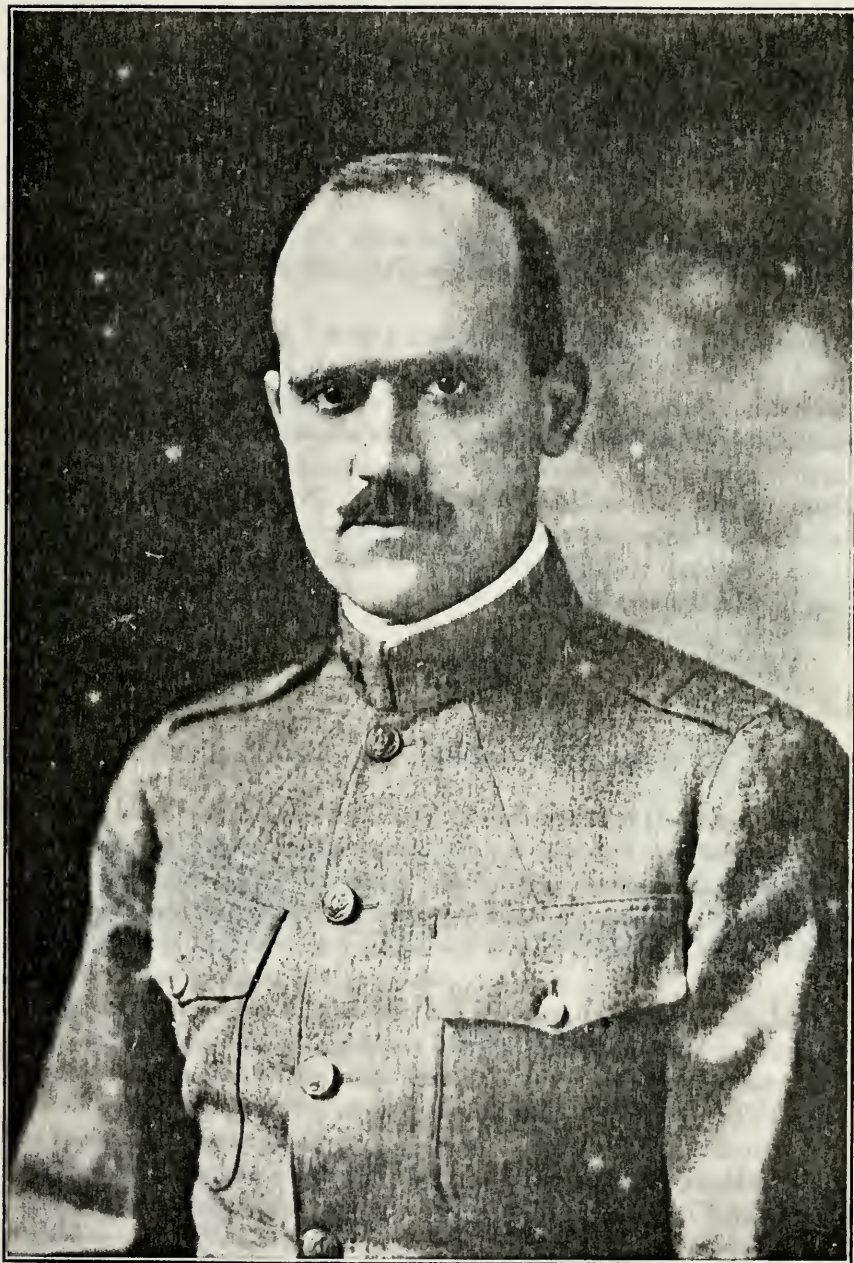
I had seen him in December, 1916, before an audience well filling the Auditorium of the Pasadena High School, come forward in debate and answer his opponents, and with his mother heard the applause that greeted the announcement of victory awarded to him and his colleague. I had trembled for him for we knew that for two days, because he felt so keenly the responsibility of bringing honor to the school, he had hardly slept.

With this, in the way of little pictures, suggestive of hopes and ambitions, I will leave the rest to his mother who feels no less than the father, but not more keenly than he does, that a hope and ambition went from our lives forever when Raymond was called.

G. P. B.



LESTER CLEMENT BARTON
About 1914



LESTER CLEMENT BARTON
December 1917

I.

LESTER CLEMENT BARTON

We begin with Lester, the oldest of the children, and shall go to each of the other three, in the order of their respective ages, special headings in what follows.

Chicago was our home, I having gone there from Rochester after graduating from the University of Rochester in the Class of 1876; Rochester, however, has remained a second home to me, during all these years; visits were frequent back and forth and the older children spent with their Grandmother and Aunt Adelia in the aggregate several years each. This is being written at the Rochester home, 292 Tremont Street, the place built by our much beloved oldest brother, Alvin Lester Barton, whose unexpected death at the age of 43, occurred June 21, 1884, six days before Lester was born.

My sister gives the following little sketch of the children while under her care:

LESTER, THYRZA AND HUBERT IN ROCHESTER.

"Let's leave enough kisses for Grandma and Auntie to last a long time," said Lester and Thyrsa as they rushed into the front hall and held carnival for a few minutes, kissing their hands and throwing the kisses up against the walls. This was their goodbye after a stay of several months at their grandmother's home in Rochester during an illness of their mother in Chicago, when they were about three and four years old.

Two years later when their mother had left them for her heavenly home, Lester and Thyrsa, with their younger brother, Hubert, returned to Rochester and became a part of the home there, in care of their grandmother and Aunt Adelia. Much of the school life especially of Thyrsa and Hubert was spent in Rochester until they went away to college. All three returned often for vacations and visits after the new home had been established in Chicago. The three children attended the Central Presbyterian Church while in Rochester and Number 3 Public School. Thyrsa took piano lessons and Hubert took lessons on the violin. One beautiful summer was spent by the family at Cape May in a cottage facing the ocean. The bent-iron lamp made

by Lester at the Chicago Manual Training School still decorates a parlor table in the Rochester home and his Lieutenant's hat recently "sent home from France" hangs as a decoration in another room.

Adelia C. Barton,
292 Tremont St., Rochester, N. Y.

I received frequent letters from my mother and sister during such times, the following being a good specimen of those written by Mother then in her eighty-first year:

Friday morning, Nov. 13, 1891.

Dear George:

We are all well. Lester came home yesterday noon calling "Grandma! Grandma!" (I was upstairs and Adelia was away)—it was in Arithmetic—"I got up to the head today; I went right above a whole row." Then he took some spools from my basket and placed them along on the bed as scholars, and showed me how he went to the head; he has just started for school as happy as can be; Thyrza this morning claimed she could spell Robinson; after she had spelled it, Lester said, "How did you learn to spell it?" She said, "O, I read it in the book."

Hubert can tell which is *my* cat, and *the* cat, and *a* cat.

It was rather rainy yesterday, but pleasant this morning.

I hope you have found a good place to board where you will be comfortable.

Fanny A. Barton.

Mother lived and enjoyed living for nearly ten years after this, passing on when she was two months and two days over ninety, on June 30th, 1901, all the time interested in teaching her grandchildren, the same as she had her children and others.

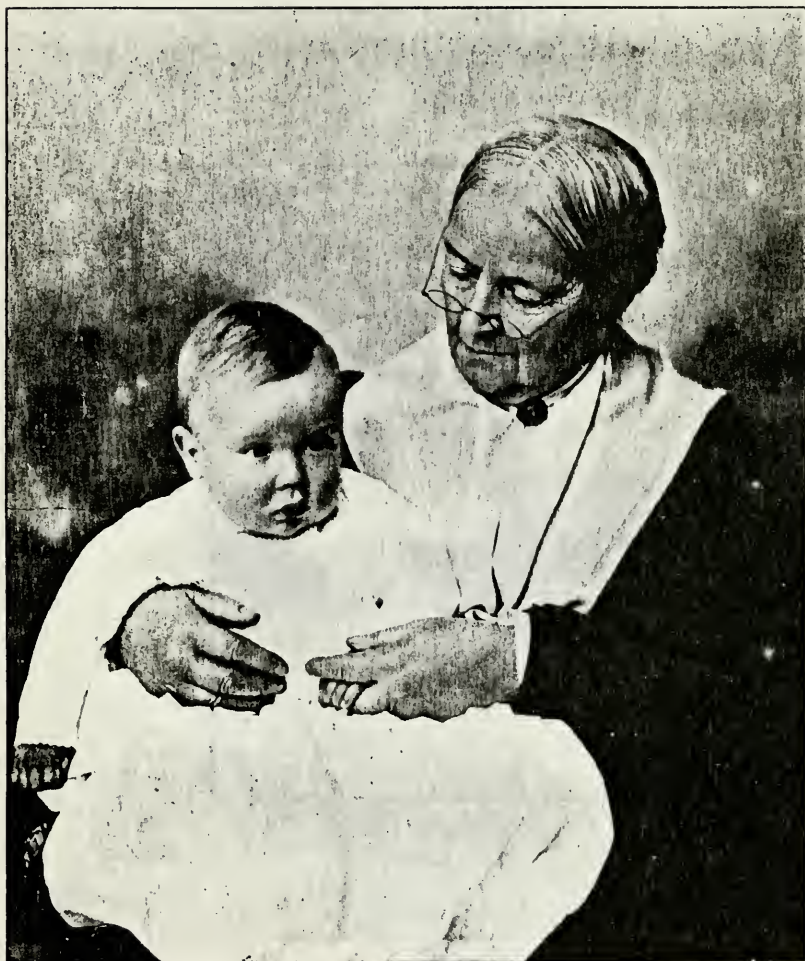
YALE OBITUARY

Lester Clement Barton, B. A., 1906

Born June 27, 1884, in Maywood, Ill.

Died July 19, 1918, at Belleau Wood, France.

Lester Clement Barton, eldest son of George Preston and Lucy (Nichols) Barton, was born June 27, 1884, in Maywood, a suburb of Chicago, Ill. His father was born in Lorraine, N. Y., in 1851, the son of Sidney William and Fanny Abiah (Bliss) Barton, graduated from the University of Roches-

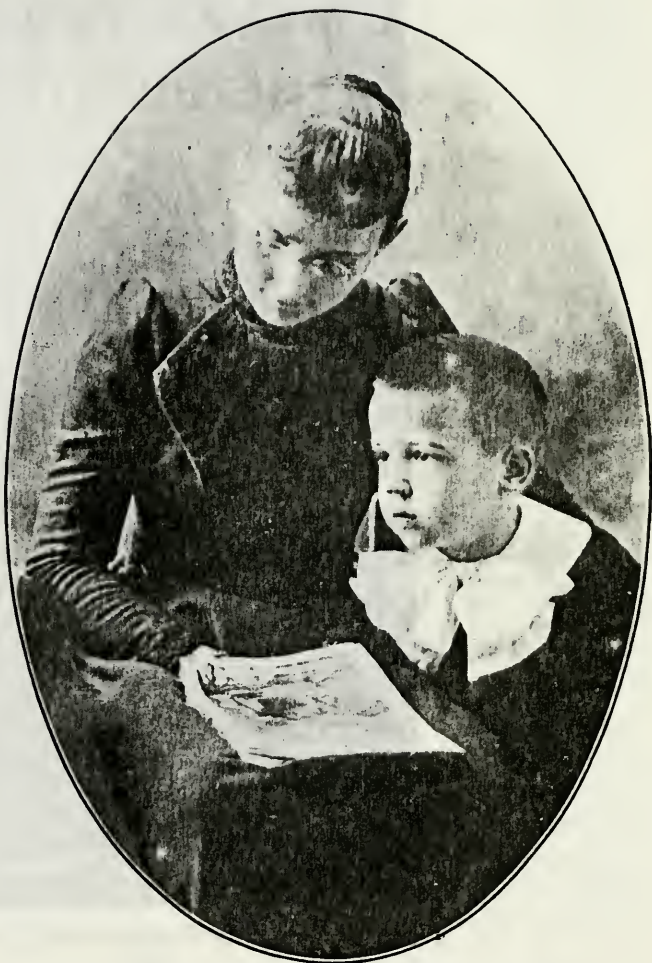


FANNY ABIAH (BLISS) BARTON 1811-1901 AND LESTER
April 1885

The photograph was arranged by Lester's mother, Lucy Nichols Barton



HUBERT — LESTER
About 1894



LUCY NICHOLS BARTON* WITH LESTER
October 1890

*Born February 23, 1860
Died January 24, 1891



WILLIAM THOMAS NICHOLS

1863

Son of James T. and Minerva Briggs Nichols, born at Clarendon, Vt., March 24, 1829,
died at Maywood, Ill., April 10, 1882

"Private Nichols was first to respond. He served with the First Regiment, was under
"fire at Big Bethel, and returning home was elected to represent the town of Rutland in
"the legislature. He had been re-elected in September, 1862, when the command of the
"Fourteenth Regiment was tendered to and accepted by him." (*Vermont in the Civil War—*
By G. C. Benedict—*Vol. II. pp. 408, 409.*)

ter in 1876, and afterwards practiced law in Chicago for thirty-eight years, making a specialty of the law of patents. In recent years his home has been in California. His grandfather, Ozias Barton, the son of Jonathan Barton, a revolutionary soldier, married Sally Lamson, daughter of Jonathan Lamson, who also had served in the Revolution. Ozias Barton took part in the defense of Sackett's Harbor in the war of 1812. Jonathan Barton was a son of Timothy Barton, and his wife's name was Hannah Dix; he was of the Salem and Oxford (Mass.) family to which Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross, belonged. Rev. Enos Bliss (B. A., 1789) was Lester C. Barton's great-grandfather. He, like the Bartons, was of Pilgrim and Puritan stock. His wife, Betsey (Breed) Bliss, was the daughter of David Breed, a descendant of Allen Breed, who came from England in 1630 and settled at Lynn, Mass., and Elizabeth (Clement) Breed, who was a daughter of Jeremiah Clement, of Windham, Conn., and Mary (Moseley) Clement. The Moseley line dates back to John Moseley, who was living in Dorchester, Mass., in 1630. Lucy Nichols Barton was the daughter of Col. William Thomas Nichols and Thyrsa (Crampton) Nichols, and was born in Rutland, Vt., in 1860. Colonel Nichols, who was descended from early New England stock, was a lawyer by profession; he served as a member of the Vermont House of Representatives and Senate, and during the Civil War was Colonel of the 14th, Vermont, which regiment he commanded under General Stannard and led in the charge on the third day of the battle of Gettysburg; in 1869 he moved to Illinois and founded Maywood. Thyrsa Crampton Nichols was descended from Neri Crampton, who, as a young lieutenant, was with Ethan Allen at the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga.

He attended the public schools in Chicago, graduating from the Chicago Manual Training School in 1901, and then spent a year at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., where he took a prize in Latin and graduated with high standing. During the winter vacation of his Senior year at Yale he made a quite remarkable trip alone on foot through Virginia and North Carolina, climbing Mount Mitchell. He participated in football, rowing and basketball.

He early became quite expert in photography, and while in college, and later, he traveled and did publicity work at soldiers' training camps and for cities and boards of trade. This work, and his love of nature, manifested since boyhood, took him on extended trips during the three years subsequent to his graduation: one summer he spent in Colorado; he made an extended tour of Canadian Northwest; and at the time our fleet was sent to the Pacific in 1907 he was in attendance and took large numbers of photographs at San Diego and along the coast.

His legal studies comprised one year at the Law School of the University of Chicago the first year after his graduation from Yale and two years (1909 and 1910) at the Harvard Law School. He was admitted to the Illinois Bar the latter year. He was first employed by Charles Hull Ewing, representing the Helen Culver Estate. In this work, and later, as assistant state's attorney for Cook County, he was engaged in the trial of jury cases, civil and criminal. In 1916 he opened an office and engaged in a general practice on his own account. He attended the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago.

When war was declared he almost immediately offered himself at the first Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, but was required to wait, on account of a sprained knee, until the second camp, which he entered on August 27, 1917. On November 27, 1917, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Field Artillery and immediately ordered to France. He sailed by way of Halifax and England and reached France January 7, 1918. There followed the regular intensive training at Saumur, and in April, 1918, he was assigned to Battery B, 101st Field Artillery, 26th Division, then stationed at Toul. Early in May he had a leave and visited his sister Thyrsa (Mrs. Sherman W. Dean), a Y. W. C. A. worker in Paris, and his half-brother, William Sidney Barton, a Sergeant in the Ambulance Service.

He was sent forward as Liaison Officer with the Infantry on July 17, and worked under fire until the afternoon of the 19th, when, as he went forward to rescue a wounded soldier, he was hit by an enemy shell and instantly killed. He fell at the north edge of Belleau Wood, opposite the village of Torcy.* He was given a citation, posthumously, for "gallant conduct and devotion to duty in the field on July 18 and 19, 1918, at Bois Belleau and Torcy, while on daring reconnaissance." The bulletins which Lieutenant Barton sent regularly from France are being printed privately for his family and friends.

Besides his father and the brother and sister mentioned previously, he left a half-sister, Amelia Page Barton, a brother, Hubert Crampton Barton, of South Amherst, Mass., and a half-brother, Ralph Dix Barton. Another half-brother, Raymond Welles Barton, enlisted in the Naval Reserve at the age of nineteen and died in the service, October 4, 1918, at Hampton Roads, Va.—*Obituary Record of Yale Graduates, 1918-1919. (Page 1004.)*

A PEN PICTURE OF LESTER

As seen by Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt C. Tanner on Sunday, December 15, 1917, nine days before he embarked on the Lapland for France.

It was one Sunday, near the middle of December, 1917. My brother was very sick, and I was going to Chicago to be with him. DeWitt and I

went in to the Grand Central station during the morning and had some time to wait for my train, as the Sunday service from Glen Ridge was very poor. We had walked up Fifth avenue several blocks from 42nd street and were returning on the East side of the avenue. There were many men in uniform, of course, but I still enjoyed seeing them and watching them salute one another as they passed.

After we had walked a block or so, my attention was attracted by a very tall, handsome young soldier on the opposite side of the street, going in the same direction we were. His height, carriage and vigor first attracted me, and then I noticed that he looked very jaunty and "spick and span." His uniform was new, and fitted well and he wore light leather field glass and camera cases, also new, and rather more expensive than one usually saw. But the thing that held my attention two blocks more (I was walking a little behind and on the opposite side of Fifth Avenue.), was the free, swinging stride, the carefree manner, and the very evident joy that he took in picking up salutes.

He walked rather rapidly and alone, and he seemed to take a real delight in catching the eye of every officer he passed, and smartly saluting him. As we neared 42nd street, I saw that he was going to cross to our side of the street and at the same time, several officers were coming toward us. I said to DeWitt: "Slow up a minute—I want to watch that young chap salute those officers. He's having such a good time." And DeWitt said, "Why, don't you know who that is? It's Lester Barton!" I was very much surprised. You see how casual was my last meeting with Lester.

We met him at the corner, and he walked to the Grand Central station with us. He said he was waiting for sailing orders which he expected any hour, but that he would try to see DeWitt again if possible. He was in splendid spirits and looked so young, so handsome, so well, so very full of life and so happy. I couldn't feel sorry he was going over. I couldn't feel any premonition of grief or danger. One envied him, rather, the adventure. The whole incident is one of the brilliant spots of sunshine and joy in my memory—and that seems very strange, as I was under great strain that day on account of my brother's condition.

Lester did go to see DeWitt, a day or so later, but DeWitt was out. I have written you the facts which are perfectly clear in my memory, but I haven't the power to transmit to you my full impression. I wonder if you will understand what I felt when I say the effect was of brilliant sunshine, made up of youthful vigor and an almost overpowering joy in life.

Very sincerely yours,
Bonnie L. Tanner.

GENERAL LETTERS.

Bulletin Number One.

December 27th, 1917.

Dear friends:—

I hope to have copies of these bulletins, letters, or dope sheets sent to you regularly, from one of the following three points of distribution:

Mr. Robert W. Childs, New York Life Bldg., Chicago.

Mr. Lloyd W. Kirkland, et al. (my old office) 1601 Title and Trust Bldg., Chicago.

Mr. George E. Folk, c/o American Telephone and Telegraph Co., 195 Broadway, New York City.

To each one of these I shall send a copy direct, and arrange so that a second copy will be received from one of the others, in case the direct copy is lost in transit.

I am planning to send these to several friends, some of whom I know much better than others. There will naturally be such variety of subject matter, length, and frequency, depending upon conditions. Some passages will undoubtedly be written for your information which are not overly entertaining to me, being a description of some routine or commonplace happenings. Others may amuse me in the writing, as a personal writing diary or record, which may be dull reading for you. The point is, that I fully realize how difficult it may be for me to write anything at all on account of my work, environment, and the censorship, and I want to kill as many birds as possible with one stone, in order to spend as much time and effort as possible on the job which is taking me overseas. Discussion of the real progress of the war, as we see it over there, significant events of military importance, descriptive identifying details, etc., must of course be omitted, or else be stricken out by the censor. It will take time to learn just where to draw the line, as our present information on censorship is in most general terms, and correct application of the rules must be learned by acquisition of the proper military viewpoint, which will make automatic a correct analysis.

DEPARTURE

Converging and intermittent streams of taxicabs debouched their olive drab passengers, with baggage at the entrance to the closely guarded piers. It was a prosaic sight, but fraught with tremendous significance for those concerned, who realized they were now entering the cloisters of the censor, and could not freely communicate with the outside world until their return after the war.

These men were now to be initiated into the sacred mysteries of their long-expected departure for France and the Western front. After a tedious and solicitous identification and checking of trunk lockers, bedding rolls, and boxes, they received their stateroom assignments at the gang-plank.

It was a serious and repressed throng, gathered there in the long pier shed, alongside the dirty gray liner. The outward appearances were as casual as though the ship were a Hoboken ferry. The pleasant hours, the agony of partings were past, and only the dull, numb, obstinate purpose to go forward to the very end, remained, as these new officers of the American National Army silently, and one by one, crossed over into the ship.

Note: Copy found in trunk.

Bulletin Number Two.

Jan. 18, 1918.

Dear friends:—

This is just a hurried line to advise you of my address until the middle of April. It is *American Field Artillery School of Instruction, U. S. A. P. O. 718, A. E. F.* This will much expedite delivery of mail to me. Have received no mail at all, and probably won't for a couple of weeks more.

This is written from a *hospital bed*, where I have been for two days. Tomorrow will be sent to a large base hospital, an hour's ride (a Pittsburg unit), where they have an X-ray machine and full facilities. At the riding hall my horse shied into the wall and crushed and sprained my left instep. We don't think any bones are broken, tho it hurt like the mischief. I don't think there is anything to worry about, tho I *may* be laid up 2 to 4 weeks. Am fine, otherwise. In a few days will write good letter. This artillery school is ancient and honorable and interesting—not near Paris as I expected.

We were not allowed to visit London or Paris.

Am making good progress with French in the 5 or 6 days I have been here.

The Paris Ed. of Chicago Tribune—a one sheet affair—is very interesting to me. That must have been some blizzard in Chicago. Tobacco and candy easily obtainable at this particular place and time, thru the commissary. My box with 18 lbs. chocolate and 200 cigars and 2 lbs. tobacco lost somewhere en route. Feel lucky to get my other baggage. Mail will look precious if it ever comes. Am afraid quite a bit may get lost—especially any sent without definite address.

Au revoir,

(Sgd) Lester C. Barton.

NOTE.—The Field Artillery School was held at Saumur.

Bulletin Number Three.

Field Artillery School of Instruction,
U. S. A. P. O. 718, A. E. F., France.

Dear friends:—

This letter is written from a hospital cot in the officers' ward, of Base Hospital 27 (located at Angers), where I have been since Saturday P. M. the 19th, and where I will have to stay, at a guess, not over two weeks more. Then I shall return to the school, the address of which is at the top of this sheet. It is 25 miles from here. My left leg resembles that of a mummy, being in a plaster cast from the knee down, with the foot bent sharply inward—which is supposed to be the most favorable position for these particular torn ligaments of the instep to heal. There seems to be no question as to its being eventually all right. I feel very well, aside from the cast, and the fact that I am cooped up in bed so long. Am very well cared for, and perfectly comfortable. The only joy of the situation is the marvellous opportunity to read and study, without distractions, and I am fully taking advantage of it. The available books are the only limitation. Besides the occasional Paris edition of New York and Chicago newspapers, magazines, etc., during the past three and a half days I have read: 1. "The Preacher of Cedar Mountain," a story of the Black Hills, and Chicago, in the 80s, by Ernest Thompson Seton. It is a better tale than I supposed he could write, and some parts of it strike a responsive chord in my own experience,—as to a love for the open places of the west, etc. 2. "Kitchener's Mob," is very similar to "Over the Top," but is written by a more intelligent man and possibly from a less egotistical viewpoint. It is only 200 pp. and a vivid piece of writing. 3. Some of the latest Sherlock Holmes stories, entitled "His Last Bow." 4. Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina." Have only read 225 pp. out of the two volumes, so far, but am entirely fascinated. I shall certainly get hold of some more of his books, and confess that I have read none before. This one reminds me of de Morgan's Joseph Vance in its detailed characterization, but seems more interesting and meaty. In addition to reading I am planning to keep up with the work at the school, certainly the book part of it, and unless I am out more than a month, which isn't likely, I shall hope to finish with the others about the middle of April. By the time they all arrive, there will be almost 700 student officers in the school.

I am now going back to connect up with Bulletin No. 1. Briefly we arrived at the school one week after landing on Jan. 7th. That week was strenuous and very uncomfortable in spots. Military trains are unbelievably slow. Two nights of the week were spent in a compartment, which, as you

know, seats six. Our postures for sleep were laughable, if not pathetic, with a periodic volcanic upheaval to take the kinks out and experiment with a new position. The last ride lasted 31 hours. For the first 3 days after landing the weather was unusually cold for the place, viz., down to 18 degrees, with snow. Utter lack of heating facilities made us uncomfortable. Night travel deprived us of seeing much of the country. I bought some more equipment—a trench coat for \$28.75; Sam Browne belt for \$7; heavy flannel shirts for \$2.20 each; fine pigskin leggings for \$8.75. These prices are all lower than in the U. S., especially for wool, but will without doubt rise rapidly. The items are submitted for the benefit of any of your friends who are interested in conditions. Although quartermaster supplies are not available in the U. S. here one can buy almost anything, or will be able to before taking the field. Sugar, tobacco and matches are the scarcest articles in France in which we are interested. But they are not scarce in our army. Supplies, such as all kinds of clothing and leather goods are cheaper in England than in France. Ten dollars will buy 56 or 57 francs. Personal pictures we can send back to the states, but those only. No picture post cards allowed.

Used my acetylene lantern last evening for the first time. Only one large drop light in the center of the ward, so my lantern on shelf of iron bed, by head, with book shielding center light, worked fine.

At the American Field Artillery School of Instruction where I am (I believe there is only one such) the instructors are all French officers who speak English. The 75mm. or soixante quinze we are using is a veritable marvel, and is more of an improvement than I had supposed over our three inch gun. It is possible that I can, or may be transferred to the 155 or cent cinquante cinq a six inch gun. But it is not so mobile and hence in following up a German retreat is not available like the 75. It is used more for demolition of trenches, emplacements, etc., but not so much as the 75 against infantry in the open, to establish the barrage, etc.

The weather here is astonishingly mild, and at times has been almost balmy—say 50 to 55 degrees. I can see the buds on the trees from my window here. A quite short geographical distance seems to produce a distinct change of climate, as in the trenches it is much colder than here. Then, in the eastern or Swiss end of the line, where the mountains are, it is much colder than in the western or Channel end. It seems to me that in many ways the eastern end, in the Vosges, would be a more attractive location, certainly in the summer.

I will now set up my Corona and type this (as I am). I do hope for some mail. Not a single letter so far—but lack of organization and excess speed in driving on with the game, involves big delays and mixups. Much baggage has been lost, though the losers are still optimistic in many cases after

three months' waiting. The important thing to do is to smear much paint on one's belongings—camouflage them. With the definite address the time should not be over two and a half weeks each way.

A week ago this afternoon I was hurt, and am naturally very restless to get out of this cast and out of doors. Doctor Fiske has just told me that he will take it off at least temporarily the end of the week (in three days).

I could give you a good deal of specific information that I have heard or seen, but cannot send. None of it, however, is big stuff. A party of the doctors just came back from a couple of weeks at the British front, where they were inspecting some of the advance dressing stations, etc. They told of going a few steps, hearing a shell coming, and throwing themselves down in the deep mud while it exploded nearby. That method seems to be fairly safe, as long as the boches are bombarding a specific locality, because they stick to that area, and do not shift until they are sure that everything in that spot is destroyed. They also told of the new "mustard gas" which does not give symptoms until 12 hours after exposure to it, then the lungs become most irritated, and pneumonia is apt to set in. This gas causes burns on any spot on the body that is damp. There were 1100 cases in one hospital.

Did you all receive the brief bulletin giving my new address, within the past week?

Bonne nuit, all,
Lester C. Barton.

Bulletin Number Four.

March Fourth, 1918.

Dear friends:—

Many things have happened since my last bulletin, written from the hospital. I have now been back on the job at this artillery school for two and a half weeks. My foot is not yet perfect, because I cannot use it for such strenuous things as running or jumping. However, I see no reason why it should not in six weeks or so become quite strong, so that it does not hurt me for fast walking, etc. I am riding again, although it is no child's play. You understand that our lessons in equitation take place in one of the half dozen riding halls here. You see this school formerly was the most famous Cavalry School in France, if not in the world, and has all the equipment therefor. We are not allowed to use any stirrups, but do have a saddle. Have done much galloping around in a circle, and will do some jumping hurdles later. A great many men are thrown, some often, but the percentage of casualties is very light.

During ten days of convalescence at the hospital, I met (through a French priest) a few charming French families, so that I generally go to see them on my Sunday 24 hours' leave. The city (Angers) is 40 kilometers away, and is a town of about 90,000. It is good to get away from the military life for a few hours, and hear some music, in French homes, where a larger percentage of the people seem to know about the subject, than in America. The old houses, with very high ceilings, and sometimes quite beautiful interiors (even though perhaps a little shabby since the war), are quite different from those in America. Anjou still cherishes many traditions of former dynasties, or at least enough to appeal to the imagination of a fresh arrival in France. Some of the people have a chateau or castle in the country as a summer home, where are located the farms and tenants from whom they derive their income. These so-called castles may be anything from a structure quite magnificent and real, to an ordinary good-sized stone house on a farm. After this war there will be very much less of idling around, and confining oneself to graceful accomplishments. I believe that many who formerly did so will have to work at something or other. On the other hand, for people who are used to working, this war is very demoralizing on account of the idleness involved in the game, and the habit acquired of wasting, or killing time. It is a great contrast to personal individual efficiency and effort.

So my life here consists of two elements: my long hours of work (from seven in the morning to 5:30 or 6:30 in the evening) and my week ends, or 24 hours' leave, when I can get away from it all and rest up and recreate.

This evening about one hundred men are leaving for a tractor school close to Paris. I would be one of them, (my section) had I not been hurt. Motors play such an important part in the war that I hope I shall get some such instruction later.

(Saumur) This town of about 12,000 is located in one of the gardens of France. The chateau stands out on the hill, above the river, and the whole combination is beautiful. The Y. M. C. A. here is located in a beautiful old residence. A delightful American woman, Mrs. Mallon, wife of a Cincinnati lawyer, presides over the serving of coffee and chocolate, at most hours of the day, when one can get away, and though used by only a small percentage, this place affords a decided change and relief, once in a while.

I am now in the full swing of the work, and therefore becoming more interested. My health and spirits are A-1. Am getting acquainted with my new section, No. 33 (No. 4 when I started in here after arrival) who are all from the camp at the Presidio, San Francisco. There are from 20 to 22 men in a section, which is the unit of instruction and administration. There is very little time during the week for fraternizing around, and looking up friends, although I know many from Fort Sheridan whom I see very little of.

Am making steady progress in French, in spite of the fact that Sunday is the only time or chance I have to practice it. It is a great satisfaction to be able to understand it after a fashion and speak it enough to make myself understood. So I am beginning to feel quite at home in this foreign land. Of course there are moments when I get very sick of some of this French instruction, because the instructors, or some of them, are handicapped by not being sufficiently familiar with the language, and for many reasons I long for a glimpse of America. But on the whole I am fairly contented here. The fascination of this country should increase with better weather. It snowed most of the day Sunday and the so-called rainy season will not end until the middle of April. It has been down to freezing the past week, and colder than the month before, but am hoping for a rise in temperature soon. There is a great scarcity of heat. A small grate fire in our large room, with only a few sticks of wood doled out each day, is NOT adequate for freezing weather. Mais "C'est la guerre." But the climate is incomparably milder than Chicago, and soon I shall be packing all my warm things and storing them for use in the fall campaign. I can not take all my stuff with me on the sudden and frequent jumps which one must expect in the army. However, it will all come in very useful before I leave this fair land.

The subject of mail is truly a sore one with me. To think that I have not received a single letter from America since I sailed on December 24th, on the S.S. Lapland. TRES TRISTE. It makes me feel as though my life in America were receding into the dim and remote past, since I have lost all contact with it. But I can only wait and hope for the package of letters I believe must be on the way. As our army over here increases in size the problem of communication will become desperate unless facilities for handling mail improve, and the jam is cleared away. My definite address, U. S. P. O. 718, A. E. F. will greatly expedite delivery. I am going to try another scheme soon if results are not forthcoming, and have you address me care of some banker, such as Morgan Harjes and Co. Paris (using regular foreign postage), and have them forward mail to me wherever I may be.

A week later, March 11th, at Y. M. C. A.

Though very weary, I want to get this Bulletin No. 3 started westward, ho. Several days of marvelous warm sunny weather have much improved the morale here. It makes us long to drop the intensive training for a few hours, and forget the war, and sit on the grassy bank of some stream and doze and fish for bull-heads, but instead we hurry from gun drill to a lecture on dispersion, then one on map making or ammunition, or effects of projectiles, or *ballistics*. Saturday afternoon our section spent four hours on field service, going out through the beautiful country about Saumur to the top of a

hill on which is one of the numerous ancient and abandoned stone windmills. There is a gorgeous view over the valley of the Loire. We took all the battery instruments along with us—field glasses, gonimeter (for measuring angles) alidade for sighting points and elevations, plane tables, maps, sitometer, protractor, and had a beautiful time on the grassy flat roof of the stone structure.

A few days ago I received five letters from America. My first. So communication seems to be established again, after two months' interval. It will be quite a comfort if my good fortune continues. Je l'espère. We are so perpetually on the jump that we have little time for regrets or doing anything but the job in hand, but THE WAR CANNOT END SUCCESSFULLY TOO QUICK TO SUIT US. I want to state, however, that I like it here very much more than I expected, and the more I get into the game, the less bored I am with the theories and gun drill connected with it. It is, for me, infinitely better than Fort Sheridan, which I disliked intensely. I am fully convinced that a man over here must qualify if he is to hold down a job. There is the greatest imaginable variety of men from all over the U. S. and the task of sorting and training them is unspeakably great. Those that are not fit to be officers of artillery will be assigned to other branches, from Quarter Master Corps to sorting mail, or sent home in the exceptional cases.

Yesterday my section was moved from our billets in a large house across the river, to the main school building, which is large, with a wing on each end. It will enable us to utilize the short intervals between classes, to advantage. There are five other iron cots in the room besides my own. Room about 22 feet square and 18 feet high. We still eat at the same place, a quarter mile away.

Saturday evening after packing up my goods and chattels ready to be transferred, I followed my usual custom and took the 9:35 P. M. train for Angers, arriving at 11 P. M. I visited until 12:15 with a delightful friend of mine, Miss Mary K. Wolf, who is at the depot, or a *là gare*, for the Croix Rouge, all night on Saturdays. She has been over here since the beginning of the war, and was with the American Ambulance in Paris. After watching her and assistants give coffee to the trainload of permissionnaires passing through, and some refugees, I had chocolate with her, and her satellite, Duval, a twenty year old boy with a patched up jaw, whom she nursed when wounded, and who is now her assistant. She lives in a pension inside the walls of the Convent L'Eaviere, where I have been several times for meals, and where there is a most interesting changing group of French people. The same night the clocks of France were advanced an hour, to save daylight, so I reached the Hotel d'Anjou about 1:30 A. M. and found

the room I had reserved was gone; but I persuaded the woman at the desk to let me occupy a fine big room with a bath which another American Officer had paid for in advance, on condition that I would get out if by any chance he arrived. HE DID about 3:30 and they knocked at my door, and after parleying a few moments the manageress and female de chambre breezed in to remake the bed. They were quite distraught by reason of the expostulations of the poor man who had paid for his bed. They cared not a whit that I was clad in my pajamas, standing in sleepy eyed amazement while they tore around making the bed, and so I decided that dressing was, after that, a superfluity and unnecessary delay. I therefore put on my slouch hat, picked up my suit case and clothes, and was guided down stairs through a back hall to a small room in the servants' quarters, which I gratefully occupied until 11 A. M.; and then sallied forth on the Boulevard in the spring sunshine. My dejeuner hostess has four charming jeune filles, or rather two of them are married, with husbands at the front; and two sons, one at the front, and the other of 17 to go next year. After a very good meal we sat around in the salon and garden until 4:15, when the married daughter and I joined a party of other friends, and attended the Cinema at the Grand, or Municipal Theatre—with a good orchestra. It lasted until 7, when I had to go to my 7:46 train back. The name of my hostess is Madam de Jourdan Savonnières, and like them very much. Thus passed a typical week end, which I have described in some detail.

I wonder if you are interested in these bulletin letters? I fully realize they are different from a personal letter, but if you knew the game I am in, how much of working hours (say 99%) are taken up with routine work, you would forgive me. Then, too, they are not as easy to write as personal letters, because there is not the same personal incentive, and the effort to make them impersonal to some extent takes the flavour out of what I might write. But please believe that I think of you all in my few brief moments of peace and quiet, and especially when I receive letters from you, IF I EVER DO.

A week later, March 13th, 1918. Unless I finish this drooling epistle, it will never get off. Actually for the past two weeks I have made a real effort to get it finished, and it has not only been drafted in instalments, but also typewritten in instalments. We have had two weeks of very fine weather, which will probably end tomorrow. You see weather is very important when we are out of doors so much. Yesterday I had a better week-end than ever, in the same town, and returned much refreshed.

Secretary Baker and General Pershing appeared on the scene last Friday, the 15th, and we had to get up 15 minutes earlier—5:30, to turn out on the

chardonnet or gun park at 6:45 for them. The whole school was lined up, and after their party walked along the line and glimmed us (it was only just getting a little light) an hour later both of these men visited my section in our little dingy school room, and chatted a moment while we stood at attention. It is the first time I have seen either of them.

No more mail from the States, though a few letters from various parts of France. No news from my sister in Paris for weeks, and I have not even heard yet whether my brother William was on the Tuscania convoy, and is now in France, I wonder!

The others are in bed, and I must go before the electric lights go out at 10:30. One gets pretty tired, with our program and only 7 hours sleep. We should get to bed at nine.

Don't send me any candy, tobacco, or woollen goods for a while as I don't need them.

With best wishes, and many westward thoughts,

Lester C. Barton.

2 letters just came from Thyrza with enclosures of other letters. William has job as chauffeur for a Maj. in Paris.

March 19.

Bulletin Number Five.

May 3, 1918.

Dear friends:—

Am assigned permanently (as assignments go) to the 51st Brigade F. A. N. E. of Paris. My new address is U. S. P. O. 709, A. E. F.—101st Regt. F. A. I arrived at the front yesterday—taken in 2 trucks—camions—to my Regt. Headquarters—beautiful country, low hills, fine weather, and this afternoon will be assigned to a battery in the front line, so I am strictly in it. Feel well—36 hours in Paris and saw sister Thyrza and brother William. This is a Massachusetts National Guard Regt. and a dandy. Fine bunch and best record so far in the war. The 104th Massachusetts Infantry here was just decorated by the French. Am in 26th Division, which is from New England. They have had some real fighting—750 casualties, but only 5 in my regt. (which is from Boston and Salem, etc.)

Am writing in our billets, sitting on bedding roll and must go in 5 minutes to receive battery assignment at Headquarters. This is a busy life, many raids. We might be moved any time, to big show at Amiens or elsewhere. Good outfit I think. Like it much better than Saumur School. Majority from the school go to French batteries for 2 weeks' observation, etc., and

then back to a camp to train troops. This seems better. But I am arriving at the perfect time of the year on the first bright summer day, after *much* rain, etc. Weather makes the most difference in the trenches. Watched shelling boche plane this A. M. Will store 2 trunks and 2 boxes with sister in Paris. Can take very little here. Will have very little time to write. Some batteries have very hard positions and uncomfortable. Some cannon just started to fire! I am off. Write me if you have time. Sorry I'm so rushed. Bang—bang! Went out and saw the air bursts over head—another boche plane!

Beautiful small village, full of happy and husky American soldiers. Great stuff. This is the life.

Lester C. Barton.

I'll feel different after some hard times in the front line, but it's *great* so far. On way to Paris saw my cousin Lt. Col. A. B. Barber, on the General Staff at Tours for 20 minutes.

NOTE.—The 26th Division took over the so-called American or Toul Sector relieving the 1st Division which went to the "big show at Amiens." The exact position of Battery B, 101st F. A. is described by Lieut. Walser in his letter of May 10, 1919.

Bulletin Number Six.

May 3, 1918.

Dear friends:—

This morning I wrote a hurried Bulletin, No. 5 to Mr. Folk in New York. It is now 9:30 P. M. and I am writing another by the light of my acetylene lantern, on my combination bedding roll spread out on the floor of an old stone house and barn, and leaning against the corner of the white washed walls—really comfortable. I am with Battery B of the 101st Regt. Field Artillery. By the way, my best address is simply *101 Regt. F. Artillery, A. E. F.* no more required. I may be with them a long time, or a short time. I find that officers are changed around a good deal in many cases, especially new officers for experience and sometimes to be instructors. Those who have been with an outfit a long time are not changed, such as the older officers of these National Guard outfits. My Captain's name is Fish (about 35) Harvard 1905. The son of the best patent attorney in America, Fdk. P. Fish. One first Lieut.'s name is Weeks the son of Senator Weeks of Mass. (24). Another is Talbot, who is said to know Elsie Janis, and she is supposed to entertain here soon in this village of a few houses. Have not yet met the latter two as they are out with the battery.



LESTER WITH A FRENCH OFFICER

April 1918

We arrived about 5:30 and found the battery headquarters is in the loft of an old stone stable. (In France all buildings are stone.) The ride from last night's billets (in a most picturesque old village of about 1000 before the war) in a Ford truck, was fascinating. About 10 kilometers, over the hills, and giving us our first glimpse of the German lines, and gun positions, on the opposite hills, across a flat valley, swampy in places. A summer sun shone down on the wonderful springtime landscape of fresh green. Perfect macadam roads—over a range of hills—past a camouflaged (wire netting) position of a 155 battery, and on to the crest overlooking the real front. All the large and small trucks, and officers' cars, and *motor-cycles* seem to tear along at top speed, kicking up much dust. Passed 4 mule teams bringing up ammunition. We are back 8 kilometers from the battery in what is called the "echelon"—or place where the horses and supplies are kept. The 103rd Regt. of 155's and old 95's have their headquarters here—in a *large old stone* building, which was formerly a monastery. It is very good looking from a little distance, but close inspection discloses a state of absolute disrepair. After our first meal here—stew, bread and coffee only, brought up in mess kits to our lofty stable room, I took a stroll climbing the hill just back of us, through the woods, and lay down in the grass on top and watched the sunset over the German lines. This springtide in France is nothing less than thrilling—it makes you vibrate with happiness.

My battery, B, is what is now known as a flying battalion (Shatterys) which is shifted around as an emergency may require. It may be ordered at midnight to pull out at 2 A. M. where some attack is expected or is in progress, *without* lights. At present it is located (past 10 days) in a very exposed position, the only protection being camouflage of a color better in winter than spring. It is on the flat plain, and so wet in the rains they have had, that at midnight and other times, it must be pumped out to keep the water from rising over the bunks. But this good warm sun will help. The shelters are embryonic—that is shallow trenches, etc., which would not protect against shells. The ordinary deep dugouts, always dug where time and earth permit, are 15 or 20 feet under ground, and only as few men as possible work the guns, which may be well or poorly protected by log or concrete casemates. It's all a question of how long the battery is located on the spot. The *Germans* have high positions on hills overlooking us and could raise Ned—but we are not firing so as to betray position—i. e., will fire only in case of barrage with other batteries, so sound ranging instruments could not locate us. For past 3 or 4 days sector has been absolutely quiet, for a change, tho things are expected to open up any time.

Some men are killed by accidents, one by run away mules, and 2 days ago one by bursting of dirty rifle.

It will be a long time before I will need anything in the way of clothes or knitted goods. In fact it will hardly pay to send packages here. It might be different if we were settled in some place for winter. But things are *on the jump* now and we are likely to do considerable moving. A card, note or letter is always welcome. The outfit here has been *thru the mill* since January, and are surprisingly keen in spite of it, tho rather "fed up."

With best of wishes and many homeward thoughts from an American Front in France.

Lester C. Barton.

The war will end in *July* or last 2 years more.

May 4, 1918.

P. S.—An amusing incident of yesterday afternoon. Truck was stopping in a hamlet where some of the 104th Mass. were—(the regt. which had severe losses here recently, and in which a hundred odd Croix de Guerre were distributed by the French) a bunch of soldiers were standing around talking gossip. One of them pointed out a nearby comrade, and described how he had pinned his decoration to the tail of the mule he was driving because he said he did not think he deserved it, because some of his pals who fought harder than he did received none. Therefore if "them frog-eatin' ——" could not give a decoration that amounted to something, he would have none of it. Besides the Chaplain back of the line got one, he said.

L.C.B.

Bulletin Number Seven.

Wednesday, May 8, 1918.

Dear friends:—

Last Saturday eve at 10:30 back at the echelon (15 kms. in rear where horses, lumber, wagons, etc., are kept) I received orders to go to the battery position in the morning, so with another Lt. and a man to bring the horses back I arrived about 11. The position was very muddy (yellow clay and water) and with little protection, as I wrote you, but there were trees and grass all around nearly, which helped. I slept on a stretcher under a corrugated iron roof they put up for us, on poles. It was interesting to go thru the gun pits, the maps, the barrage fire charts (they had 4 and 6 different barrages, i. e., different locations, rate of fire, etc.). Our battery was doing no firing to keep position concealed. Monday the battery received orders to pull out after dark for some unknown mission to the west, and I was ordered

to report to a forward observation post. I waited by side of road with bedding roll until nine when a light team called for me, and I drove 6 or 8 kilometers thru two small ruined villages (where a few American Infantry were quartered in dugouts) to a third village on a little crest, where the O. T. 21 was located. This little ride was really interesting. It gave me my first view of the skeleton walls, and a little thrill as we galloped around "Death Curve" which the boche frequently harass at all hours with artillery fire. It was quite spooky driving along the road, on both sides of which the crumbling walls of the buildings of the third village were located. We were halted by an occasional sentry to give the countersign and check, and finally arrived opposite the ruin where the O. T. was located. It was not easy to locate the right door, but we finally did, and were welcomed by 2 young officers who had been there a week. It was a two story affair, in the wrecked interior of a building, about 8x15 ft., built of stone, concrete and railroad iron and through a horizontal slot in the rear a fine view was obtained of the valley, the destroyed villages, the line of trenches and barbed wire, and hills in the boche lines.

Four of us slept in a small room with no ventilation or candles burning. It was more of a stupor than a sleep. We talked till 12 and about 2 a young officer blew in, who was on liaison work with the infantry, and began to talk and woke me up. He comes from some good family "North of Boston" and his Harvard physiognomy and comments on things in general brought home to me suddenly the incongruity of the situation so that I was amused to death. He was nervous as a cat and said he would stick around until 4 or 5 A. M. as he was not keen about going along that desolate road in the small hours with possible loose Boche floating around behind the lines.

Right here I shall digress a moment. I do not intend to continue to write anything like a detailed diary. Our time for such things is almost nil. I am in one of the most interesting situations possible, and events of interest are many and frequent. Please forgive me if many personal letters are an impossibility. I shall be very much on the move—many kinds of jobs in many different places—practically no baggage with me and poor mail facilities. I can see now how the tension will increase more and more, and I shall feel less and less like writing, as things become more matter of fact, and as I get fed up with the hardships of the game. An officer on the job has no right to take the time or energy to write stories or descriptions.

To continue, the Major called in the morning, and sent me back along the road I came 2 kms. to another O. T. in the next village where I am writing this letter, at a late hour, with Lt. H. Rice (from near Boston) asleep in the bunk. I have learned the duties, etc., from him. Our bunk room here has stone walls, but not the protection of especial American con-

struction like the last place (where I might be sent to take charge in a couple of days). I am writing on a table with a large 10,000 scale map of the sector in front of me. In shelters above, in the rear of the skeleton roof, are two of our enlisted men on watch—one at the phone switchboard, and another at the lookout scanning the whole sector, especially for barrage signals of various kinds. He is instructed about relaying the signals, with the Very pistol, blinker or telephone, and notifies me at once down here, by phone, when anything happens, in which case I hurry to the post and handle the dope.

Last evening one of my bunch from the last school made a serious blunder, and laid down a night barrage (of about 400 shots) at 11:30. He was on liaison duty with the infantry in the trenches and mistook a Boche signal light for one of our own barrage rockets and phoned for barrage. He also made mistake with the Blinker light signal, forgetting to put down the sector subdivision. But the resulting show, below our lookout—over the trenches about 3,000 kms. away was exciting. We did not then know it was a mistake, but thought it might be an impending attack. There are quite a few signals along the trenches even when tranquil, and a regular Pain's Fireworks during an attack—flares, rockets, Bengal lights, etc., to say nothing of exploding ammunition.

This town is on the same little crest, and affords a most extended view (tho not high). High power (15 and 30 diameters) are mounted at the observer's station, and a study of the terrain in *minute* detail, for 10 or 20 kms. into the Boche lines, the doings of the Boche, and adjustment of artillery fire, are some of our duties. About 8 ruined villages are visible.

To-day we were shelled several times with Boche 77 and 105mm guns.* It was truly entertaining! One shell burst 30 ft. from the building, as I was looking out of the 6-inch slit in rear of building, and later another in front of the door, and across the street in the gutter 25 ft. away. The few hundred American soldiers here are rather nonchalant about seeking cover, and in the last batch one on the road was struck by a shell which struck 12 ft. away. (I paced it.) Object lessons are more efficacious sometimes than orders.

There is, of course, no civilian life so close to the^r trenches, and only an occasional French soldier, on bicycle, etc.

The infantry in the low muddy trenches—wallowing in mud and water, suffer literal Hell in wet, cold weather, and many situations of the batteries are about as bad. I find everyone here prays for a change and rest, tho they are all game to the limit.

It is simply astonishing how much ammunition is shot off without producing more results. Being under shell fire is very far from being a tea party, but it takes a lot of them to get you. I am living in comparative safety, and

hence do not expect to arouse any worries on your part, by my description of what I have seen the past few days.

I can't tell a thing as to how long I'll be on this work (this is very instructive work for an artilleryman) or anything else in the army. *No one can.* "Leaves" or "permission" have been cut off for some time.

This division has been at the front since February 1st, and may go to billets for a while any time. Some orders just came in explaining some raids for to-night.

Good night,

Lester C. Barton.

101st F. A.

Bulletin Number Eight.

June 2, 1918.

Dear friends:

The past two weeks at the front have been very pleasant and safe. I think I have explained fully that a battery "echelon" is the location of the wagon train, picket line, or supply base and it is in general beyond the range of the boche 77 m/m or 3" cannon. Having charge of the echelon (about 150 horses, caissons, wagons, etc.) is something like running a livery stable. The night trips to the battery position generally with supplies (in emergency with ammunition) are different, however, as the roads are apt to be shelled at any time. This is called "harassing fire," and under some conditions does a good bit of damage. The battery is helpless unless the echelon or transportation and supply end is kept in first class condition, and that in general has been my work, since my first week at an artillery observing post near the trenches. A week ago to-day we made a two days' march and moved our battery. I had charge of the column for a while—amusing. It was about 1/3 of a mile long. Last Wednesday I was made regimental watering officer (at our present location all the 6 battery echelons of the regiment are located together, in this small village and Lt. Colonel Nayre is the commanding officer). That is rather a unique title, is it not? But it is a thankless job (the veterinarian says it is important) and involves the control of the watering of 1,232 horses 3 times a day. The facilities are very poor and the cleansing of the small stream has been part of my duties. Besides I had my detail of corporal and two men from each battery to act as a guard and police for the town. This is all small potatoes, but I mention concrete things to give an idea of what I am doing. We are the first American troops in town and are still busy cleaning it up.

About 8 officers are sent away from the regiment each month—4 to the U. S. as instructors, and 4 to schools, for specialization, etc. I am

booked for the 1st Corps Artillery School on June 8th, but have said I am fed up with schools and just want a chance to practice a small percentage of what I have learned. So it is not impossible it may reach Col. Sherburne and the order be changed. I figure that practical experience at the present time will do me more good than more theory. On the other hand I might get promotions quicker via the school, especially if I were assigned to the National Army. Over here promotions have been scandalously slow or rather absent. I am hoping that sometime the officers with real experience will be in demand. But the bunch here have just been grinding along and are reconciled to the idea of extremely slow promotion.

The men are interested in the subject not merely as a question of rank, but rather of getting a better job where their efforts will count for more.

Altho with an organization at the front, in some ways we are more isolated from the general current of events, than you at home.

Lester C. Barton.

Bulletin Number Nine.

Saturday—June 8th, 1918.

Dear friends:—

Yesterday I had a most wonderful experience—as great and joyous a thrill as one can have—at least from a mechanical contrivance—my first flight of $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours, in an aeroplane.

The afternoon was bright and hot, so they told me the air would be “bumpy” if we went up before 4:30 P. M. That means the heat waves would be rising and make us ride like a ship in a storm.

So the French capitaine had telephoned his superiors, and obtained permission. I was dressed for the air, as for a Polar trip and my pilot was ready. He was a delightful little Frenchman—named René Rodier—and an adjutant (i. e. sergeant) as is the French practice, instead of a commissioned officer.

He took his seat in the small cock pit, up front near the bow of the “bus,” and I mine about 5 feet back of him. He explained how to signal him if I saw any boche planes, nodded ready, and the poilu started to turn the long propeller blade. Soon the motor started, the machine was turned in the right direction, the motor speeded up with a tremendous roar and rush, and we started over the ground very fast.

I looked back at my friends, and found them holding on to their hats, with backs turned, in an awful cloud of dust from the zephyr originated by our propeller. In 5 seconds they were away in the distance and then we

started up and left all cares behind; said good-bye to prosaic Mother Earth. We flew through the air, now low, just above cathedral spires, closely clustered red-tiled roofs, over pastures, woods, and workers in the fields, skimming the tops of fortified hills; now high, just below the lofty cumulus clouds, with the earth on an apparently flat, vari-colored floor beneath us. The many straight and curving white lines are roads, the patches of dark green are forests, the little clusters of red and gray spots are villages, the extensive straight-line patterns in shades of brown, red and yellow, are cultivated fields, and the dark curving lines disappearing in the haze of the distance, are rivers.

The roar of the motor is terrific; the blast of air it sends back at a speed of 150 miles an hour, is tremendous, but very stimulating. I lean over the side of the shining framework, and see directly under us the zig-zag lines of the trenches. Yonder lies Germany, and the enormous power of the Kaiser, now struggling mightily in its death throes, a land in which every material thing is now marvellously organized for the purposes of war, death, and destruction.

I stand up in my little pit, only to be bent back by the force of the wind. Then I raise the semicircular support of my Lewis machine gun, and brace myself erect with head above the top wings. It is glorious! The fresh air is forced into my throat and nostrils; the quivering machine goes steadily along, seemingly and almost actually as safe and sure as an automobile or express train. It seems as though the leather casque would be torn from my head by the air blast. Below are alternating lights and shades of the cloud patterns on the earth, just above are the brilliant sun and the dazzling white clouds, themselves.

A short distance beneath and to one side, is my friend, waving to me from his plane; its wide stretch of taut surfaces glistens in the sunlight, and the red, white and blue of France and America, stands out on the top of each wing, painted in concentric circles. Oh, this flying is the king of sports, worth living for, or dying for. What matters it if we are overtaken by sudden oblivion under such conditions? It is an ideal death compared to being dismembered by a shell in a hole; even the thought of it causes no fear.

Are any "boche" planes in sight? I adjust my mitrailleuse and practice sighting at various angles to be ready for emergencies. The magazine holds 94 rifle caliber cartridges, in series of 3, standard, tracer, and incendiary bullets. It can be fired from almost any angle.

We are now circling down towards the dots which represent my regimental echelon. The motor has been cut down and is less noisy. The nose of the plane is pointing earthward, with the wings tipping an angle of more than 45 degrees. To my surprise it all seems normal and natural, this swooping down

from the skies. The machine is perfectly steady and the commotion is less. There are no strange physical sensations about it, any more than sitting in a chair on the veranda. Comparatively speaking, descending in an elevator is a mild adventure. It takes an unexpected length of time to descend enough to really reach the warm strata of air and make the acquaintance of the landscape. Just 300 metres below is my battery picket line, with 150 horses, and the roofs of the "Adrian" barracks. The men are moving dots. We circle around the little 12th century village, between the hills, and the little stream passing by the small church tower, and start back for our hangar.

Flying at a low altitude is in many ways more interesting than up above, though more dangerous if anything goes wrong. One notices then the speed, which is not the case up in the clouds. It is the difference between a river and the middle of the ocean.

The hills and irregularities of the ground become visible. The little goings and comings on the earth below, enter into our consciousness, and become matters of interest.

There is our field. We circle around and dive down just above the sheds, to attain a low altitude before straightening out for our first contact with the ground. The difficulty and danger of landing at once become apparent, as we quietly glide over the grass at 50 or 60 miles an hour. A little hillock or bump would turn us over and destroy the machine.

A sudden slight jar, and in a moment we are on the wheels, with tail dragging, and in a quarter of a mile have stopped. The motor is then speeded up enough to roll us back to our hangar.

We climb out, covered with smiles, and a feeling of immense satisfaction, and remove our warm heavy clothing.

It was perfect.

Lester C. Barton

Bulletin Number Ten.

July 7th, 1918.

Dear friends:—

For the past ten days we have been on the move into this new sector, near Chateau-Thierry. We are going, probably to-morrow night, into a front-line position, as hell may break loose any minute here. During the trip here there have been at least five nights when we had no sleep—on the march all but one of them, which was spent on the train (20 hours). One does not know what fatigue is until he gets into this modern warfare game. Like

wild animals, traveling and hunting are done at night. The orders come and are changed at a moment's notice, so no one knows until he arrives where he is going, or what he is to do. Night before last we were to move at 1:30 and were harnessed waiting. Then the order came to wait, and at 9:30 to unharness as we would not move. But at 12:30 A. M. I was pulled out of bed in a village a mile away, and told the regiment was to march at once. We moved out at 2 A. M. and arrived here at 7:30 A. M. dead to the world for lack of sleep during past nights—and so it goes. .

We entrained (after 2 night-marches from the other sector) at 2 A. M. and left at 5. Our battery only was on the train, of 50 small freight cars. Beautiful country we passed through, and especially so around here, in the valley of the Marne.

I look out of my window here on one of our observation balloons.

Two of us are billeted in a good house, with high iron fence in front, owned by a family named Vasseur, who fled when the German drive was on. The other man is 2nd Lt. Andrew J. Lloyd, son of the Boston optician. He was suddenly called up front this evening just after we got the house organized, with aid of my orderly, for comfortable living.

On July 2nd at 11 P. M. our train passed through the edge of Paris. Was it not *pathetic* to simply pass by and miss the celebration on the 4th?

There is much I could write in detail if I had the time—of our long column on a night march, rumbling along over the beautiful tree-lined highways of France, with glimpses of delightful valleys and villages, by starlight or moonlight frequently to an unknown destination.

Ten days before leaving the other sector, I was up with the guns for a week in an advanced position, where we were shelled two or three times a day.

One night about 11 P. M. word came in to our dugout by telephone that we were to take part in a projector gas attack at 2:30 in the morning. Our watches were synchronized over the phone. We arose at 2:15 and I stood on the roof of our dugout and at 2:30 sharp there was a loud report and flare in the sky along the front as 900 large steel gas containers, or projectors were fired 1500 meters into some woods just back of the Boche lines. Absolute quiet (except the fairly audible, gas alarm signal) for ten minutes and then at 2:40 our batteries all together broke the silence with a hellish uproar. We were the most advanced, so I could see the flashes of many of those back of us and on our flanks, as they concentrated their fire on the narrow front of the gas projectors (installed by the engineer in the front-line trenches). They are small mortars, fired together by an electric spark so the enemy will have no warning whatsoever. At 2:50 there was silence again until 3, and then 5 minutes more of firing—concentrated and sudden. About 5:15 the

Boche batteries all started angry reprisal barrage at once, and believe me, they were mad. At least they sent over an awful lot of metal for hours, but did very little damage, as the infantry had pulled back out of the front trenches.

A week before that there was a big Boche coup de main in front of us, at Xivray, and the way they shelled the back towns and everything around was a caution. They had some long-range railroad guns 130 m/m Austrian, and killed about 23 near our echelon. That morning I was sick with a three-day fever (quite prevalent then) and to be called upon for a reply barrage about 3 A. M. was not comfortable; especially as we were in a bad swamp position and had to wear gas-masks $\frac{3}{4}$ hour on account of gas shells.

But all that is small potatoes compared to what we expect in connection with a Boche offensive here—which will be their last great attack we *hope*, but don't expect.

I am not at all satisfied with the deal some of the new officers have received. It is a long story and I will simply say the main trouble is because there is a surplus of officers and the men longest with the outfit generally get the most uninteresting work. I hope and expect it will continue to improve and that the surplus will change to a more normal situation. If I had my choice I would much prefer being with the National Army to a National Guard outfit, even though this is one of the best of the latter. I believe there would be less petty jealousy in the National Army—and more homogeneity of viewpoint.

Recently I read an article in the May Atlantic Monthly on "The New-Death." Possibly I can appreciate some of the things stated in it better than you can. But we do hope and believe that the effort we are making here will be for the greater good. There is much idealism on the part of the men over here to which they have not the time or inclination or ability to give utterance. There is also much matter-of-factness, disgust with the whole business, or happy-go-lucky acceptance of what comes along. It is true that the majority have only a slight conception of what they are getting into, before they leave America. It is appalling to think of what these nations have suffered during the past four years. But after a while one gets acclimated to most anything, if he is still alive. I consider that I have had comparatively a very easy time of it thus far. Life never seemed sweeter or better. I have a good chance to survive, but if I don't my great wish is that I am not snuffed out in some fool way by a shell back of the lines but rather while actively engaged in some effort really worth while.

I haven't been getting mail lately, I am sorry to say, but have been on the move. It seems strange to think of my sister's wedding in Paris the 26th of

June and my not being able to attend. On the next day, the 27th, I was 34 years old, which is certainly "middle-aged."

Bonne nuit et bonne chance, my friends. I salute you each.

Lester C. Barton

2nd Lt., F. A. N. A.

Bty. B. 101st F. A.

Am. E. F.

PERSONAL LETTERS.

May 2nd, 1917.

Dear William:—

Thyrza handed me your letter dated the 16th ult. last evening, or rather the one before that—Monday, when I called on her at apt. You are in a most interesting location, and must have much to write about. I hope you will write me a good letter soon, and I'll pass it around—tell more about your surroundings, and the outdoor features of the life. What is your idea in working there? Do you learn much besides the chicken business? Is it very profitable? There must be some strange and interesting characters around in a ten mile radius.

I returned ten days ago from the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee—rode 200 miles in 8 days, with 260 pounds on my horse. I am now trying to decide what my duty is in the war. If I do not go to officers' training camp on May 15th, will expect to go in the fall. Ought to get a commission as captain, in the regular army. But I would not go for fun.

Just moved into a 7 room apartment, 2 blocks from my former room, and share it with another man. What are your plans ahead? My house address is 56 West Goethe, but just Chicago would probably reach me. Good luck to you.

Your brother,

Lester C. Barton.

Am sure you're wrong about goats—at least Rocky Mt. Goat—Tell me more! Have you tried for trout?

April 2nd, 1918.

Dear Irving:—

I was glad to hear from you. You seem to be busy on a good job. Expect to finish here about May 1st, but no idea what will happen then. Thyrza has my address. She is leading a fascinating merry-go-round life.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

CHICAGO, ILL.

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The American Medical Association is a non-profit corporation organized for the purpose of promoting the science and art of medicine and the health of the people. It is composed of members who are physicians, surgeons, dentists, and other medical practitioners. The Association is organized into sections, each of which is devoted to a particular branch of medicine. The sections are: Internal Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics and Gynecology, Pediatrics, Dermatology and Syphilology, Ophthalmology, Otorhinolaryngology, Radiology, and Pathology. The Association also has a number of committees and subcommittees which are concerned with the various aspects of medical education, research, and practice. The Association is the largest and most influential of the medical organizations in the United States. It has a long and distinguished history, and it continues to play a leading role in the advancement of the medical profession.

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We are all extremely busy here at the school and have no time to ourselves except the 24 hours' leave when I go out of town every Saturday evening.

The 75 mm guns are, of course, interesting, and in fine, warm, flowery spring weather the large amount of out of door work we have is most interesting and delightful.

The big offensive in my opinion simply must be a decisive affair if the Allies obtain the substantial advantage.

Please remember me to each of your family. I am sure they are following your military career with great interest and in the minutest detail. I'll never forget how your father and you and friend rehearsed the various evolutions of the T. D. R. when I was at the Yale reunion 2 years ago.

Best regards and luck,

Lester C. Barton.

Bty. B., 101st F. A.

May 19, 1918.

Dear Katharine and Bob:—

Your letters from Biloxi and Chicago respectively came the same morning to me here (yesterday) at the battery echelon 8 kms back of the lines. They were both wonderfully fine and gave me much pleasure, especially the pictures. Those children are regular mushrooms—they change so fast—Barbara seems to be a raving beauty, and each is perfect in its way. Quelle bonne chance! I hope my bulletins reach you O. K.—Last was No. 7—without machine I send manuscript to folks in N. Y. Am enclosing some pictures for you.

Have fully rested up the past 5 days here since leaving the obser. P. and feel fit. It is 8:00 P. M. and still light, been waiting for my orderly to bring up horse, to go for a ride—and come back I hope, by moon-light. That same old crescent that Katharine mentioned. It *does* look down on strange sights. She is absolutely correct about the novelty of the situation. However, I now feel very familiar, if not at home with it, even here at the front. If I had my choice I would drill a bunch of N. A. men at a camp and then bring them to the front, instead of dropping into a N. Guard outfit, organized of course at home (Boston and Salem) that has been on the front 4 months. Then I would start out feeling it was *my* organization, which is a not unimportant feeling.

I received one letter from Bob before this, but forget the date.

Our pet or mascot, is a jeune fille lion (6 mos.) named Minnie. At 4 A. M. today I was awakened by the plaintive pleading voice of the guard outside my window (street level) calling "Here Min - - nie, Come Min - - - nie." I leaned out and saw his beseeching arm persuasively stretched out towards the skulking, shadowy form of the lioness. Her Ladyship is always friskiest about dawn, and on this particular occasion she was returning from petit-dejeuner in the orchard, off the carcass of a horse we had to shoot yesterday.

The adjoining battery has two puppy foxes, who speak French,—at least they were dug out of French soil and not the "auld sod."

May 20th the 10km ride in the changing lights of last evening was quite pleasant. The road was not shelled. Only one incident—in trying to pass around some barbed-wire entanglements which extended to the bank of the river, my long-legged horse slipped from the narrow path into the mud and water of the river, so his ears were level with my ankles. I shouted to a group of French soldiers 200 meters off, "Venez ici, depechez" and they came running. Ten of them—2 on the tail, and 2 on the halter and others on a rope tied to saddle, with much heaving and hauling, finally snaked him out on the bank. He was perfectly contented after his first struggles, and took a drink and ate the adjoining grass. Returned at 10.

Perfect weather is now the rule.

There is much buzzing and whirring of arions overhead, and cases from the boche anti-aircraft guns have fallen by the stables and house. An 8" bty, 1 km up the valley, or road, shakes the village when it emits a pill bocheward, tho the noise is only a boom.

Maybe you'll be good enough to send a copy to father at Altadena. I think I shall send via Thyryza in Paris. It might possibly expedite transmission. The 8 photos are mailed at same time, direct to you, to compare speed of delivery. Round trip to states takes 2½-3 months, *slow*, you sec. When 3-5 million are here, wonder if organization can handle all the equipment side lines, mail, etc. Clothing, etc., not abundant. It is a hard problem, but we can and will solve it eventually.

Bob, will you send me list to whom my bulletins have gone?

With love to the children, especially my old friends Barbara and Janet, and to you each, from—Lester.

Thyryza: Please forward promptly, and acknowledge.

Yours,

L. C. B.

June 11th, 1918.

Dear father:—

I have written 9 bulletins to date and there is no reason why you should not have received them all. I asked Mr. Folk to distribute 10 or 12, my old office about 15, and Bob Childs to *all relatives interested*. Folk and the office have lists I gave them of addresses. Bob Childs I asked to send me copy of list he used. Your fat letter of May 8th and one from mother of the 13th came yesterday here to the echelon. I am sorry if you have not received my bulletins and the letters I've written. It is only the second time I've heard from you, and same from mother. Meanwhile I've sent you and her 9 bulletins and 3 or 4 short letters—so you've no kick!

Am feeling very well—something may happen any time, as you know. Hope you have a good trip east. I always approve of your gadding. Will send this to California. Glad to get a snap shot from mother—pictures tell a lot. No more time. Love to all.

Lester.

Was very glad to get the mail from you.

Thursday, June 20, 1918.

Dear Thyrsa:

My surroundings and duties are such that it is difficult to do full justice to the occasion. Sherman W. Dean—I write, for the first time—good name. So *that* is the reason why “la belle France” looked so extremely beautiful in the sunshine of last November! I carefully read your first letter home, written on the boat. Well, George McKibbin's stock has gone up 10 points.

Though I can't say you have been exactly chatty on the subject of Sherman, heretofore or now, I am delighted and much pleased to hear the news, because I am sure you feel happy.

Now as to your wedding—it is *quite* likely I shall be near Paris first half of July and more, but it will be as part of the mobile reserve, waiting to get into the hard fighting near there, and not to attend weddings—royal or otherwise. A surmise, however, is not a fact accomplished.

Your letter was brought up here to the position about 11 P. M. last evening, under shell fire for 2 or 3 miles; i. e. harassing fire on the road. Later some caissons of ammunition came. This is a forward, exposed, well-known, but well protected position. It is shelled several times a day. During past 4 days we've been here, our battery has taken part in 2 very heavy bombardments. One early Sunday morning, with gas masks on (the Xivray

affair in the papers), and yesterday morning 2:40 A. M. we supported a projector gas attack opposite us. Enuf of war.

I would give *anything* to get away for your wedding, Thyrsa, but exceptions don't go in the army—there are no leaves; maybe things will change, but not likely. I am writing in my dugout. Sun is trying to appear after *cold* rain.

Tell the Y.M.C.A. to serve *pie, doughnuts* and some good drink—lemon. coffee, choc. etc., *cheap* to the men. The Salvation Army has won their hearts in this sector. Tell them to keep their *stocks* REPLENISHED in their *forward* positions rather than run palaces behind the lines. I *know*.

The trunk went 4 weeks ago—I have receipt. Maybe khaki suit not necessary, and maybe not allowed. *Please* try to keep all my stuff together and fairly accessible, as I may need it, etc. *anytime*.

Did Sherman come up to the pine forest too? What town in Colo. and a little information please.

Have been up much 2-6 A. M. etc. here. Great spectacle—when all guns roar together in semicircle behind us—(we are near trenches, 1000 kms) and the boche can roar *just a few* with their smother of returning shells.

Much love from your spinster brother,

Lester.

Give Sherman my welcome to the family circle and tell him I hope to see him sometime.

NOTE.—The original letter received at Altadena, October 22, 1918, from Thyrsa with letter from her of Sept. 28th, in which she says:

"It seems impossible that I was so near Lester at the time of his death or disappearance, and knew nothing of it until two months afterwards. * * * I enclose letter he wrote me just before I was married. Bill had it and thought he had lost it, hence its present condition. Please preserve it very carefully.

George P. Barton.

Battery B., 101 F. A., A. E. F.

July 12, 1918.

Dear Mr. Folk:—

Did you receive the \$4.60 balance of bill which I asked to have sent to you from Chicago some months ago? I have not had a word from you. The mails seem to be very slow—from 3 to 6 weeks each way.

We are now in a critical sector 85 Kilometers N. E. of Paris—having arrived 3 or 4 days ago after moving around for 10 days (one 400 Km. move on train—50 cars for our battery—in 20 hours).

It is very hard to write but I am making a big effort to keep in touch with my friends.

I have worried about having asked you to distribute these letters for fear of annoying you. Please drop me a line. Have the bulletins been received all right?

Best regards to Mrs. Folk. How is your work?

As ever,
Lester C. Barton.

I enclose a new revised list of names to receive bulletins.
[Mr. George E. Folk, New Rochelle, N. Y.]

American Y. M. C. A.

On Active Service with
The A. E. F.
July 14th, 1918.

My dear Mrs. Milk:

Your very nice letter dated May 31st came a few days ago. The flax and the walnut are certainly good war work. I only hope your long delayed bonanza crop is realized this year.

I hope that my bulletins are received regularly at S. Amherst. I have written about ten. Hubert once spoke of sending a box of cigars—I simply mention it because they have not been received and I hope are not lost. Really, I can buy cigars over here cheaper through the commissary than you can in America. But it is only semi-occasionally that we get near a base of supplies where they are obtainable in quantity. I smoke a good deal as do most of us. Sweets are scarce even with the army here at the front.

A week ago we came into this sector—a critical one near Paris—after 20 hours on train (50 cars for our single battery) and several *fatiguing* night marches. We are firing heavily here say 300 rounds per gun per night—every ½ hour. The past 3 nights 1 gun in each of batys A, C, & D have had a premature explosion, which burst breech of gun and killed several. Guess the fuses are not right.

After dry month many showers last 5 days.

Practically no promotions and no leaves have been granted over here. Not fair!

Any chance of Hubert's being drafted? Campaigning over here is *not* a graft.

Best regards to all,
Lt. Lester C. Barton,
Bty. B, 101st F. A.
Amer. E. F., France.

Am 85 kms. N. E. of Paris.

RELATING TO CIRCUMSTANCES OF DECEASE

Lester wrote a letter on July 15th to his cousin Colonel Alvin Barton Barber, which was not preserved, and another on the next day to Miss Helen Dupee of Chicago, a close friend.

The bulletins and letters then ceased to come, but, though we became anxious as the weeks went by, we charged our lack of information to the slowness and irregularity of the mails.

However, on September 25, going to the Altadena postoffice, as usual, I was handed a letter I had written and mailed on the Fourth of July to Lester, marked in pencil "Deceased July 21, 1918," and verified by the regular red stamping; and this was my first notice of any kind that he had died; with this there was nothing at all as to circumstances: Why had the news been withheld? was not a strange question for me to raise in my mind. His captain was the son of one with whom I had been associated in many legal contests; we had close friends and relatives in France besides the brother and sister who were over there doing their best, and yet it will appear that the brother and sister did not get the news until nearly two months after he fell.

My gratitude to Lieutenant Kenneth E. Walser, then with the 46th F. A. stationed at Camp Kearny, near San Diego, in writing me promptly on seeing notices in the papers that gave my address will be appreciated.

Camp Kearny, California,
October, 5, 1918.

George P. Barton, Esq.,
Altadena, Cal.

Dear Sir:—

I read the name of your son Lester in this morning's casualty list, with a remark that you had only recently heard of his death. I have just returned

from France, where I have been serving for a year with the 101st Field Artillery, of which your son was also an officer.

During the first weeks of July we were a few miles northwest of Chateau Thierry, at the closest point of the lines to Paris, and had the privilege of resisting the German offensive of July 14th successfully there. On July 18th we were ordered to take the offensive, and we did so in a battle which has since appeared to have been the turning point of the whole war. Your son was sent forward to the infantry as liaison officer. His duties consisted in transmitting to the artillery the requests of the infantry, and in adjusting our batteries on German machine guns and other targets—needless to say, an extremely important and hazardous mission. I was at the time liaison officer of a neighboring infantry battalion, and did not see your son, nor did I hear of his death until some time later. In an effort to locate enemy machine guns which were causing serious casualties to our infantry, he went to a forward observation post in Belleau Woods, just south of the town of Belleau, which the Germans occupied. It was this woods which the Marines made so famous by stopping the first German rush in June there. There was practically no protection of any kind along our line, as there had been no time to erect dugouts, so that the observing station in which your son was, was unsheltered. He was instantly killed by a German shell, and was buried in an American Cemetery back of the woods, which the French call "Bois de Brigade de Marine," in honor of the Americans who fell there. It was recommended that Lester be awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, posthumously, for bravery.

Please accept my deepest sympathy, and at the same time my congratulations for having had a son who was admired by his fellow officers while he served, and who died so splendidly.

Very sincerely yours,

Kenneth E. Walser, 1st Lt. 46th F. A.

Camp Kearny, California,
October 13, 1918.

Dear Mr. Barton:—

I was about to mail a letter to you when I received yours of the 12th, with enclosures from Mr. Fish.

Major Richardson left the front two weeks before I did, and therefore did not hear of your son's recommendation, of which there is no doubt. I do not think the story of the caving in of the dugout is accurate. I know Belleau Woods perfectly, and can say that there was no dugout there except

one, which was used as a first aid station, which was deep enough to be able to cave in. The normal shelter was a short trench in the ground, just large enough for a man to be able to crouch down in and be below the level of the ground. I was told by a lieutenant of infantry who was there, but who was himself killed later on, that Lester was observing the enemy lines from the front edge of the woods when an enemy shell hit him squarely in the head, of course killing him instantly.

He was, of course, separated from his friends, because he was the only artilleryman in the vicinity, and unless he happened to know some infantry officers he would be quite alone, as was no doubt the case.

I am glad that you have the statement of the infantry major as to Lester's work. I have written Lieutenant Gayle Scott, who is now abroad, asking him to look up the case and gather all the authentic information he can, and I am sure he will. It seems peculiar to you, no doubt, that you have not heard more fully as to the facts, but you cannot imagine the confusion and weariness which goes with offensive action. The 26th Division took part in the St. Mihiel attack, and is now in the Argonne, so those who would doubtless have written you about Lester have not had time to as yet.

We are very strictly quarantined here at present, but I hope eventually to be able to meet you. I am a lawyer myself, and hope some day to start catching up on the decisions.

I am very sorry to hear of your son Raymond's death. I cannot help thinking of Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby—"what a solemn pride is yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

Sincerely yours,

Kenneth E. Walser.

Lieutenant Walser wrote further letters and did all in his power to get information as to the exact date and the circumstances attendant; in fact he was so polite as to call at my residence in Altadena, January 13, 1919, on his discharge to talk with me about it.

I was in the East in the following spring and made two visits at Camp Devens in April while the 26th Division was being mustered out.

From the information thus obtained from John F. Walsh, pr. who was Lester's runner and the only eye witness of his death, and from Lt. Col. Perkins and others, it seems to me that the most probable date of Lester's death was July 20, 1918, in the afternoon about half past three o'clock. I give these statements below including letters from Colo. Barber, Capt. Irving T. Thornton, son of my first cousin Dr. William H. Thornton of Buffalo and some from some others.

Hdqrs., 2d Army, A.E.F.
Oct. 24, 1918.

Dear Uncle George:—

I have collected all the information I could regarding Lester's death by visiting his regiment when opportunity offered a few days ago and also from the Chief of Staff of his division whom I know. I enclose copy of a letter just written to Thyrza together with the order and citation and maps showing the reported location of his grave.

The circumstances were certainly such as one must envy—to be taking part in one of the most critical battles in the World's History—and with such a splendid record of personal bravery and devotion. My sympathy is mingled with pride which I am sure all the family will feel.

It has been a pleasure to see Thyrza here in France several times and I regretted deeply not being able to be present at her marriage. Her letter inviting me to be there reached me after the event. I hope to see her husband one of these days as he is stationed not many miles from our headquarters.

It was also a pleasure to see Mr. and Mrs. Frank Welles and their children at Bourré and Tours. I saw Paul quite often last spring when I was there.

I hope all are well in Altadena and send my best love to all.

I am sending copies of my letter to Thyrza, to Mother and Aunt Adelia.

Your affectionate nephew,
Vin.

[Col. Alvin Barton Barber.]

Hdqrs. 2nd Army, A.E.F.
October 21st, 1918.

Dear Thyrza:—

I have received your two letters about Lester and am very sorry to have to confirm the report of his death. It occurred in action at the Northern edge of the Bois de Belleau, or Bois de la Brigade de Marine as it was renamed by the French. He was cited in orders of his division for his gallant conduct. I enclose a copy of the division order and of a note I received from Colonel Major, Chief of Staff of the Division, quoting the citation in full.

The division adjutant's office which I visited just before coming down here gave the same date July 21st that you received from the Central Records Office. But Colonel Major's note and the location of the grave, 175.5-262.6 Chateau Thierry Map 1:20,000, which is at the north end of the Belleau Woods, together with what I personally know of the operations there, convince

me the date was July 20th or possibly July 19th instead of July 21st. I visited his regimental headquarters to try to get further information. The following entry appears in the regimental records of the 101st F. A.

"† 192 Barton, Lester C.

Btry. B., 2nd Lt.

Killed in action on July 21 by enemy shell. Lt. Barton was on liaison with the infantry."

The Adjutant explained to me that he was first reported "Missing in action" and his death was not confirmed until receipt of the burial report. This explains the discrepancy in date. The burial party was from the 30th Engineers which I remember volunteered for that duty in view of their previous service with the 26th Division. The Adjutant informed me that he had heard that Lester had been at an observing station working with his map and when the enemy began shelling kept on with his work. He was later reported as having been seen lying with his map in his hand after the shell fragments had hit him. He was the only officer of his regiment that had been killed up to the date of my visit to the regimental headquarters.

That is all I have been able to find out but will gladly try to get any information you may want. I had seen Lester in May or June when he passed through Tours on his way to the front. He was looking tip top and seemed very well satisfied with his work and his prospects of active service. I had a letter from him written July 15th, regretting the inactivity of his service and expressing desire for more active work. No doubt his readiness and eagerness to serve gave him the important and dangerous position with the infantry that he was filling when he was killed. We all may well be proud of his record.

The operation in which he took part has proved the decisive turning point of the war, so that it may be counted as one of the greatest events in history.

I am sending your father a copy of the part of this letter regarding Lester together with copies of the citations.

With much love,

Affectionately,

Vin.

Mr. George P. Barton,
Altadena, California

Dear Cousin George:—

231 Norwood
Buffalo, N. Y.
October 21, 1919.

Following out your suggestion, I have gone over the daily orders and reports, and agree with Col. Barber that Lester was killed on July 20th.

I was in the Bois de Belleau the 21st about 1 P. M. as I had occasion to talk with the commander of the Corps reserve whom I expected to find there. It was very quiet indeed, being at that time much further behind the line than the previous day. What artillery was there, was harnessing up preparatory to moving forward and infantry units were represented only by headquarters detachments packing up their papers and office kits. The 20th at 1 P. M. I delivered to the 26th Div. H. Q. the order for the attack at 3 P. M. and I know that the attack for that day began a little later than 3 P. M. the time ordered. The corps reports state that while the 26th Div. attacked the 18th, there was only vigorous patrolling the 19th. As you will see by the summary report enclosed, the line at the close of July 18th was such that the edge of the Bois de Belleau was a very likely place for artillery liaison work until the evening of July 20th.

Thank you for sending me the letters and citations. I am returning them, and enclosing the report and map. These I would like to receive again after you have finished with them.

Very respectfully,
Irving T. Thornton.

	101st F. A.	26th
	Bty	
Barton,	2nd Lt., Lester C,	B 101 F. A. Chicago, Ill.
		21 English St.
	Bty	
Walsh, 133925, Pvt.	John F	D 101 F. A. Salem, Mass.

"On July 21st, 1918, during the attack on the Belleau Woods, at the beginning of the Chateau-Thierry offensive, Lieut. Barton was on duty as artillery liaison officer with the 103rd Inf., and I was acting as his runner. At about 3 P. M. our front line came under intense shell fire. Lieut. Barton and I sought shelter in a shell hole. Suddenly he left this and went out in front about 40 feet to help carry in a wounded man. A shell landed directly in front of him and he threw up his arms and fell. I went to him but he had undoubtedly been instantly killed."

[Note.—The above was furnished by direction of Lieutenant Col. F. S. Perkins from Regimental Records—April 17, 1919, at Camp Devens.]

A report of an eye-witness of the death of 2nd Lt. L. C. Barton, 101st F. A. The date is open to question as it is believed that July 19th was the day and not the 21st.

April 17, 1919.

B. H. Ticknor,
Capt. 101st F. A.
Adjutant

To Mr. Geo. Barton.

On the morning of the 19th of July, Lt. Barton called up the Regimental P. C. and talked with some officer there,—I think Capt. Smith—in relation to getting a new map, as his had become greatly damaged. I was in the P. C.—La Loge Farm—at the time and remember that this incident took place. To the best of my memory and knowledge Lt. Lester C. Barton was killed on the afternoon of that same day—July 19th, 1918.

Camp Devens.

Apr. 17, 1919.

Daniel Needham,
Capt. 101 F. A.

Camp Devens, Mass.
April 17, 1919.

To: Mr. George P. Barton.

Concerning the death of 2nd Lt. Lester C. Barton, I am convinced that he was killed on the nineteenth of July, Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen. This, however, is purely from memory.

Later in the drive an Infantry officer told me that Lt. Barton was killed at the edge of Belleau Bois facing Belleau; that he had a map in his hand when found, and that he believed death to have been instantaneous.

Coburn Smith,
Captain, 101 F. A.
Bat. F.

Camp Devens,
April 21, 1919.

To George P. Barton.

On or about the 19th of July, 1918, I was acting as liaison runner to Lieut. Barton at Chateau-Thierry during that offensive against Belleau Woods. Lieut. Barton was artillery liaison officer.

To the best of my recollection we were with the 103 Infty. but it may have been the 104th. It was about 3 or 4 P. M. We were lying in a shell hole

which was about 3 or 4 feet deep for protection. We started forward to get the wounded and bring them back. After a few trips we sought cover in another shell hole because the barrage was heavy; also machine guns were busy sniping us; when it quieted down a bit I saw Lieut. Barton start forward again. He had gone about forty feet when I saw him throw up his hands and fall forward. I went forward to see what was the matter; on getting there I found he was dead, killed instantly by a shell.

Did not have time to see if he was buried as we were going forward.

I had known him by sight since about April.

I reported to him about 7 o'clock on the morning of July 18, 1918.

Lt. Barton is the only officer killed in action from the 101st F. A. so far as I have learned.

My home is still in Salem, Mass., 24 Boston St. I enlisted in May 1917 at Salem, Mass., where my parents live, and where I was born Mar. 6, 1891. I have been with Battery D. 101st F. A. 26 Div. since I enlisted.

I want you to go back feeling that you lost one of the bravest boys in the world. He did not know what danger was.

John F. Walsh

40 Wall St., Manhattan,
April 26, 1919

Dear Mr. Barton.

You were very fortunate to be able to get such exact information as that from Private Walsh. I remember him very well, and recall that he was a very intrepid and useful soldier. * * *

With kindest regards, I am,

Faithfully yours,

Kenneth E. Walser,

[Formerly Lt. Battery D., 101 F. A.]

STATEMENT OF KENNETH E. WALSER FOR MR. GEORGE P. BARTON

40 Wall St., New York.
May 10th, 1919.

I first met Lieutenant Lester C. Barton about May 15, 1918, at Andilly, near Toul, where he was in command of the Echelon of Battery B, 101st F. A. The 101st was at that time in a sector whose front line extended from the town of Xivray on the left, through Fliry, to Limy on the right. On June 26th the regiment marched for Vauxcouleurs where it entrained for Dommartin, between Paris and Chateau-Thierry.

I was attached as Liaison Officer to the Third Battalion of the 103rd Infantry in Belleau Woods from July 8th to 17th. The 103rd and 104th Infantry occupied the line from opposite Torcy on the left to Bouresches on the right. The 104th Infantry was on the right of the 103rd, the junction point being near the point of Belleau Woods, opposite Belleau. The companies and battalions of the 103rd and 104th Infantry were crossed and intermingled during the days of the attack, but I believe that Lieutenant Barton was technically attached to the 104th.

During the night of July 17, 1918, I left the regimental headquarters at LaLoge Farm (near Montreuil) to go with the 167th French Division as Liaison Officer. I did not hear of Lieutenant Barton's death until some time later.

Although the hour of the attack along the whole line was 4:35 A. M. of July 18th, the 103rd and 104th did not, I believe, attack at this hour, since the French Division on the left, it was planned, was to swing in obliquely and attack Hill 193 (behind Torcy) as our troops attacked the town, after which we were to move in the direction of Etrepilly. The French were stopped temporarily in their first advance, however, and our attack on Torcy and Belleau was therefore delayed. The infantry to which Lieutenant Barton was attached attacked about 3 in the afternoon of the 18th, I believe, with its objective the towns of Belleau and Givry and the railroad embankment outside Bouresches. These objectives were attained with heavy casualties, and then ensued a period of waiting for the French Division to attack Hill 193. The best point of observation at this time was on the edge of Belleau Woods, looking across the flat wheat fields. It was at this northern point of Belleau Woods that Lieutenant Barton appears to have fallen, on the afternoon of July 19th.

He was an efficient officer and was respected by the officers and men of his regiment.

George P. Barton, Esq.,
Altadena, California.

Salem, Mass.
24 Boston Street,
July 12, 1919.

Dear Sir:—

This is the first opportunity I have had to answer your letter of May 15th. I have just arrived home from a vacation. On leaving home I requested my folks not to forward my mail, as I wanted to rest and be free from the trouble of correspondence. I was not enjoying the best of health when I saw you at Camp Devens and for that reason decided that a complete rest was what I needed.

I was interested in what you told me about the contemplated memorial to Lieut. Lester Barton and have read the proof sheets with the extracts from his and other letters. In one letter to "Thyrza" signed "Bill" I find that Corp. Gleason intimated that Lester was killed in a dugout. This is not correct.

Corp. Gleason being an Echelon soldier, is not well enough acquainted with the Front to speak so familiarly of its "luxuries." His imagination is either working overtime or he has receptive ears for rumors. As to Lester's personality, generosity and bravery, Corp. Gleason informed you correctly. Lester was a prince of good fellows.

I want to thank you for the photos and large print of Lester. I will always keep them in remembrance of one of the best fellows that I ever had the honor of working with. I learned from the newspapers that he is going to get a war medal—something he should have received long before his untimely end, for no more gallant officer ever gave an order.

If you should have an extra copy of the Memorial after you get them all made up, I would appreciate receiving one as a remembrance of one of the bravest men in the 26th Division—one who met his death bringing wounded comrades into safety. A safety that was but mighty shallow, for a shell-hole is very unlike a dugout. A shell-hole is no more than three feet deep—there were no dugouts at Chateau Thierry.

Some time in the near future I am going to visit South Amherst and call on Lester's brother.

Sincerely hoping that your health is the best, I remain,

Very truly yours,

John F. Walsh.

Headquarters Northeastern Department,

Mr. George P. Barton,

Boston, Mass.

Altadena, California.

October 2, 1919.

Dear Mr. Barton:

Your letter in reference to Lester has been following me around for some time:

On the night of July 17, 1918 in Colonel Southard's dugout, Lester and I made up our minds to go over the top together as we were not attached to any special unit. During the long wait before we started for the rendezvous, Lester cheered us up by his exceptional coolness and good nature. Then came the long walk thru the dark wet woods, where we became lost and found ourselves out in front of the French wire. He was one of the first to

say, "Keep your head." As we were late and did not get to the jumping off place until the exact minute for going over, I did not see him more than ten minutes in all. But on hearing of his death, I was not a bit surprised as the German barrage in that sector was very severe.

I was very interested to learn of the finding of the handkerchief. We were just about opposite Torcy when your son was killed.

I know how you feel and wish I could do more to help you. All that I can say is that Lester was one of the finest boys we had and died like a man, and in thinking of your loss you must be proud of him as we are.

Yours sincerely,
Edwin H. Cooper.

FINDING LESTER'S HELMET

On January 13, 1919, just before William left Paris for an embarkation camp, he made a trip to Chateau Thierry with his sister Thyrsa; they visited Belleau Wood and made search for Lester's grave. On this occasion, by chance, William discovered Lester's handkerchief at the northern point of Belleau Wood, opposite Torcy, at the point where their brother was supposed to have fallen; an account of that trip, and of the finding of the handkerchief will be found in their letters printed in later divisions of this book.

It was suggested to Thyrsa that she and her husband should make another visit and take kodaks of the vicinity where the handkerchief had been found; such trip was made on Decoration Day, 1919. They took the pictures, and made further search to identify the grave without success. It was on this occasion that they met Sergeant Turner who tells in the statement and letter which follow of finding the helmet.

Mantua, Ohio.
January 31, 1920.

From: Lewis C. Turner, formerly 116th Engrs.

To: George P. Barton.

Subject: Finding of Helmet of Lt. L. C. Barton.

1. The following are the facts, as nearly as I can recall them, concerning the finding of the Helmet marked, Lt. L. C. Barton, which I sent to Mrs. Sherman Dean, 8 Place Edward VII, Paris, France.

2. On June tenth or eleventh, 1919, while supervising the burial of American dead in the Federal Cemetery, Belleau Wood, Aisne, France, I received a visit from Col. J. S. Herron, cmdg. district. He inquired as to

whether we had finished locating the bodies about whom inquiries had been made. I replied that I had done so with the exception of Lt. L. C. Barton, reported to have been buried near the end of the east and west walk, upon west side of Belleau Wood. After he had gone, one of the truck drivers who had been standing near, reported that while out walking the Sunday before he had picked up a helmet which he was sure was marked Lt. Barton, the place of finding being an ammunition dump about one mile to the north east of Belleau Wood.

That night after work I asked him to drive me to the place where he had seen it and we were lucky enough to find it there. It was torn by shell splinter and had bullet holes in it which had been shot from both sides. This led him to remark that some one must have been using it for a target; as to that I do not know, and as it was in a rather secluded spot I doubt that statement. I searched near the place for graves but found none. I carried the helmet to Torcy, where we were quartered and afterward sent it to Mrs. Sherman Dean, thru a Red Cross worker, thinking that she might wish to keep it. Afterward while searching for the grave of Lt. Barton, I found five bodies, none of which was that of an Officer. When the trees and débris is removed from the wood where he was reported to have been buried by his runner, it is quite possible that his body may be found. Trusting that I may be of further service to you, I remain.

Sincerely yours,
L. C. Turner.

Mr. Geo. P. Barton,
Altadena, Calif.

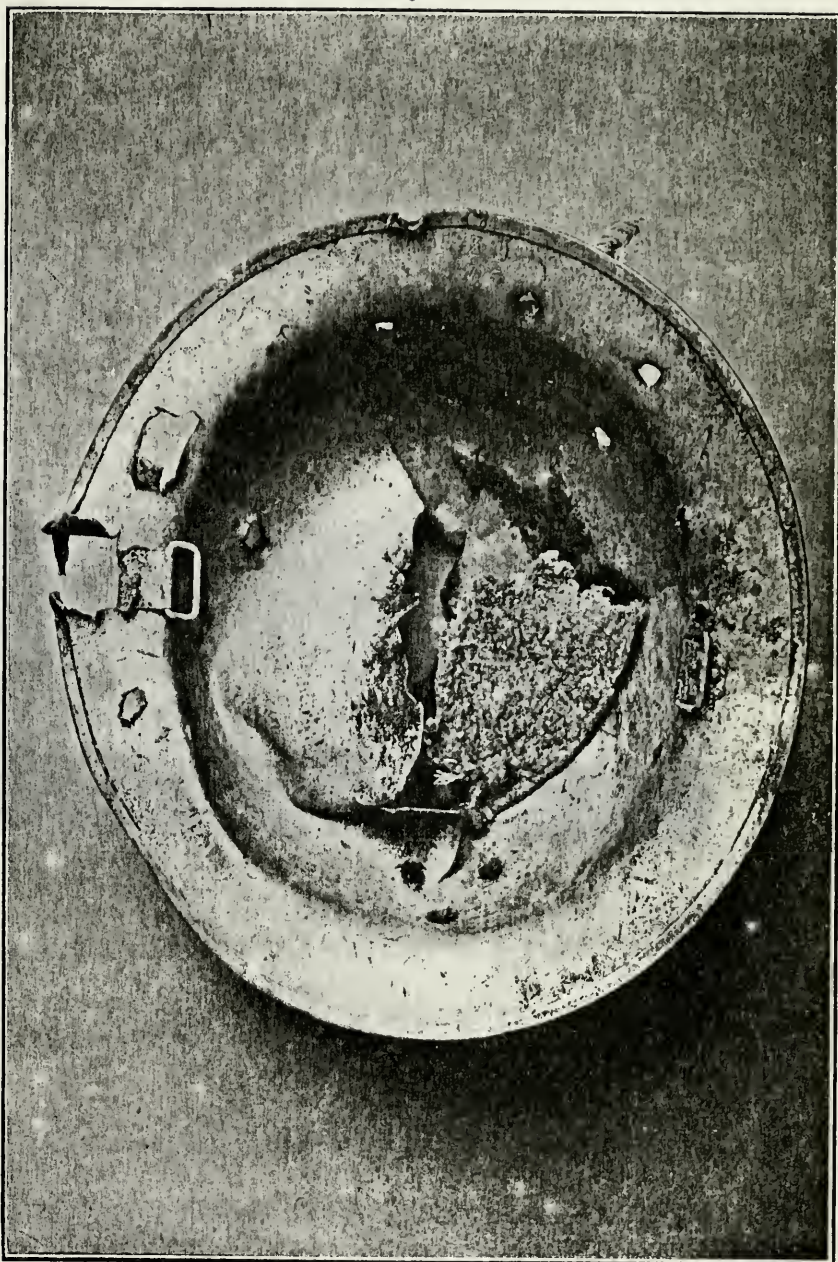
Mantua, Ohio,
Portage County,
January 31, 1920.

My Dear Sir and Friend:—

It is with pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the twenty-first of January. It is a privilege to meet the father of such an excellent woman as Mrs. Dean. I shall always recall her as being the only person who expressed sincere appreciation of the honest endeavor to carry out successfully, my duty in locating and burying the American dead in the region near Belleau Wood, now officially named by the French Gov., the Wood of the Marine.

I am indeed glad to learn that she has returned to our wonderful country after her arduous work in Europe.

From your picture I can see that you are one who would like to know the facts of things and for that reason I am going to be personal and tell you something of the work we did and of the difficulties we worked under.



From untouched photograph of helmet—the autograph signature, "Lt. L. C. Barton," which was in red crayon may be seen below, and "Lt. Barton" on the upper part



Looking north from crest of hill, Belleau Wood—Torcy and Belleau in background—
Shell holes visible. February, 1919

My correct name is Lewis C. Turner, my initials and the name of my Chum, Thos. E. Barton, Steubenville, O. combined to make me remember the name of your son and the account of his death as told me by Mrs. Dean.

I am by profession, a School Supt. which vocation I am following at the present time. I trained at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, and went to France in July 1918. I served there with the 116th Engrs. and after the Armistice with Unit B. G. R. S. (Graves Registration Service) in detached service. Thru the winter of 1918-19, I directed the searching work on the plains of northern France, hunting for the graves of my comrades that they might receive more decent burial. In the spring the unit was directed to build a federal cemetery at Belleau Wood. I had charge of the location, raising and burying of the bodies. To me it was a privilege in spite of the gruesomeness of the task and I tried to do the work with as few mistakes as possible. Knowing the work as well as I do I am very much opposed to bringing the bodies back except in unusual cases. With forty white men we moved nearly two thousand bodies in eleven days, eight hundred negroes being required to dig the trenches fast enough to care for the bodies. The soldiers had been buried as they fell and there being no covering it was a very difficult task to exhume the bodies as we had little or no equipment to work with, often having to pick up the pieces of the bodies with ordinary canvas gloves.

While doing the work we were constantly bothered by tourists who were looking for pictures, and others who insisted that we were doing nothing to find the bodies of their relatives who had fallen near there in battle. I have spent hours digging in holes that I had uncovered before just to please some person who was sure that a friend was buried there, and that, after ten to twelve hours' work at the cemetery.

A Y. M. C. A. secretary who saw us burying the bodies in burlap, caused such a stink that we had to dig up hundreds again and bury them in pine boxes that caved in when we covered them with dirt. We could eat little at noon and had to leave our clothes outside our shacks when we laid down for the night. The doctor in charge had nothing but iodine and it was fortunate that he had only one case of sickness. I place little credit with him but most with God who cares for those who play the game squarely. Under these conditions you can well understand the feeling of appreciation I had for the courteous manner in which your daughter sought for information and what little help we could give her. I used to get up mornings before the sun came up and hunt near the place where she thought he was buried, it was possible to do this only when it was cool, before the swarms of green flies came out and made life unbearable. Your daughter had told me that Mr. Barton was an artillery officer, so I picked out the best place for observation of the village of Torcy, upon which the 101st was firing and there I found

the bodies of five men. I am confident that I could have found his body had we not left two or three days after I found the helmet.

If you are still interested in finding the grave of your son I have a suggestion to make. The peasants of the district often found graves when chopping wood or removing brush. So if you will write to Capt. I. J. Myers, G. R. S. sending a copy to Torcy and one to Soissons, where he was stationed when I left, authorizing him to offer a small reward for the location of the grave, it is possible that it may be found. You might also address a similar letter to Le Marie de Torcy. The 'red tape' of the army takes too long a time.

I often looked for helmets and such as means of identification. . . .

I hope that I have not tired you with my story I have enjoyed the visit. I have a cousin working in California whom I intend to visit some day. If I get there I shall surely call upon you.

Wishing you and yours the best of life, I am,

Very truly yours,

L. C. Turner.

CITATIONS

General Orders	Headquarters, 26th Division,
No. 74	A. E. F., France,
	August 31, 1918.

EXTRACT

1. The Division Commander takes great pleasure in citing in order the following named officers and men who have shown marked gallantry and meritorious service in the capture of Torcy, Belleau, Givry, Bouresches Woods, Rochet Woods, Hill 190, overlooking Chateau Thierry, Etrepilly, Bezuet, Epieds, Trugny, and LaFere Woods to the Jaulgonne-Fere-on-Tardenois Road, during the advance of this Division against the enemy from July 18th to 25th, 1918, in the second Battle of the Marne.

Second Lieut. Lester C. Barton, 101st Field Artillery.

C. R.*Edwards,

Major General, Commanding.

Mrs. Sherman W. Dean,
8 Place Edouard VII,
Paris, France.

Headquarters 26th Division.

A. E. F., France,
November 21, 1918,

Dear Madam:—

I am in receipt of your letter of November 6th and forward certificate of citation and citation order on your brother 2nd Lieut. Lester C. Barton,

Battery B, 101st Field Artillery, killed in action July 19, 1918, near Chateau-Thierry in the Second Battle of the Marne.

The only information I am able to obtain at present is the original recommendation for citation by Colonel Duncan K. Major, Jr., at that time in command of the 104th Infantry, now Chief of Staff of this division:

"2nd Lieut. Lester C. Barton, F. A. N. A.

On 18 and 19 July, 1918, near Belleau Woods while on duty as artillery liaison officer at company P. C. displayed great bravery and courage in assisting wounded men to safety. He was killed by a shell fragment while caring for a wounded soldier."

Lieutenant Barton was attached to the 104th Infantry during this action as artillery liaison officer.

I will endeavor to obtain more information for you as to place of burial, etc. Many of the officers and men who fell in this battle were buried in the American Section of French Cemetery at La-Ferte-sous-Jouarre.

Very respectfully,
G. M. King,

Headquarters Northeastern Department,

Mr. George P. Barton,
Altadena, Cal.

Boston, Mass.
August 12, 1919.

My Dear Mr. Barton:—

There is inclosed herewith a citation card reciting my appreciation for the meritorious service of your son, Lieutenant Lester C. Barton, of the 101st Field Artillery. The following deed performed by your son is on file in the records of the 26th Division.

Second Lieutenant Lester C. Barton, 101st Field Artillery:

On July 18th and 19th, 1918, during the Aisne-Marne Offensive, as liaison officer of the Infantry, he went forward with the attack of the Infantry on Torcy. At the time visibility was difficult, owing to the dense mist which covered the ground. He fearlessly under heavy machine gun and shell fire of the enemy went to the most forward portions of the line, obtaining and transmitting to the artillery exact information of great value. He continued to expose himself in the performance of his duty until killed by enemy shell fire.

It may be of interest for you to know that Captain Edwin H. Cooper, Signal Corps, Photographic Officer of the 26th Division, now living at 173 Ocean Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J., accompanied Lieutenant Barton during the first few hours of the attack.

You have my heartfelt sympathy in the loss of your brave boy, but I congratulate you for having such a fine lad to give to the service of your Country.

Sincerely yours,
C. R. Edwards,
Major General, U.S.A.

TRIBUTES FROM FRIENDS

Chicago, October 1, 1918.

Dear Mr. Barton:

I guess you know without my trying to tell you how my sympathy goes out to you in the loss of Lester—your big, gallant, courageous son. When I saw it in the paper I couldn't believe it. It brought the tragedy and the sacrifice of the war home to me more than anything else has done. But Lester has lived and died for his country—and no man can do more than that. His place is secure for all time. He has crowned his life with honor, and has brought honor to his father and his country. It is hard that he had to die in the strength and vigor of his young manhood; but it is glorious to have died, as he did, gallantly, and in a good cause.

I want you to know that my affection and deepest sympathy are yours.

Edwin H. Smythe.

150 East Superior St.,
18 October, 1918.

My dear Mr. Barton:

I feel I cannot permit your sorrow, which is shared by Lester's many friends here, to pass without sending you my sympathy and appreciation of his character.

We saw a great deal of him during the past two years, in our home where he was always most welcome, and at his house in the Dunes where my daughter Rosalind and my husband as his guests knew him as a hospitable and generous host.

We are all deeply attached to him, not only for the charm and simplicity of his nature, but for the high standards of truth and honor that were disclosed to us in our relations to him. To have reared a son who was so good, so fine in mind, so appreciative of the deeper ideals of friendship, and who preserved amid life's trials such tenderness of heart, must comfort you in the loneliness of your bereavement.

Believe me,

With sincere regard,
(Mrs. Henry B.) Fay Calhoun Mason.

TO LESTER—IN HIS COUNTRY.

Rosalind Mason.

So let me live and love the clear dune country,
 All that the eye can see, and the heart can hold,
 The sapphire sky as it meets the shining water; and all the gold
 Of morning on green uplands, and the free
 Smooth slope of sandhills, and the living wind that blows.
 Oh, not here death, for the uplands shine
 With the sense of a presence that feels, of a heart that knows,
 And lo! on the highest dune a figure waits and a dear face smiles.

 Colebrook, Conn.

Oct. 16, '18.

Dear Mr. Barton:

I believe we all used to call you "Uncle George" in the days when we saw a great deal of Uncle Enos and the cousins—before vicissitudes of life and death had scattered us so widely over two continents. * * *

Lester visited us in our N. Y. home on 11th St. last winter, several times, and was with us, in fact, the night before he sailed. Both Wilfrid and myself enjoyed meeting him and he made a distinct and ineffaceable impression upon us, with his vivid intense personality and joyous keenness. He wanted to see our little six-year old son and we awoke him from sleep and Lester stood him up on his uniformed shoulder—so that to Christopher, too, the Big Soldier will always be a picture of romance become reality. * * *

I am, yours sincerely,

Florence Wilkinson Evans.

 CHATEAU THIERRY

L. C. B. July 19, 1918.

Florence Wilkinson.

We noticed first the brows that played light like a prism,
 The many sensitive planes,—and then his egoism,
 Ardent and boyish, questioning, half-restrained;
 But always that broad forehead's Light remained,
 The fact we most remembered. So he came to us
 And brought her. Those were hours surcharged, vicarious.

He had the sort of look—of things to expiate;
 Not sins, but some old score to be wiped off the slate.
 (The call to arms, we guessed, had solved perplexing fate.)
 The solid shouldering breadth of one who loves this earth,
 A spiritual calm of passionate rebirth.
 There was an almost faery fierceness in his glance,
 A smoulder of austerity—as he set sail for France.

We said so little that last night; there were such silent spaces.
 The firelight talked, our meeting eyes, our pregnant commonplaces.
 He dared not say too much, perhaps, for her dear sake—and thus,
 Another shared that surcharged hour vicarious.
 Always I shall remember the long clasp of his hands.
 The fair-haired girl—for we were three—that third one understands.

* * * * *

“His cool head and his resoluteness helped us through,”
 Your battery commander wrote of you.
 Cool head and resoluteness. Dear, we know.
 We had our message from you long ago.
 “Chateau Thierry. Thank God the Big Show!
 To-morrow hell breaks loose, they say. My friends, Bonne nuit.”
 They always wrote thus, gaily, on the edge of death,
 While we at home, we waited, held our breath.

“Third night of our offensive. Belleau Wood,
 Pitch dark, down-pour,” the official letter stood—
 “A shallow dug-out, under hot shell fire,
 Liaison officer, an important wire,
 Needless to add, most hazardous the post, . . .
 He got the news through that was needed most.”
 Soldier, like you, we shall not count the cost.

Chateau Thierry,—how the two words glow!
 There you achieved your dream—I know, I know.
 You live among us daily, being dead,
 And how your words ring clear that were unsaid!

27 Washington Square North,
 New York City, Dec. 15, 1918.

My dear Mr. Barton:

I am venturing to write to you and offer, if I may be allowed, my very sincere sympathy for the loss of your son Lester, and my congratulations for

the honor which was accorded him for the noble and unselfish service which he rendered before his death. * * *

The last time that I saw Mr. Barton was immediately before he sailed for France, when he dined at my apartment here with me and my dear friend Helen Dupee. I feel great grief when I remember the occasion, although we were all so gay—grief that I so little comprehended the nature of our parting, and the pure and heroic sacrifice he was even then nerved to make. He said that night some unutterably touching things—or so they seem to me now, and showed a deep, though unexpressed comprehension of his situation. My last memories of him are in perfect accord with his heroic death and are therefore the more precious.

Very sincerely yours,
Helen B. North.

THIS MUCH IS LEFT US—

(For Lester Clement Barton)

Eunice Tietjens

*The guns are silent now, and all the dust
Of shattered flesh returned unto the earth.
Friend sleeps with foe, nor any windy gust,
Nor summer rain can wake them to new birth.*

You died, then, you and seven million more.
You died for home, or victory, or peace.
These things we have, and life's much as before,
Save for the silence where your voices cease,

Save for the human silences that come
When those who loved you suddenly are still
Remembering—or at twilight when the numb
Sore spot in the mind like an old wound aches chill.

Life runs the same. The outer shell of living
Which, when we lost you, covered emptiness,
Is deepening now, is taking form, and giving
Solidity to what was bodiless.

Oh, we have not forgotten! We remember,
Yet we have lost the glory of your days.
Time circles still from spring to stark December
And we slip back into the trodden ways.

Yes, we grow old. And our once naked hearts
That glowed like steel with agony and wrath,
Grow dusty with long days, and little arts
And gracious nothings deck the aftermath.

But you are free, who went in that white glow
And laid you down with tragedy for bride;
Life cannot touch you; you can never grow
Old and cold and dusty at our side.

For you are youth, who now have cheated time,
And you are courage flung against the sky—
One with all radiant things, that in their prime
Are frozen into beauty when they die.

And death, who had his will of you, can never
Still that high courage with a thousand wars.
And we who love you hold you now forever,
As wide and white and peaceful as the stars.

71 East Ninety-Second Street,
New York City.
October 17.

Dear Mr. Barton:

Mrs. Garland and I have followed the news of your son's military service with keen interest, and the news of his death gave us a sad shock. He died like a soldier—that can be your consolation. He was a fine, heroic figure as we saw him last, just before he sailed. We met him at Florence Wilkinson Evans' house, and through her we have been informed of his movements. We are the better for having known him—his spirit was ideally American and his courage of the kind which rises from conviction and not from a passion for revenge.

With deep sympathy from Mrs. Garland as well as from myself,

I am, very sincerely yours,

Hamlin Garland.



THYRZA BARTON DEAN
Bourré, Spring 1919

II.

THYRZA BARTON DEAN

Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

June 14th, 1922.

Poets and historians have painted countless pictures of women, who, with infinite courage, have sent their husbands and sons forth to fight for honor and for country. These women have replaced men in the shop and in the fields; they have been fathers as well as mothers to their children; they have watched, and waited, and suffered. The World War created a new role for women in the auxiliary services of the Army. A comparative few, young enough to withstand hardship, old enough to be dependable, were chosen to accompany our men overseas, to give them cheer; to keep before them ideals of home and of family; to render, whenever possible, such individual services as millions of wives and mothers yearned to give to their dear ones so far away.

It was felt that women whose near relatives were not in the Army would be free from the terrific personal anxiety which was inevitable, and thus would be able to serve better the rank and file dependent on them. A ruling to this effect was made shortly after I sailed for France in November 1917, so that it was quite exceptional to find a woman war worker with two brothers in France, not to mention a husband acquired after reaching there. Thus it was a rare and unusual privilege I had in sharing these experiences with the men of my own family. I can never forget Lester's enthusiasm over Paris, France, and the delightful French people who made his week ends so happy while at Saumur. I can still feel the damp chill of the half hour I spent waiting for William one night at 10 o'clock when he had suggested I take up my station in front of a certain number on the Grand⁷ Boulevard in order to walk home with him, and a certain Germaine who was attending an evening class there. Memorial day will always mean that beautiful May afternoon when Sherman and I went together to make a final effort to identify the spot where Lester had fallen.

As I read over the letters that have been chosen for publication I am conscious of an incoherence coupled with an effort to spare no detail. This is particularly true of those written in the Spring of 1918. May I say in extenuation that I was carrying a "peak load" at that time which resulted

in a month's serious illness? My Y. W. C. A. work, my fast developing interest in Sherman, the claims of my brothers, together with broken sleep due to air raids, and the general military situation, were too heavy a burden. These letters with their conscientious commonplaces, are first-hand evidence of the desire we all had not to give way and to protect ourselves from our own emotion. They are not very interesting, but they are history.

Some explanation seems necessary of the letters which refer to my official duties with the Y. W. C. A. At first thought, an organization to serve women seems curiously misplaced as an Army Auxiliary Unit. There were two fields, however, which the Y. W. C. A. could best fill: First—that of caring for the nurses, signal corps girls, and miscellaneous relief workers attached to our army whose own organizations were unable to render satisfactory service of this kind. Second—The French government asked that recreation work for women in their huge munition factories be undertaken. In recognition of the service, sixteen Y. W. C. A. workers, among whom I was included, were awarded the official French Médaille de Reconnaissance Française. My work was entirely with the French except for the three weeks I spent in Poland.

My first assignment was to open a club in Paris just opposite the Bank of France. This was known as "la Vrilliere Foyer" and was opened in March 1918. While the rooms were being made ready in January and February, I was sent to Bourges where I equipped and opened two foyers in the munitions plant there. During April and May I acted as director of la Vrilliere Foyer, and formed a very genuine attachment for the sprightly, courageous, responsive girls who made up that group. My activities were interrupted by my illness of a month and by my marriage on June 26th. In the middle of July I was sent to Bordeaux to open the French work there, and in the fall I was reassigned to Paris as director of Educational Work in the French Foyers which then numbered fifteen or more.

The search for speakers, books, music, and movie films brought me in touch with some of the most interesting women, both French and American, who were working actively during that time. Mme. Verone, probably the best known woman lawyer in France, an ardent suffragist, a radical politically, an orator of real power, who nevertheless wrote personally to a hundred poilus, and wore an apron when I dined with her, was one of the most outstanding of these. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, whose novels I had enjoyed, and whose books on child training are now of consuming interest to me, accepted my invitation for the Y. W. C. A. to give a reading from her collection of short stories, "Home Fires in France." I acted as interpreter for Dr. Katherine Bement Davis in making some of the contacts with French women physicians in their field of Social Hygiene. I was "official introducer" when President and Mrs. Wilson were in Paris, and the Y. W. C. A. gave a

reception to Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Lansing and Mrs. House. I spilled a cup of tea in my lap, and scattered a few errant drops over the august personality of Mme. Paderewska. Besides these official relationships there were women who became real friends, such as Dr. Alice Hartmann and Mlle. Jeanne Merle d'Aubigne. I was a guest in many French homes of the very highest type, and my partisanship for France in the unsettled state of things which still exists, is due, I am sure, to the fact that my acquaintance was fortunately with the most idealistic, though always intensely nationalistic, citizens of that brave country.

As my fourth wedding anniversary approaches, I am moved to say something about my wedding day. Although I had written of my engagement as soon as it took place, six weeks before we were married, delayed mails brought the letter to its destination at just about the time the ceremony was being performed. The cable sent June 26th, announcing our wedding, arrived a month later. Military necessity just before the beginning of the Allied Offensive on July 18th, suppressed all personal messages and redoubled the censor's activity. To my father and some of my friends and relatives, the procedure seemed altogether too unceremonious. No announcement of an engagement, no invitations, no trousseau, no wedding announcements, no honeymoon, and worst of all, after a very few days, an intermittent husband. In the light of two and a half years of placid domesticity, no one will wish to contradict my statement, that all of these things not only seemed, at the time, but were in fact, quite unessential. With the German armies threatening Paris, no one had time to worry over such details, nor to play chaperone for a devoted engaged couple. Marriage, with its obligations and prerogatives, made it possible for us to see each other occasionally, and was the logical course under the circumstances. I was fortunate in having the Welles family who responded so nobly to the plea to act in "*loco parentis*." With Uncle Frank to give the bride away, Aunt Anna as hostess to the few invited guests, Carlotta to be maid of honor, and provide the music, and Bill to nobly support his new brother-in-law, we felt well protected in our rash step. In the matter of the French civil ceremony the fortunes of war were with us. The government realized the necessity of cutting red tape for the man on leave, and so abrogated certain of the formalities which even my legal father could not circumvent in 1892.

To each generation is given a big and significant experience. Its interpretation must be left to our successors. To some, it is a period of great industrial and commercial expansion; to others a revival of art or religion; to others still a social revolution; to us it has been the World War. For those who are only now in full maturity, to write in the past tense seems like assuming the role of prophet, but it is not likely that we shall again actively participate in events of such stupendous magnitude. Our own personal des-

tinies were profoundly affected. My dear little son, with his Uncle Lester's name, and his father's physique, gives me courage to believe that the chaos resulting from the war will not endure. My most passionate desire for him is that the ardent patriotism that animated his six uncles—for three of Sherman's brothers were in the service—shall not be impelled to respond to the call of the forces of destruction, but that instead his youth and courage may be dedicated to an America which by its disinterested co-operation in world affairs, and its moral strength, shall have no rival among the nations.

Thyrza B. Dean.

Envelope post marked 2/27/18
Care American Express Company,
11 rue Scribe, Paris.

Dear Family:

So much has happened since I wrote last that I cannot remember what I have told you. I wrote Nanna from Bourré, telling of my trip there of 24 hours to see the invasion of the American army. The details were the presence of the General of the brigade there, who will take up his residence as soon as the detachment already there moves on. It certainly was a queer sensation to see American soldiers at home in the caves, and a Y. M. C. A. sign on a mediaeval chateau. The officers were a fine lot, rather simple, but most appreciative of their home, and cordial reception. Carlotta sang Sunday afternoon when there were several men invited from outside for tea. Her voice is a delight and she chose such suitable songs. She is working quite hard and seems to enjoy it. She is a joy to be with, and I am mighty glad for selfish reasons that the State Dept. did not hold up her passport.

I came back to Bourges, and found that as far as material preparations were concerned we could open our foyer at once, but there was no one to take charge of it. So I did some telegraphing, and finally succeeded in prying loose Miss Murkland who had been in Paris in the hotel office, but who wanted to do this work. I had no intention of really opening the foyer as my job in Paris is meanwhile being neglected, but on Friday afternoon I got in touch with some of the girls who live in Bourges and who can sing and play. There is apparently no such thing as a piano "disponible" in Bourges and I finally succeeded in getting one only by haunting the shop of a funny old cross-eyed deaf dealer, who loaned me (to the tune of 20frs.) a piano belonging to some one else in order to get rid of me. However by Saturday night I was able to compose my mind and try to commit to memory my "petit speech," a copy of which I enclose. I wrote it partly in English

and partly in French, and then got a French woman to translate the difficult part. Whenever you strike anything that sounds good you may be sure that it is not my work.

Miss Murkland arrived Sunday morning, and Miss Dingman on the noon train. There was wild excitement about transporting all our artists, but we finally got started. I had supposed that Lieut. Lecoq, the chief of the "service ouvrier" would preside, but the Colonel who is director, was there with his wounded hand and all his decorations, as well as a darling old commandant who had served in the war of 1870, and who came from Alsace. Some busy soul placed several armchairs facing the audience and the Col., the Major, the Lieut., Miss Dingman and I sat there solemnly. We had wondered how many people would be there as there had been a strike among the women who wanted the right to organize, and who would be naturally suspicious of a foreign, and an official celebration. However there were considerably more than 200, and the rooms were comfortably filled. The musical program went very nicely, and the Col. made a nice fatherly speech. Miss Dingman cannot talk much French, so there was no way out but for me to do the honors. So when I rose, palpitating, I was completely overwhelmed to have one of the ouvrières come to the front bearing a beautiful bridal sachet of white satin embroidered with my initials, "Souvenir, Cité de Bigarelles, les Ouvrières, 1918," and then sprinkled with the grenade which is the insignia of those who are mobilized in the munition service. The Colonel whispered in my ear that there was just one thing to do, namely, "Embrassez la jeune fille" which I promptly proceeded to do in French fashion, first on one cheek and then on the other. To be called on to thank them impromptu was one of the hardest tests I have ever been put to, but although it made me forget some of my prepared remarks, I at least succeeded in making some of them weep, (the music had been quite affecting) and came dangerously near it myself. They called me the "Gentle Miss" and Miss Dingman the "Predicateur," so one of the women superintendents told us. They were all invited into the restaurant for "gouter," and to return to sing and play games in the evening. We had a grand march, and the Virginia reel!!! (they were crazy about it) and played "Le Mouchoir Empoisonné" and at 9 o'clock I marched them around again, and we hippity hopped to the door where I stood and shook hands with them, as they passed out.

Now it appears we made a mistake in not inviting the general of the 8th corps of the Army, which has its seat in Bourges, to come to our party, so I am to have an appointment to meet him shortly and will invite him to our opening of the Carnot foyer which will take place March 10. There is also great need for some work for the women who live in town, and we have been asked to establish something in the city itself.

I must tell you a little about the Pyrotechnie, and you will have a clearer idea what our work means. Bourges is a "moyen age" city. There are worse sanitary conditions than in most French towns, with open sewers, and canals in place of alleys, quite Venetian, and filthy streets everywhere. It has been the seat of the 8 corps of the army for some time, so there are arsenals and barracks, and artillery fields for practice in the neighborhood. It was obviously a good center to develop the manufacture of munitions, as it is out of the danger zone, and since the beginning of the war the population has increased from 35,000 to 125,000 or more. The housing problem has become acute, and the administration has the same right to requisition lodgings, that any military necessity allows. There is an old seminary that has 300 family groups installed within its erstwhile celibate walls, and some barracks have been vacated to make dormitories for women, and room for family groups. Even that was not enough, and so last year they built the "Cité de Bigarellles" to accommodate about 1,500 people. It was planned by the French engineers and certainly does not meet the needs of families or of single women very well. As I think I wrote you the women who live in the dormitories have no room where they can get together, and their sewing and writing and reading must be done sitting mournfully on a straight chair in the middle of the cement floor of the dormitory. So the administration has placed at our disposal two large rooms one 35 ft. square, the other about 20x35 ft. They furnish light, heat, service and certain equipment, and we furnish them and provide an American Secretary to supply atmosphere, education, amusement, and inspiration. (Nothing at all to do) I furnished these rooms with their cold grey walls, with brilliant orange curtains in one room and green in the other. The straight chairs are rush bottomed, and there are in addition some easy chairs in rattan and green willow. The floor is cement and so I have a number of little benches to put feet on. There are a lot of little tables, and a piano, a sewing machine, a place to write, and books to read. There are also tea things and some plants, so that when the sun is shining in it is quite inviting.

With much love,
Thyrza.

Care American Express Co.
11 rue Scribe, Paris.
March 15, 1918.

Dear Family:

This is the first time that I have failed to write weekly and it is really because I have been absolutely unable to find the time. After my first opening at Bourges, they (meaning the French Administration) asked me to

stay on to open the foyer in the other cantonment. The inaugural ceremonies were much like those of the Bigarelles celebration, but the musical program went better, my speech was much better, and the women were much more enthusiastic. They presented me with a lovely doily, accompanied by the enclosed card, in the afternoon, which did not make much impression on me as I am sure it was arranged for, but it did move me to a marked degree when in the evening I was given a huge bridal bouquet. At supper some of the girls took up a collection, 65, I believe, and some of them walked in town, and were back at 7:30 with this magnificent sheaf of flowers, such as you never see except at weddings or funerals.

I was really sorry to leave Bourges. Lieut. Lecoq, who is the head of the Service Ouvrier at the Pyrotechnie is one of the most delightful men I have ever met and is most intelligent and conscientious, qualities not possessed by all government officials. In civil life he is a banker and Doctor of Laws and has written a book on the 8 hour day. He was here in Paris the other day and came here to lunch with Miss Geary and me. Miss Dingman had invited him so you see it was thoroughly official. He was complimenting me on my "petit speech" (as the Col. calls them) and Miss Geary added, "Oui, Miss Barton parle très bien le Français." I was quite embarrassed as I knew it was only relatively so, but with a readiness worthy of a far more important occasion, the Lieutenant answered, "Oui, elle parle très bien, mais elle pense aussi très bien." Do you wonder I like him.

I thoroughly enjoyed my search for two second hand pianos at Bourges. I put an advertisement in the paper, and had a number of answers. One was from a neighboring chateau, and I decided to drive out there as it was a grand piano for 500 francs. It was a heavenly afternoon and we thoroughly enjoyed the leisurely drive through the early spring sunshine. The cab drew up in front of a big rambling old country home of grey stone, not less than 300 years old. I was met by an old woman in a dirty dark blue apron, wool cape and felt slippers. Much to my surprise she turned out to be the mistress of the house, and led me into an enormous salon with a beautiful renaissance ceiling, and mural paintings where stood the object of our quest. The other members of the family soon came in and were quite as pathetic and badly dressed as the mother. We agreed to take the piano and now it stands in our foyer, on the cement floor, and gives far more pleasure than it did in that scene of former grandeur. It was not scandalous to pay only 500 francs either as it was also in the same state as its owners. After concluding our business arrangements, we went to call on a camp of American soldiers across the road, and after chatting with the captain and refusing a very tempting invitation to supper we asked if they could not send the piano

over to us on one of the military trucks. It caused wild excitement at the Pyrotechnie the next day when 12 American soldiers with a Lieut. in charge drove up to deliver the piano. This camp, by the way, is to be the big repair and machine shops of the ordinance department, and it is said that there will be 10,000 men there in a short time.

Another very interesting experience I had just before leaving Bourges was that of being in the station when an American troop train went through. Some of the boys were in freight cars and some in 3rd class carriages, but they were grinning and jolly. They had landed only 2 weeks previously and were presumably on their way to the front. At least they had had 4-days rations issued to them, and that means a fairly long trip in this country. There were 25 or 30 coaches on the train and to make the situation as striking as possible a train of Tommies pulled in on the adjoining track, on their way home from Salonika. It was certainly funny to see them exchange their hardtack. It was the first glimpse either group had had of their new allies, and they lost no time in getting acquainted. One of the Tommies was a dear, and after I had sympathized with him because of his malaria, he wanted to know if I liked orange marmalade. Quite unsuspectingly I said I surely did, whereupon he vanished into his compartment and returned with a big can which he urged me to accept as a remembrance. The Tommies pulled out before our boys, and I was walking along the Quai with the jar under my arm when one of our boys called out "Say, you aren't going away with that, are you?" I tossed it up to him as the train pulled out, and I hope he enjoyed eating it as much as the other soldier seemed to enjoy presenting it.

Amelia will be interested to know that Katherine Wright of Throop, Stanford and Orange Grove Ave. is working in the Bourges Cantine. She is a dear, and we were thrilled to the core when we found we both came from Pasadena. She says "My Golly" in the most engaging way.

The night of my return to Paris I experienced my first air raid. It was said to be one of the worst there has ever been in Paris, but I was surprised to find there was comparatively so little to see and hear. The sirens gave the alarm at about 9 o'clock. I have a room on the 6th floor with a balcony so I stepped out and listened to the barrage fire of the anti air craft guns for a while. Pretty soon I could begin to distinguish aerial combats. The machines were very high and the reports at first were just like pop guns, but the answering flashes of fire were awe inspiring and convincing. When the flashes seemed to be right above my head, and the noise was quite alarming I decided to come in for a while. I then descended to inspect the cellar, and found a Y. M. C. A. Sec'y finishing dictating to his stenographer in one corner, and in another, three or four New Zealanders taking a lesson in

French from one of our maids. The house was in total darkness all the time, and the servants were gathered in the down stairs hall visibly suffering. Different varieties of negligee were promenading hither and yon. My own especial eccentricity was the lack of a necktie and a pair of "Comfy" grey felt slippers instead of shoes. I had just begun to undress, so I was better off than some. I have never before been without a flashlight, but I have never had any occasion to use it so after mature reflection I had packed it in my trunk, which at the moment of the raid was peacefully reposing in the Gare d'Orsay. Regular raids are expected from now on, and all precautions are being taken. The houses with good cellars are all marked, as are the metro stations which might serve as shelters. Electric lights which are visible at all from outside, and this would of course include all street lamps, are tinted dark blue. Some theaters are closing, and I fear any evening class work at my club is going to be nipped in the bud. I have been trying to get hold of an English teacher to-day and the Gothas seem to be a strong deterrent. It isn't that it is any more dangerous one place than another, but the streets are so dark on the night of a raid, and all transportation practically stops so that getting home is well nigh impossible. The Louvre and the Opera and the Arc de Triomphe are all being protected by sand bags.

The Ministry of War was damaged seriously but not dangerously to quote hospital reports on wounds. The offices of the Medical Department were the ones destroyed, and the loss was not considered grave. Of course the Germans will feel pretty well pleased just the same. A Y. M. C. A. canteen worker in the Hospital at Neuilly was killed instantly. I felt distinctly the explosion of 2 or 3 bombs, presumably those that fell on the War Office, as it is not so very far away.

The food restrictions are really quite severe. No bread without a card, nothing sweet except figs and dates, and sweet chocolate occasionally but it is hard to get. We still have a good deal of jam, and it really is a life saver. Aunt Adelia's box of Whittle's came when I was at Bourges, and I served it to the distinguished guests at tea that afternoon. The French may not be a sweet loving nation, but they certainly made the most of that box of candy. I was very glad that it came just when it did for they appreciated having it passed around very much. Don't think for one single minute that I am not getting lots of good food. It is a question of substitution rather than deprivation. For the opening of my Paris club Sunday afternoon we are going to have, tea with sweetened condensed milk at 50c. a 15c. can, rusk, at 2c. a small slice, and nuts, dates and figs.

I am living at the Hotel Petrograd 35 rue Caumartin, the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House, at the present time, but I think you better address me at the AM. EX. CO. as they are very reliable forwarding.

I was extremely relieved to hear that William arrived safely on the 9th, in time to celebrate his birthday. I haven't located him yet, but expect to see him as soon as I find out. I hope mother got my cable all right.

Aunt Anna reports that Vin was recently at Tours, and that he came out to Bourré with Paul one Sunday. Also that Uncle Frank "told him a few things" about the finances of the war that were designed to revolutionize his point of view too blatantly optimistic!

I have ordered a new uniform and spring hat, invested in a drop light for my room and feel like very much of a permanent fixture. A nice letter from Mr. Spaulding to-day.

Much love as always, and I do *love letters*.

Thyrza.

Hotel Petrograd,
35 rue Caumartin, Paris.
March 24, 1918.

Dear Family:

All other news seems insignificant beside the fact that Paris is under bombardment, incredible as the statement appears. I am sitting comfortably in my room in the hotel, with the lovely spring sunshine pouring in, and about every 15 minutes I hear the dull thud of an explosion. These last few days the air has been charged with electricity, and every one has been at attention, wondering what was going to happen next.

Wednesday evening I dined at Mme. Monod's, and left a little after 9. It was a heavenly moonlight night, and as I walked down the Avenue Montaigne to the Champs Elysees, there was hardly a person to be seen, not a vehicle of any kind passed me, and the moon was the only light there was. It was spooky, and although I found a cab at the Champs Elysees, I kept hearing the alerts and gun fire all night.

Thursday when I came in for dinner I found a note from Bill announcing his arrival, which I had been expecting since the letter from Ned saying that he had been assigned to the Attending Surgeon, and at 8 o'clock he put in his appearance. He is thin, but keeps his wonderful high color, and has a pompadour hair cut which is very becoming. I am sure he was as glad to see me as I was to know that he was actually here safe and sound in spite of the submarine attack their transport fought off. He landed at Brest the 4th of March and has been in camp at Blois since then. He has been attached to the Attending Surgeon, Major Austin, supposedly as chauffeur, but is doing some medical work for the present while learning the map of

Paris. His duties are 24 hours on duty, and 24 hours off, which arrangement makes it possible for us to see each other, but it is certainly hard from the standpoint of sleep, especially these days when an alert sounds every time you get settled down to a steady job. Yesterday afternoon which was balmy and sunny, Bill came for me at 2, and we set out on the quest for a new uniform. The garb which does very nicely for a transatlantic passage in the steerage, and for sleeping in in camp, and travelling third class or in cattle cars, is not well adapted for public appearance on the Paris boulevards, and the original quaint fit of Bill's O. D. clothes was enhanced by numerous spots and wrinkles. We had lots of fun visiting the various tailors and ready made shops, and finally ordered a uniform for 265 francs. Then we wandered around trying to find means of transportation as no trams were running and the Metro had stopped owing to the bombardment. After perhaps half an hour we succeeded in bribing a decrepit old cocher with a still more decrepit old horse and cab, to take us over to the Jardin de Luxembourg. We had wandered into an automatic old lunch place on the way and Bill decided to try the light wine of the country, so he put 32 sous pieces in the slot and the rich red liquid poured forth, but if it is as sour as that I have tasted I don't imagine it will be a permanent temptation to one with his sweet tooth. He then invested 4 francs in some imitation cakes which were made of figs and dates, etc., and we ate them en route in the cab. On our arrival we sought out another refreshment spot, and ordered imitation chocolate ice cream, made of water, but not bad in spite of the fact, you know Bill has always maintained that he liked water ice better than ice cream. On top of that mixture we added an infusion of sirop, disposing of a whole bottle of eau de seltz between, a truly Bartonian celebration you will all admit. Later we basked in the sunshine on a bench and when a group of little French girls who had been standing near giggling, started off leaving a glove on the path near him, Bill retrieved it with agility and ease and handed it over with the following non committal statement in perfect and fluent French "Vous avez perdu votre gant," whereat the jeunes filles giggled more than ever and said "merci, thank you."

My club is open at last and is really a lovely spot. Owing to the air raids we have been slow about planning evening work, but the girls are so eager to learn English that we did plan one class for 7:30, as the alerts are seldom sounded before 9. Last Friday it met for the first time, with 20 present, and a splendid teacher from the Berlitz school. They had most of them left their work at 7, and their only nourishment since noon was the cup of coffee or chocolate we gave them, so you see they really want to learn something as they all paid 5 francs a month for 2 lessons a week. As the shutters are not placed on the outside of the windows I had asked the girls

to put on their coats and hats as quickly as possible, as I did not even have curtains in the dressing room and the police are all ready with heavy fines for any window which shows a light these nights. As it was, the last girl had barely crossed the threshold when the alert sounded. They disappeared like rabbits, and I was afraid they had started home, but on enquiry I found they had all gone to an adjoining building where I followed them. It was a most magnificent "abri" in the very bowels of the earth, down several flights of stairs, lighted at every turn with a flickering candle, and on arrival there was a room 20x30 ft. square with a table, benches and another light. Our English class was all there, and in spite of the fact that they had had no dinner there was not a whine or a complaint out of one of them. They were as gay as the poilu in the trenches, and as brave. It was a very short raid and at 10 o'clock we were given the signal to proceed in safety. The girls insisted on seeing me to the hotel, although most of them lived much farther away and I found the next day that many of them did not reach their homes until nearly midnight.

The "alerte" is a siren given by the fire department wagons which dash madly about the streets of Paris, and is very much like our auto sirens. It is accompanied by an intermittent tattoo, and is a penetrating sound, as you may well imagine. The end of a raid is signalized by "la Berloque," a clarion bugle call accompanied by the same tattoo.

Some people are not writing home about the raids, but you will be sure to see it in the papers and it seems to me you might better have my impressions first hand. There is no feeling of terror, only it is a puzzle to know how much to do, and how the daily routine should be changed, if any. My only preparations this morning were to cover a nearby mirror with a quilt fearing that the pieces might fly. I am leaving shortly to go to Aunt Anna's for dinner, although I expect to have to walk there. William is on duty to-day, and the bombardment is not near either of us.

Much love to you all, and be sure that although I intend to be where I can help, I won't take foolish risks.

Thyrza.

Address 11 rue Scribe, care of Am. Ex. Co.

Care American Express Co.

11 rue Scribe, Paris.

March 31, 1918.

Dear Family:

Ever since writing you last week I have felt guilty at having said so much about the raids and cannon. However, you see that I am still intact, and

indeed I do not know anyone who knows personally any victim. Paris shows the effect of this last fearful engagement, however, and for a day or two the Germans seemed uncomfortably close and we began to wonder what we would do if Paris were evacuated. My only preparation was to draw what few pennies I had out of the bank, and invest 32 francs in a bargain pair of white buckskin shoes for next summer! Many people are leaving town, just the same, and some business houses are closing down, especially those which deal in luxuries. We have had no shells since yesterday at 10 minutes before 4 when one exploded not far from here and every clock in the neighborhood stopped short in protest and they have not started since.

Some girls in the Smith College Relief Unit were staying in the hotel here, and were waiting for news from the others who were stationed near Ham (west of St. Quentin) in the villages they were reconstructing. Day before yesterday they had a message that these girls had been evacuated to Noyon, and thence to Montdidier, and thence to Beauvais, and had been doing valiant service helping the refugees, but that they had not had their clothes off for over a week and needed to be relieved. The six who were here started off to take their places carrying only a tiny piece of hand luggage, and dressed with the expectation of not changing for at least a week.

Refugees are coming into Paris on every train, in spite of the efforts the authorities are making to have them routed to avoid the capital. Thursday night Bill and I went to the Gare du Nord to see what it was like, and I was able to translate for a Red Cross worker a little, but otherwise it was only curiosity that took us there. The people we saw had mostly come from Compiègne which was being furiously bombarded, and which until now has been one of the British Headquarters. It was there that Vin was going when he was here in January and I had that nice visit with him.

My club work goes on in spite of these abnormal conditions, and you will be much amused when you hear that I am teaching three English classes, and playing the piano at noon, my repertory including "Tipperary" which is a perennial favorite, "Over There," and "Joan of Arc." I at last have some one to do the cleaning, and I have the closets and cupboards straightened out, which as any housekeeper knows spells progress.

Bill is now on ambulance service, but we have managed to see each other frequently in spite of the uncertainties of his hours of duty. We had dinner together at a restaurant in the Latin Quarter on Monday and he "desired" the whole menu and got it. That does not say just what I meant, for all I intended to convey was the fact that he gave the orders prefacing each one with "Je desire." He seems to make himself understood with comparatively little difficulty, but the map of Paris is a deep dark mystery, and I have been gluing cloth on the back of various maps to aid him in his laud-

able efforts to master the points of the compass. We had dinner at Aunt Anna's Friday night, but Carlotta had been called to go over to a building which the Red Cross had taken over to shelter refugees, and did not come in until nine o'clock. We had a nice homey time sitting around the fire and eating a few precious pieces of American candy. I certainly do not envy the private soldier who has been able to have a little independence before coming into the Army. William has a very desirable assignment, but even with that the exigencies of rank, and red tape are trying. He has a mighty good spirit about it, and is conscientious and I think respectful which are excellent qualities you will all admit. This evening we were to have been with Aunt Anna again but he was on duty and I am writing to you instead of going.

I am not going to begin cabling that we are safe, for you are sure to be notified if anything happens. I have written my home address over and over for notification in case of accident or serious illness, and although I suppose you must have been uneasy over the newspaper reports the increase in the probability of something happening is negligible. The Embassy will notify us if Paris is threatened, but that danger seems to be a thing of the past, and nobody really minds the occasional booms that come now and then when a shell drops. We had four or five days of perfect peace and then on Good Friday, and Saturday there were a few shells. Today Easter, it has been quiet, and I spent the afternoon with Unity Wilson at Versailles and got caught in a shower in my new uniform. I went to the British Embassy Church this morning, and it was a particularly impressive service because as the Rector said "the very life of our country is being threatened."

I am running on without saying anything, and as I take twelve of my club girls for a "hike" tomorrow, and have to arise at 6:30, I must be going to bed.

Much love as always,

Thyrza.

Care American Express Company,
11 rue Scribe, Paris,
April 12, 1918.

Dear Family:

It is a rainy Saturday afternoon and I am sitting in my club room at the rue de la Vrilliere. There is a little wood fire burning, and I feel thoroughly

cosy and at home. This noon there were perhaps 60 girls, and we had several lively games. The English class is going well, although last night we had an air raid that took place just after the girls reached their homes. They really make progress although it is hard to believe that our simplest words present such difficulties of pronunciation.

One night last week we had a birthday party at the hotel for all those who had birthdays in March or April. William, much to my surprise, accepted when it was suggested that he could be included, but had been very busy the day before and did not come at the last minute. I accordingly got into the party on false pretenses and had lots of fun in spite of the absence of an escort. There were some dignified Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross men there, who had just landed that day, and it was rare to see them in the grand march and playing kindergarten ring games. Later in the evening a Y. M. C. A. man I had seen on the boat coming over came in. He was on his way from the Toul sector where he had been for a couple of months with the 1st Army, to the big battle front, probably behind the British lines. The news is certainly far from good these days but we have no alternative except to go on about as usual.

One of the girls of the Smith Unit was back from Beauvais a day or two ago. It has recently been the headquarters of the Allied Armies and she has eaten at the same table at the hotel with both Petain and Foch. She went up with the Unit a few days ago to do what she could for the refugees; but now the region is pretty well evacuated, and they are feeding the wounded at the station. Amiens and Compiègne are under constant fire, and the civilian population has mostly gone.

Paris is darker than ever at night, and the boulevards are almost empty in the late afternoon when they used to be so thronged it was impossible to make rapid progress. There are no English soldiers or officers to be seen and the Australians and New Zealanders and Canadians have disappeared likewise.

Uncle Frank has come up from Bourré to get his passport renewed. William and I are invited there for supper to-morrow evening. Carlotta seems extraordinarily well, and energetic. I am tickled to death that she is going to take a chorus for my girls, but I am really amazed that she can work it in with her refugee duties and her own music lessons.

We had such a good time on our picnic last Sunday. It rained, but that did not dampen our ardor in the least. Two Western Electric men who had formerly been at Antwerp, Mr. Whipple and Mr. Wright, and Brother Bill were our escorts, and Carlotta invited two of her friends, Eleanor Dulles and Alice Channing. Neither William nor Eleanor Dulles had eaten any lunch and it was a rare sight to see them in a very crowded second class compartment

side by side and mournfully munching sandwiches. A box of Gardners' that Ethel Terry had sent me came just at the right time, and I assure you it made a great hit with the picnic guests.

By the way, if you have any occasion to send me any packages, of any nature whatever, address them to 35 rue Caumartin, and put the Y. M. C. A. on without fail. It saves complication with the French customs to have them addressed to an "American Base" as American soldiers' gifts are free from duty, and if they are addressed to me care of the Am. Ex. (as my letters should continue to be addressed) it means that they are opened and examined and I have to go to a very distant station to get them. The packages that Hubert and Mary speak of having sent to Irving and Lester in my care have not as yet been heard from, and Aunt Adelia's crackers and scrap-book are still among the missing.

I think I will go and take a look at the place where the bomb fell last night. It lit a gas main and several houses burned down. People feel very strongly about the tragic wounding of babies at the Maternity Hospital yesterday. The only two big casualties have been the Good Friday services and now this hospital.

Before I say good-bye I must tell a lovely story that Mr. Wright told about French business methods which amused me and which I can easily believe from similar incidents in my own experience. The W. E. has a Frenchman in its employ who has been a standby for 25 years. He is almost effeminate and will embarrass one of our good Yankees tremendously by making a presentation speech while handing over a blotter with the firm name^{gr} graven on it. A certain telephone part that was being made for the government had been refused because it was made of a different material from that ordinarily employed. As war conditions made it impossible to get the original material, Mr. Wright told this French employee that for all practical purposes the substitute was quite as good and asked him to go over to interview the Government official and try to get them to accept the sample. In a very short time the sample had been sealed and accepted, and when Mr. Wright asked how he had succeeded in winning over his man, Mr. Andre answered, "He could hardly have done otherwise as I stopped to buy him some flowers!" and—in his expense account for the month was the item 75 centimes (15 cents) for flowers! ! ! ! !

Much love and don't slacken up on letters. Aunt Adelia is the only original old Faithful, rain or shine, toothache or house party, sure fire correspondent. Not that I do not appreciate all others, I appreciate so much that I want more. I am in a dry season just now and feel much neglected.

Thyrza.

Paris, France,
April 22, 1918.

Dear Family:

Here it is Monday afternoon and my weekly letter is not written. I have never worked so hard on Sunday as I have since being a Y. W. C. A. Secretary. Yesterday I had the first meeting of my Paris Club and addressed the same in the vernacular, all of which is hard on the nerves. I wrote my remarks in English and Carlotta translated and transposed, and I was not a bit scared. These French girls are the most responsive I ever hope to see, and they are so attractive that it is a pleasure to have them around. Our programme was violin and piano, and then tea for which they paid 25 centimes, consisting of tea, condensed milk, sweetened, but no sugar, with rusk and a thin spread of jam. I appointed three committees and the girls are as thrilled and solemn as if they had received the Croix de Guerre.

Carlotta has 22 girls accepted as members of her Glee Club and Winifred Notman, a very unusual Smith girl, who came over with the Y. W. C. A. but who decided that other work was more to her liking for a steady job, is helping her as accompanist. The "Ecole Sociale de Surintendantes des Usines de Guerre" sousle patronage du Ministere du Travail et du Ministere de l'Armement, is sending us two students per week to train in club methods, so you see we have a rather weighty responsibility.

Vin surprised me by appearing at the club Saturday noon and could not recover from the shock of seeing the French midinette playing "Drop the Handkerchief," however, he stood the strain of luncheon at the working girl's lunch club, and afterwards I went with him to call on Bill who was embarrassed at such friendliness on the part of a distinguished officer, but bore up bravely. Later we saw General Lewis who is the Provost Marshall in Paris and went shopping to buy some earrings for Lucy's birthday, and some toys for C. L. and the rest. He is stationed at Tours and has a "whale of a job" still having to do with shipping. He was meeting a British general and was assigned to be his host, I believe. That evening he was dining with Col. Charles Dawes who, if I am not mistaken, is a very well known Chicago business man, and who is in charge of purchasing here.

Bill has had various vicissitudes, having been ordered to the front and then having the order rescinded as the Captain did not like one of the other boys, and took that occasion to keep one he did like. A note from Lester says he expects to be ordered to the front on the 28th or thereabouts, as he finishes his training at that time. I see him two or three times a week (Bill I mean) but we have the greatest difficulty in getting hold of each other. His sleeping quarters are very unsatisfactory, crowded and noisy and public, and badly ventilated, and I have encouraged him to spend 4 francs a night at the

Y. M. C. A. hotel when he is off duty which means that I will spend some of the recently received subsidy, in supplementing his salary. He was pretty well tired out when he got here, and has had a cold though much less severe than most people get, and the driving in a strange city, at all hours of the day and night especially after so long a period of not driving at all, is rather nervous work so it seemed a very sensible plan to me for him to get a good sleep every other night.

Much love,
Thyrza.

From: Miss Thyrza M. Barton,

Received at Altadena, California. May 13th. 1918.

Care American Express Company,
11 rue Scribe, Paris,
September 28, 1918.

Dear Family:

Father's letter written on the boat just leaving Seattle, mother's and Amelia's from San Diego, including enclosures to William and Sherman, and congratulating me on my birthday, and Aunt Adelia's of September 9, all arrived yesterday, for which I thank you severally and individually. Letters are meat and drink, and I do appreciate the newsy ones.

No further news has come about Lester, but yesterday a very sweet little note from one of the French girls he knew in Angers, saying that they had not heard from him for two months, and wondering whether any misfortune had come to him. It was a hard letter to write, that answer, for I really think Lester was more than ordinarily fond of this girl, and she is a dear. I am sending out some more letters of inquiry to-day, and I will of course let you know the minute that I have any information, but don't forget that you may know more than I do, and so be sure to write me anything you hear.

I enclose the telegram Sherman sent me. He is terribly worried about his brother too who has not been heard from since August 20.

William is in much better spirits, and his top sergeant, who was his bete noir, is to leave the office, so he is feeling gleeful. He is still working very long hours, but his color and weight and appetite continue good, and when he has a little vacation he will be all right. A new sergeant, a very nice boy has come into the office and they can sort of chum together, which is very pleasant. Last Sunday he had dinner with Sherman and me, and borrowed our bath tub as it was a "hot water" day in our hotel. He announced on emerging that it was the first bath he had taken in France when he could feel leisurely and uninterrupted!

Sherman left for Nancy again yesterday after a whole week with me. He was simply exhausted after the strain of getting through that St. Mihiel drive. For three weeks he hardly left his office, and only occasionally took off his clothes. He was the distribution bureau for all the supplies that went into the front line from St. Mihiel to Pont a Mousson. A month before the battle they didn't have an ounce of anything, and on Sept. 1 the army put an embargo on the shipment of anything but war material, which was later partially revoked, but you can see it meant some tall hustling when you know that nearly 400 Y. M. C. A. people were on the job when the test came. To add to the difficulty of working under that strain there are sometimes 6 air raids in a night there, and that does not leave an undue proportion of time for sleep between 11 and 7. He was feeling more rested when he went back, although he was busy here, but I am hoping he can take a little rest soon.

During the last two weeks I have been following a course of lectures on Economics and Saving with a view to getting some one to give such lectures in our foyers. It was a group of about 20 French teachers, who will talk to groups of factory women on all conceivable topics from child hygiene to the "Emprunt" or Liberty Loan which is just being launched. There were some very eminent people among the lecturers, but the "directrice" is one of the funniest characters I have ever met. She is a Jewess, and looks like an outworn vaudeville actress with diamonds glittering in each ear, and if she can't change her dress between the morning and afternoon sessions she will be sure to change her collar or put on another jewel. In spite of this she is intelligent, and well informed, and has written a very well known book on cookery.

I have just moved to a pension kept by an English woman. Sherman disapproves of it highly because the bed has much paint worn off and the rug is worn out, but I think I shall like it quite well. It meets my requirements as to hard wood floors, air and location, and although there are not any particularly interesting people here, that worries me not at all, as I am quite ready to be quit of people when I get home. The parlor is attractive, and the dining room a really beautiful old room. It is at 21 rue Washington, about 5 minutes down the Champs Elysees from the Etoile. The Cecilia where I was staying last month is very nice, but too expensive, 18 francs a day being the minimum available.

I forgot to say that I have a bottle of cologne taken from a boche cooperative store, some postal cards, and a brush. They look quite common place I regret to say, but it is quite thrilling to think where they came from. I am mailing some of the post cards to the boys.

I am enclosing a clipping from the New York Herald, about the work of the Y. M. C. A. at St. Mihiel, and our Y. W. C. A. bulletin describing my new job.

I doubt if I shall have a chance to write Amelia a separate birthday letter, but there is a pair of bedroom slippers made by a blesse from an overcoat worn at Verdun on its way to her, and this is to wish her good luck, a happy day, and many happy returns.

It seems impossible that I was so near Lester at the time of his death or disappearance, and that I knew nothing of it until two months afterwards. The horrors of war have ceased to be a name, for my imagination fills the gap between the mere statement of the fact, and all that must have taken place. I enclose the letter he wrote me just before I was married. Bill had it and thought he had lost it hence its present condition. Please preserve it very carefully. How prophetic his remark is about "taking part in the heavy fighting that is expected near Paris in July."

I must say goodbye,
With love to each one of you,
Thyrza.

December 12, 1918.

Dear Family:

To-day is a holiday because of Wilson's triumphant entry into Paris, so I am in the office with a couple of hours free time, and can continue the letter I started at Nancy. First I must tell you about our president's arrival. The fact that George of England, and Albert of Belgium had been officially welcomed did not in the least take off the edges of the enthusiasm for Wilson. The program was the same for all three, the train was brought to the station at the far end of the Ave du Bois de Boulogne, and on its arrival there were salutes of cannons. The road was lined with Chasseurs Alpins and behind them the crowd, surging, seething, mounted on chairs, stools, step-ladders, trestles, and in hand carts, but good natured and smiling in spite of the jostling. Of course only a very small proportion can possibly see, but they are out for a holiday, and there is no grim determination to accomplish a fixed purpose. There was no band, but the President's carriage was preceded by gendarmes, first on *bicycles*, and then another detachment mounted. Poincare and Wilson were very impressive as they sat side by side in the open victoria drawn by coal black steeds. There was a huge bouquet of roses which had evidently been presented at the station, and Wilson had his hat off most of the time. Mrs. Wilson, Miss Wilson and Madame Poincare

followed, and Clemenceau, General Bliss and General Pershing were all in the procession. I had a fine place to see as space had been reserved for organizations belonging to the A. E. F. and a nice Y. M. C. A. man gave me a place in the front rank. There are to be various celebrations to which the hoi polloi are not bidden, during the next week.

It seems like ancient history to go back to Thanksgiving day at Nancy, but as it was the first time the Deans entertained at dinner it seems worthy of record. The place was the Hotel d'Angleterre in a little red plush private dining room, the guests were three Y. M. men from Nancy, and Mrs. Dwight, who is head of the canteen work in that region. Her husband is a Major of Engineers who is a trustee of Columbia and she is a very lovely lady. Vin came over from Toul which is only a few miles away so we felt we had quite a family party. Unfortunately he had to leave early and as the dinner only began to be good by the time he departed I was much chagrined. We had: Hors d'oeuvres, noodles, roast chicken and lettuce salad, chocolate souffle (delicious), fruit, coffee.

There were many courses and little food as you observe, but it was a pleasure to us and our guests seemed to be happy, which proves that Thanksgiving is not necessarily dependent on gustatory excesses for its enjoyment. In the afternoon we went to a concert given by the city of Nancy in honor of the Americans. It was in the beautiful "Salle de Fetes" of the Hotel de Ville and was packed with not only townspeople, and American soldiers, but with British prisoners who had just come across the border.

The next event was my trip to Metz. Of the people at dinner Thanksgiving, three had been there the day the French troops entered the city, but Vin was the only one who had the nerve to admit that he thought it an historic occasion, and felt it would be a shame to miss the show. Sherman told me he would let me go if a legitimate excuse were found, but what was my astonishment when it proved to be a real reason. Three carloads of supplies had been shipped to the army of occupation, at Metz, and some one had to send them merrily on their way to Luxembourg. So we started off one afternoon and after leaving Pont a Mousson soon found ourselves surrounded by the evidences of strongly held positions. They are always much the same, trenches, barbed wire, camouflage, then a barren waste, and then more of the same thing from the enemy side. When we passed the first German signs, I was mad, furious, because I couldn't read a word, but the others were delighted and said "Now perhaps you understand why we have a hard time in France, and will have a little sympathy for our ignorance of French." I was impressed by the amount of poultry, especially fat waddling geese that I saw. There was much boche cabbage planted along the road, and the country seemed to have suffered comparatively little.

Metz is picturesque in its old quarter, and hideous in its modern part. The apartments are ugly yellow and dingy brown, of fantastic shapes, and tasteless ornamentation. We went out to one of the old forts where there were thousands of Allied prisoners, principally British, being cared for by the French Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. A very pathetic incident occurred while we were there. One of the men, a tall, gaunt fellow, climbed right over the door of our machine and sat down beside Sherman. He said rather sternly, "What do you want here?" The man said, in a mournful, lifeless voice, "I want to go home." Sherman said, "We aren't going home; you will have to get out," so the poor fellow, whose sufferings had affected his mind, used to obedience, submitted without a word. Just another disappointment after years of hardship. The Y. M. is the only organization which had the supplies up there to make hot drinks for these men (and I don't mind saying to you it is largely through Sherman's foresight that it is supplied) and has been on the job there giving out enormous quantities of coffee with sweetened condensed milk, and hot chocolate.

My souvenirs were two Iron Crosses, which I bought in the open market for 30 francs apiece. It was very funny, one of the Y. men seemed to smell the possessors of these decorations, and he negotiated the transaction for me. I had two of the second class, but while I was talking beside the machine, with the man who had just parted with his medal, up came an American Military Police and he had two of the first class and he traded with me so we each had one of each. Candy, stale looking bonbons, could be had for \$2 a pound, and prices in general seemed to be just about what they are in France. Metz is not supposedly open to Americans, but there are some there who are checking up the railway equipment being turned over by Germany. Did I tell you that I have seen German coaches operating on French trains? I also must not forget to mention the overturned statue of William of Germany in the public square, which we all gloated over.

Saturday and Sunday, Sherman had to go to Gerardmer, where there was a warehouse to be released, and final adjustments to make. It was a long and rather cold trip, but we both enjoyed it to the full. All along our route through Luneville, Baccarat, and St. Die were the tiny tracks which carry ammunition from the sheet iron, fantastically camouflaged ammunition dumps along the road side in to the gun emplacements in the woods. There is not a town there that has not been shelled by day and bombed by night, and there are comparatively few civilians. This is not a picturesque part of France until the Vosges are reached. The buildings are modern, and rather dirty, and it is mostly an industrial region. At Baccarat the old French woman in whose house we ate lunch, told very dramatically of the German General who was brought with his eyes blindfolded, the day before the

armistice, to beg the French commander to stop firing. Two French captains escorted him, and he stayed nearly two hours, but the firing did not cease. Gerardmer is the place where Sherman was stationed just before we were married, so I was particularly interested to see it. There is a lovely little lake, with pine forests on the surrounding hills, and the houses are modern summer villas. It was late when we got there and as we had no lights for our rather cranky Ford we decided to spend the night. I had to buy a comb and soap, not having the ingenuity mother possessed on Mt. Pilatus, when she held four hairpins together, but it was someway quite a lark. It was quite in the spirit of the thing for Sherman to suggest that we go over to Colmar, a trip which took us through the heart of Alsace, and was only a couple of hours out of our way. The mountain passes we crossed were lovely, and we found snow in the higher reaches of them. There in the midst of the forest we found the same signs of destruction. The little summer hotels all in ruins; trenches, barbed wire, signs reading "dangerous gas area" "Road dangerous except after night fall," "First aid station" and trails to different points marked. The mountain side was honey combed with dugouts, and Sherman showed me where a shell had struck when he was up there last spring. We passed through several rather sizeable villages, all deserted, and on the other side of the pass as we reached the floor of the valley, we came into Münster. Hardly a house was untouched, and although the walls were standing in the majority of instances, it was really more desolate than a town completely destroyed, for you see the outward aspect of a city, but without signs of human life. Colmar is a fine city, but we spent a large part of our time there seeking to find the newly installed "depot d'essence" of the French military authority, so that we might replenish our gasoline supply. I might mention that I saw a group of 6 or 8 little boys on the street, not one of whom could speak French, and that we had an excellent lunch of soup, cornbeef, sausage, cabbage, and potato for 75c. which is cheaper than I usually eat in Paris I assure you.

Back through Ammschweiled? and La Poutroye, we saw the real "Vielle Alsace," with old houses with their beams, pine forests, many national costumes, with the big black bow (I remember how proud I used to be of mother when she would casually speak of an Alsatian bow) and little toddlers who would come out to greet us shouting "Vive la France, Vive l'Amerique." The last day of this eventful trip I went to Chaumont. It was raining most of the time, and the drive was not particularly momentous. Chaumont is G. H. Q. and is interesting on this account, if nothing else. It is remarkable for the number of Majors, and Colonels who walk the streets quite casually, and for the fact that it is one terminus of the famous American special which runs from Tours to Chaumont. Since traffic has been so terribly congested

it is any where from 12 to 36 hours late, on a 15 hour trip, but no one cares as there are darky porters to keep it clean, and lots to eat on board. My strongest emotion was delight at finding a huge fireplace with a roaring log fire in the Nurses hut at the big Base Hospital in Chaumont. I have never thought I wanted to be a Y. W. worker in a Nurses Club, but I would do anything to own a fire like that. The hut was most homelike and attractive, and seemed a very pleasant spot to me as we slipped and slid over the road at 9 o'clock that night supperless, and wet.

Paris is so full that we were very dubious about finding a room although we had wired several days in advance, but our fears were groundless. I could keep on writing, telling about the meeting of the "Comite du Travail du Conseil National des Femmes Francaises" in which there was discussion of ways and means of taking care of the thousands of munition workers who are being discharged, of the distinguished lady lawyer I am hobnobbing with, of the Captain of Marines with a bronze oak leaf for courage who came to me in the foyer of the Opera House and asked if he might speak to an American woman, saying that he was being pursued by the sirens of Paris. I tell it lightly, but it was a tragic reality and he was fighting just as hard a fight as any on the battle field. Your powers of attention must be as tried by this time as my descriptive ability, so I will say good-bye.

With much love,

Thyrza.

8 Place Edward VII, Paris.

"January 14, 1919—William* and I had lunch together this noon and this evening he expects to leave for St. Aignan, about 11 miles from Bourne, where he will hope to have orders to sail in the not too distant future. He is a happy boy to feel that home and family are a step nearer, although he is not at all sure that he will sail for several months.

"Sunday we went to Chateau-Thierry to try to find Lester's grave. We had the map that Vin† had sent with the location, 175.6—262.6, and had no difficulty at all in identifying the place marked, i. e., approximately. Belleau Woods at the north end rises up out of a grain field, which stretches out on the dead level to Torcy and Belleau; it is perhaps 200 feet high, and is rocky, and thick with underbrush. We climbed up on the west side of the slope and wormed our way to the plateau which forms the crest of the hill. The trees are shot to pieces and the trunks and branches hang down, so that



THYRZA BARTON DEAN

May 30, 1919

Taken on spot where Lester's handkerchief was found

it is very difficult to make progress. We saw unmistakable evidence of American occupation; if it had not been for the predominance of bandages and knapsacks and cartridge belts one might have said that it had been the favorite camp site for very untidy campers. Tin cans, corn meal, blankets, raincoats by the score, all were evidences that American boys had lived there, and to us who knew, that they had died there, too. We did not attempt to locate the spot exactly, which Vin had indicated to us, as all American dead have been removed to cemeteries, and there were no temporary graves, except those of Germans. We knew from Lieut. Walser's and Mr. Fish's letters, that this was the spot where Lester had been sent that night of July 17, and when I found the telephone line leading back along the trail on the top of the hill I realized that it was the line he had used that night. We walked around on the hill top from the west side to the northernmost point, where the trees are almost shot away, and where a very good view of the two little villages of Torcy and Belleau is afforded. From there we crossed over to the east slope (a 20-minute walk all told) and dropped down on the east side of a little American cemetery which is on the road leading from Belleau to Bouresches. There were 150 buried there, and many from the 104th Infantry to which Lester had been detailed as liaison officer, but we did not find his name there.

"Our horse and carriage were waiting on the little roadway that leads from Belleau to Lucy le Bocage (joining the main good road from Torcy to Lucy le Bocage), so in order to get back to our conveyance we walked around the bottom of the hill we had come over previously. That hill marked the American line the night of July 17, as you will see from the red line on your map. We followed that red line about half a mile, and had come to the farthest point of the outline of the hill (i e., where Belleau Woods is nearest the town of Belleau, but on the level, not on the slope), when Bill stopped to pick up a piece of cloth that caught his eye. It proved to be a handkerchief, terribly discolored by mud and time, but in good condition. As he spread it out, the red of the little woven nameplate attracted his attention, and I heard him exclaim, and turned to see what had interested him. It seems incredible, but, father, the name written on that handkerchief was Lester C. Barton just as clear and unmistakable as the day it was written; it is one of the most remarkable coincidences I know of, and it confirms so definitely all the other information we have had as to the spot where Lester spent his last hours. Indeed, he might have met his death right there where it was lying, for it was in a most exposed spot, just where the slight protection afforded by the underbrush ceased. There were big shell holes on every hand, and the barbed wire entanglements, slight, and of comparatively little protection, were about 10 feet away.

"January 17—As I was writing this Bill came dashing in, saying he had a taxi waiting. I went with him to the St. Anne, the hotel where his office and quarters have been, and waited while he got his stuff. It was a load for a motor truck, not for a boy, but Bill shouldered it manfully and we got to the station at about 6. He had dinner at the café in the station with his impedimenta piled about him. The train left at 8 and we waited together on the platform until it pulled out.

"He has been unwilling to believe that he was really leaving Paris, and almost superstitious in his fear that the orders might be useless because he had to wait for his service record, etc. I do miss my Parisian companion, for Bill and I have grown very close to each other these last few months, but I am so relieved that he has at least taken the first step toward home, and hope he will not have any untoward delays. It will, of course, be surprising if he does not.

"Have you read the criticism of the management of the 26th Division, presented by the representative from some Massachusetts district in Congress recently? I was interested, although I had no information whatever. I could not help thinking what Lester had said in one of his last letters, but there was nothing definite, as to what caused his dissatisfaction. We see and hear nothing more, probably not so much, of the peace congress as you would hear in America."

Thyrza.

*Sergeant William S. Barton, a brother.

†Colonel Alvin Barton Barber, a cousin.

[Note.—William reached Camp Merritt, New Jersey, in March bringing the handkerchief with him which is now in the possession of Hubert C. Barton, a brother, of South Amherst, Massachusetts.]

February 10, 1919.

Dear Family:

I just hurried back from Carlotta's where I had been for lunch to attend a committee meeting which I found I did not need to go to after all so I am snatching a few minutes to say hello to you.

So many things have happened since I last wrote you. Did I tell you that I stood not five feet away from Mrs. Wilson the afternoon that we gave the reception for her and Mrs. Lansing, and introduced all the guests to the receiving line? It was great fun, although I fear I spoiled the only photograph that was taken, by describing a huge circle at the moment the flash went off. After that was the meeting of our provisional council, which

is a huge group of French and American women, brought together with the hope that some committee will evolve from it to take over our French work. That was a hectic day, and I had not gone to sleep at 2 A. M. when Sherman appeared on the scene. I have only a small room, and when a husband and his possessions were introduced the effect was similar to that observed in publications on housing in the slums, with dirt and disorder rampant. In fact Sherman refers to it as my slum apartment, although it is in an expensive hotel and costs much money. Paris is so overcrowded that any place to lay your head is at a premium. We pulled out of there Friday night however and spent two delicious lazy days at Barbizon, but I understand that Mme. Millet's maid was not at all sure that we were a respectable and married couple and she doubts whether she ought to receive us again for fear of what the village might say! I'll have to carry around my livret de famille as well as my Red Worker's permit, and French police papers at that rate! You know it is funny however for two such eminently respectable Americans to be able to shock the French sense of morality, or wasn't it rather a sense of propriety?

Vin is now in Paris with Hoover, and is working on transportation and apportionment of food to the neutral and erstwhile belligerent countries. He came to dinner with me yesterday, Sunday, and we had a nice walk in the Bois, and admired each other's kodak pictures. He will probably be taking a trip into the Central Empires and Balkan states soon, and I only wish I could get a job and go along. He is looking very well, and has gained a little weight since November when I saw him.

It seems that Vin was with the first Army corps at the time of the Chateau Thierry action, and that he wrote the orders for the attack of the 26th division that night of the 18th. He went over the battle ground the night of the 21st at 4:30 A. M. He wants to go back there with me some time soon, and see if we cannot locate Lester's grave.

Don Abbott turned up Saturday on his way to the front on leave. He was stopping at Chateau Thierry and I gave him one of Vin's maps to help him locate the place where Lester had been. He has a little daughter born December 13, Marion Dummer. Their hospital has closed and the Presbyterian unit is awaiting transportation home. Don was quite ill with flu this fall, and hardly has his full strength back. We went to the opera, in spite of our respective married states, and I think we came out even on the history of our respective courtships and marriages, each being very polite in listening, and equally eager to do the talking!

Alec Russell, Editha Brewster's husband, is also in Paris.

Time to meet an engagement, so au revoir,

Thyrza.

Extract from Report of

Thyrza B. Dean

To Overseas Department National Board Y. W. C. A.

July 25, 1919.

On trip to Warsaw with the Polish Commission, June, 1919.

Any comments on so short an acquaintance with a new country as was mine with Poland must of necessity fall short of accuracy or any pretence to completeness. When our group of three left Paris on the evening of June 7th, I had the vaguest knowledge of conditions in that nation, one of the oldest in Europe, and at the same time one of the sturdy band of war-babies that has come to join the family of nations since the Armistice.

The more than three weeks in Poland were all spent in Warsaw, the capital of the ancient kingdom, and for a century under the domination of the Czar. The fierce patriotism of the Alsatian is the same ardent flame that burns in the heart of the Pole, who has taught his children the Mother tongue under pain of exile to Siberia. Hatred for the Russian government and functionary is not softened any by the equally strong feeling against the German who drove the Russians out, and ruled Warsaw for three years. Since the Armistice men who have dreamed dreams of independence, of a national government, of a Poland for the Poles, have been struggling with the practical questions of organization, bureaus, ministries, law-making, and law enforcement. Under foreign rule the Poles could not hold office, and so they have had practically no experience in administration. The Polish gentleman lived on his estates, while the Russians and the Jews carried on commerce and industry and conducted the government. There is still almost no middle class, and everything must be evolved with lightning-like rapidity, a uniform legislative system, an army, a school system, and to make all the rest possible, a system of taxes. How to tax a country where industry is paralyzed, with factories destroyed, crops not in, children dying of starvation?

It would be impossible to get a picture of Poland to-day without visualizing its geographical situation. Every frontier is a hostile one, and it is little protected by natural boundaries, mountains, rivers or the ocean. Right now there is fighting on the Bolsheviki frontier towards the north and east. Southwest is Ukraina, with no organized government, and bands of barbarians who have committed horrible atrocities many times led by German officers? The Czecho-Slovaks ought to be good neighbors, but there are as always boundary disputes, and the worst menace of all is Germany along the western border. Some thinking people criticise the "French Imperialism" which has furnished the general staff for the new Polish Army, feeling that the militarism we hoped to crush has arisen again in a new form, but how can Poland do otherwise than to have as strong an army as possible surrounded

as it is by enemies. The League of Nations is far from a reality, and the attacks from all sides continue.

It is interesting and significant to see the variety of uniforms which the new Polish Army wears. There is a relic of swachbuckling in the glittering sabres and jingling spurs which the younger officers love in the same child-like way that a little boy loves his soldier cap. The first regiment of the famous Pilsudski Legion is gorgeous with its broad stripes of amaranth, and the high peaked caps after the Polish legionaries of Napoleon. Another is resplendent in yellow, and all carry themselves with an ease and nonchalance which belies years of hardship. A young captain of twenty-one, Pilsudski's personal aide, had been smuggled across the line more than once, by Poles, fighting with the Allies, to make report at Paris, and serve in one way or another that sacred cause of Polish independence. Haller's Army, in its familiar horizon blue, with the square cap and the eagle against the amaranth background, is better clothed and better equipped than the rank and file who still wear the field grey of Germany and Austria, but whose hearts are quite as loyal to Poland. America had an army composed of all races, but think of an army which has had training in the Russian, German, Austrian, French and American armies. The official uniform from now on is to be the salvaged uniform of our own doughboy, with new buttons and different insignia, but still our own familiar khaki.

The first glimpse we had of the swarming population of Warsaw was as our caravan of baggage was preparing to leave the station. The bus of the Hotel Bristol was piled high with boxes and crates, and it was the centre of a densely packed crowd of loafers and beggars, literally in rags. They were all barefoot, and from then on we had constant object lessons, all too eloquent of the lack of materials and of leather in the country. It is not uncommon in any capital to see a professional beggar with rags and bare feet, but it was something of a shock to see even an occasional chambermaid in a big hotel such as ours walking down the velvet carpets of the corridors barefooted or with a rudimentary sandal, but never a pair of stockings. The fine art of patching, in all its ramifications, has been mastered by many, perforce, and the prices of new clothes, even to an American with the tremendous advantage that exchange gives to American money, are at least twice those of Paris. The lines waiting for the distribution of the Government food products are long, and miserable, and to be found in every quarter of the city. Coffee has been available all winter, but at 40 or 50 marks a pound. Now one may stand in line half a day and receive half a pound for 3 marks. Small wonder, with tea at 150 marks a pound that cammomile and tilleul are the everyday brews, while a very delicious drink is made from dried apples. Three American officers, stopping at a wayside inn for refreshment,

ordered, respectively, tea, beer and coffee. These beverages were served, but were marvels of ingenious metamorphosis, as the tea had been made from leaves of the willow tree, the beer from willow shoots, while the coffee was nothing but the ground bark.

So far I have referred to little except the tremendous problems new Poland has to meet and the difficulties with which she is struggling. There is no question but that it is a fight against odds, and for that reason all the help that can come from outside should be given. There are elements of great strength however in the Polish people, and we were glad to recognize that one which counts tremendously is the patriotism and the ability of the Polish women. Some lightminded person remarked to Mrs. Kudlicka that the men in Poland were the women. We have had no occasion to doubt the ability of the men, but we have had many opportunities to recognize that of the women. Even three weeks in Poland demonstrated that Polish women are especially gifted along the line of organization. To illustrate, I would like to describe the activities of a few widely different women's organizations.

The traditions of feudal days, with all that they imply of aristocratic privilege, the temporal power of the church, and the divine right of the few to luxury, are found in a group of seven women of noble birth who form an order of canonesses. Founded hundreds of years ago, heavily endowed, it provided a refuge for the unmarried daughters of sixteen great great grandparents of undoubted noble birth. In contrast with the nun of a conventual order, a canoness may dress as she wishes, if she keeps to black and white. She may marry with perfect propriety, although her connection with the order ceases at the time of her marriage, and history record four canonesses who have taken advantage of this liberty. Each canoness has her own apartments, with her own personal servant or servants. I know one who had three, although there were only four or five rooms to care for, and all meals are prepared and eaten in common. In the "upper house" there may be 12 canonesses, but owing to the shrinkage of the value of the income, they have limited themselves for the present to 7. There are definite requirements as to attendance at religious services, but otherwise a canoness may come and go as she pleases. It may seem surprising to describe at such length a group whose standards and ideals are so far from democratic, but it is one of this very group who has been the backbone of the work for girls organized by the "Protection de la Jeune Fille." She is not only its most devoted worker, but is alive to many of its shortcomings and is eager for help.

"Spojnia" or the National Federation of Women's Associations, worked secretly, and under great difficulties in the kingdom under Russian rule, and at that time comprised about 75 associations. Since the Armistice it has gone about the business of a broader program, to include every interest of

women, in the home, and in industry and commerce, quietly and most intelligently. The President is a dignified, ardently patriotic woman of middle age, but ready for new ideas, ambitious and tolerant. The immediate task in hand is the consolidation with existing organization in Russian Poland and Galicia, and all energies are bent to that unifying effort. Because things were in this transition stage it was impossible to know how many women this organization touched, but as it includes the landed proprietors who number 8,000, a patriotic society of 15,000 and a Catholic women's society of several thousand also, it is quite evident that it is in a strategic position to reach Polish women.

An organization which could never have come into being except in a predominantly agricultural country of vast land holdings, is that of women land owners, called "Zmianki." There are on a Polish estate certain parts of the farm work which are considered as belonging to the lady of the manor. Poultry, fruit, sheep, swine and the vegetable garden and dairy, not to mention the welfare of the peasants and the cares of the house were, and still are, her responsibility. Eight thousand of these women of landed property banded themselves together for mutual improvement, with the idea of exchanging ideas as to technique, and widening their social horizon. Later the daughters of these families formed an auxiliary from which they resign when they are married. One of the first meetings we attended was an annual convention of the girls' branch. There were reports of hospital work undertaken for soldiers and civilians, of schools for the children of peasants, and other semi-philanthropic activities. The barrier of the language prevented us from getting the details of their work, but it could not hide the dignity and self-confidence of the presiding officer, nor the business-like poise which marked all the speakers, nor the fervor with which they rose to their feet and cried "Long Live America."

An interesting outgrowth of the fortunes of war was the restaurant established on the "Champs Elysees" of Warsaw by refugees from the Bolsheviki frontier. Driven from their homes and their estates, in danger of their very life, often escaping with only the clothing on their backs,* many women of gentle birth found themselves in Warsaw without any means of self-support, and all income cut off. Manual work of any kind is a disgrace to a Polish lady, but necessity cannot take account of old prejudices, and a group of about 130 pooled their resources and bought an attractively located tearoom and restaurant. Nothing very iconoclastic about this story so far, you are doubtless thinking, but the radical feature is that a Countess is chief cook and women who have always been waited on themselves, serve you at table. A man is president of the Executive Committee, but two-thirds of the members are women, and it is owing to their hearty co-operation in the scheme that it has succeeded so well. It lends a certain piquancy to have all tips re-

fused, with the graceful explanation that the waitress has an interest in the business, and it made one feel that democracy is a wonderful thing when a pretty little baroness, who had explained what courage it took to break with her traditions as she had done, was finally made to understand why we Americans admired them, and that nothing we had seen in Warsaw would interest an American audience more than their brave adjustment to new conditions. She had lost none of her charm when, a moment later, a courtly gentleman, an acquaintance of happier times, kissed her hand before ordering his coffee.

We kept regretting that we did not meet the middle class, and we finally realised how small it is, comparatively speaking. Just before I came away we found a group of business women, who made us realise that the middle class, though small, is very vigorous. Where in America would we find 400 stenographers and bank employees, and owners of small shops, banded together, not as a trade union, nor through the agency of some outside committee, but socially, by their own efforts, and maintained exclusively by their own contributions of 1 mark 25 pfennig a month (about 25c.). Their club-rooms are attractive and adequate, eight different rooms, and they have a library of about 1,000 volumes, a small loan fund for illness, an employment bureau, not to mention social gatherings and educational classes. On all sides we heard that there is no employment, but among the members of this society there is not one out of work, and in the past month there were fifteen offers of employment they were unable to fill. The girls frankly said they did not like to have patronizing countesses around, and were so glad that they had been able to retain their independent organization. They were of course intelligent, quite well-educated, and consumed with the desire to learn English and hear about America.

The temptation to go into perhaps irrelevant detail is very great after an experience so novel as that of the three weeks' sightseeing in Poland. Of course it was not sightseeing in the ordinary sense of the word, but three weeks is hardly long enough to give a perspective. It did give a sense of the high ideals and steadfast determination which are needed to make a firm foundation for the new Republic of Poland. There is no question but that the American Y. W. C. A. could be of great service there, and there is no question but that it could have a real place in helping to develop the middle class of which the country stands so much in need. The dignity of labor, the brotherhood of man, the responsibility for those less fortunate, and the right to be happy, seem very far off academic doctrines in Poland, and only inspired single-mindedness can make them real there. Unless, however, the Y. W. C. A. and other organizations who believe that they are real, can go forth to interpret them in terms of everyday life, the internationalism of a League of Nations based on military alliances will never bring to the wracked and suffering world the assurance of Peace.

Thyrza B. Dean.



THYRZA B. DEAN WITH LESTER BARTON DEAN
December 1921



WILLIAM SIDNEY BARTON IN FRANCE
December 1918

III.

WILLIAM SIDNEY BARTON

OUR SCHOLAR PRESIDENT

O, thou on whom the peace of nations rests,
In whose clear brain enlightened peoples trust,
We know that thou wilt do thy best
To curb unholy battle lust.
Has not enough of unearned ridicule
From out the mouths of ignorant cravens flowed
To burst a weaker heart by words more cruel
Than are upon the villainous bestowed?

* * * * *

Fear not the tongues of men on slander bent!
All shall revere our Scholar President.

William Sidney Barton.

Written for English, Pasadena High School,
Spring of 1916.

My sister Thyrsa has read this history of my army life and feared that it might create the impression that I felt myself worse treated than the majority of the rank and file. What most enlisted men think of a military career after they escape—if they do—is well known. In fact, each newly escaped soldier ordinarily feels that in some particulars at least his own experience has been the most trying. I was no exception, although it is now clear that except for being rather unfortunately officered and having unusually long periods of continuous duty my physical hardships were less than the average and almost negligible compared to those who went "over the top." This is a history, but after reading it over myself, I see that most of the history must be read between the lines. ²

W. S. B.

Altadena, Cal.
June, 1922.

New York City,
January, 1922.

April 1917 to April 1919.

When war was declared, I was working on the Eaton ranch near Big Pine, Inyo County, California, having decided to get a year of practical

experience after graduating from Pasadena High School in June, 1916. My application for admission to Oregon Agricultural College had been accepted and I planned to enter in September to begin fitting myself for a struggle with the soil. The wonderful natural setting about me served to increase romantic impulse and made the work of sweeping out chicken corrals seem more irksome; so when restlessness got the upper hand I drew my last month's pay of four ten dollar gold pieces and took the "dummy" train south past the base of Mount Whitney and connected with the "Owl" for Los Angeles.

It seemed futile to argue further with mother and father over my enlistment; they thought nineteen was too young. As automobile driving was my only accomplishment I decided to enlist in an ambulance company which was being organized for "immediate service abroad;" so after spending all of one night drinking milk at the home of "Pipp" Popenoe to increase my weight, I took the physical examination and answered a few questions with regard to cone clutches, etc., returning home with the title of Corporal, Los Angeles Ambulance Unit Number 2. In July we received orders to report to the Presidio of Monterey for training. My last day at home was marred by my being taken off in the Pasadena Police Patrol to answer to a charge of speeding, but having adequate bail in my pocket I escaped the easy confines of the city prison and boarded the train for Monterey to commence serving a longer sentence than is ever meted out to "speeders."

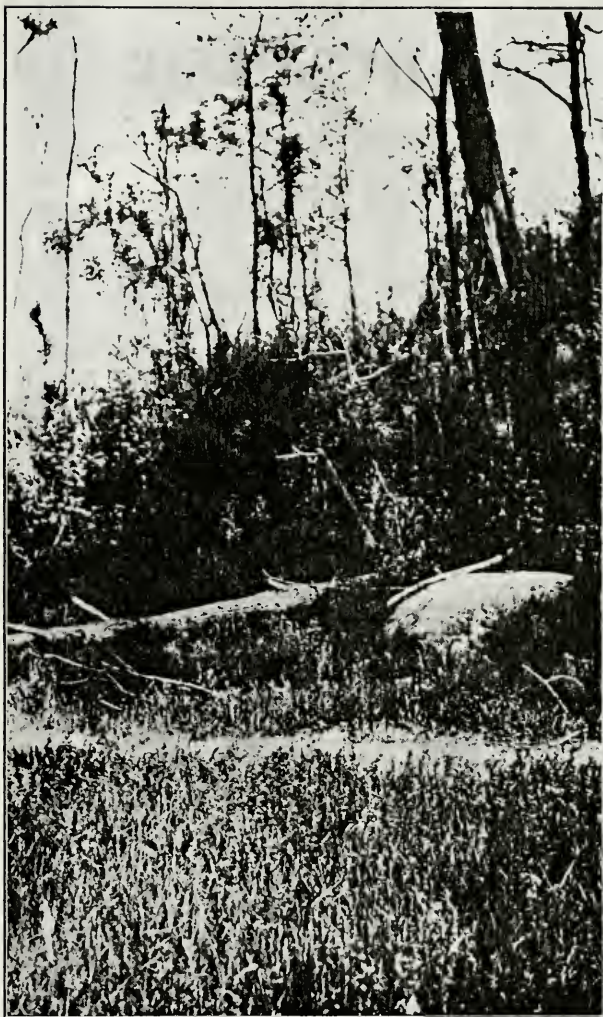
It was not long before Los Angeles Ambulance Company Number 2 lost all their illusions about the "free" life of the army. Instead of driving madly racing juggernauts of mercy, we were put to work carrying litters, and taught how to walk farther after it was impossible. We learned many other things at Monterey including how to keep a straight face when "bawled out" by the regular army cads and how to make cad noises ourselves. Strange to say, the horrible diet of beans and slum increased my weight by twelve pounds in four months, altho this may have been due to the fact that our Major Kellogg was said to be a brother of Cornflake Kellogg and fed us the family wares every morning for breakfast. The chagrin at finding that we had been deceived and that we might fight the rest of the war carrying trays in a hospital was a bitter pill and without more whining it is a fact that the four months at Monterey were months of disappointment and merited dissatisfaction. My closest companion committed suicide after finding that he had been given supervision over the loathsome disease ward of the Post Hospital. As in the following months, my letters were a great consolation, and visits from mother and father helped out a lot. At last, in December, we were placed on a train and started for the Atlantic Coast. We drew an old tourist car without any effective heating appliances and slept three in a section. From

one end of the country to the other very few appeared to know that the world was at war. Those who had been the most fervent lost all sacrificial ambition. People looked at us askance—"those rough soldiers."

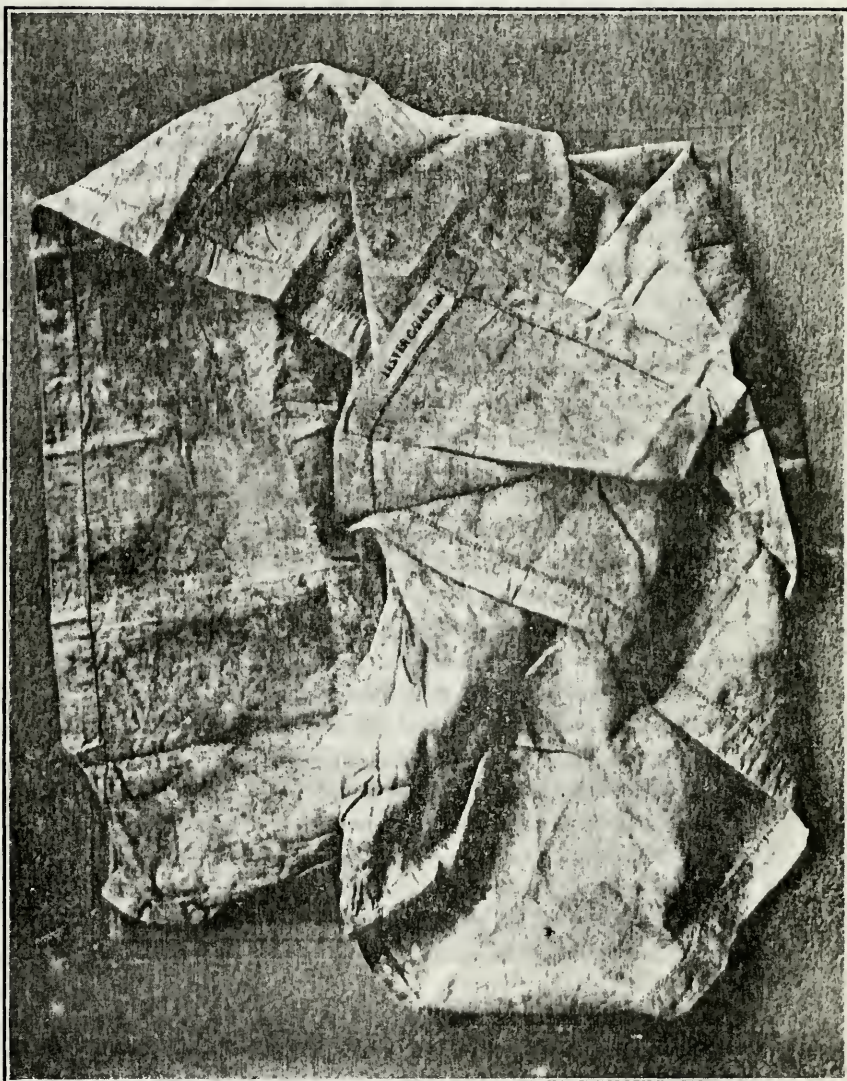
Upon arriving in Camp Merritt, New Jersey, we found that our service records had been lost and that we were to be held up at the great embarkation camp pending their recovery. For over two months we were practically in close confinement, being quarantined, first for mumps and then for chicken pox. We had four or five leaves of twelve hours each to New York, but my olive drab was so dilapidated that, after calling on a few relatives and hearing about newly commissioned cousin so and so, I began to feel quite out of my element although this was due to oversensitiveness and not to any lack of cordiality. Hubert and Mary made me feel less like an outcast from society by calling on me twice during the period of enforced incarceration. Hubert, Mary and I had an unusual chance meeting with Lester in the Grand Central Station. Lester showed his total lack of snobbery by putting me up in the Yale Club overnight, dirty clothes and all. With Mr. Dugald Walker, Lester's poet friend, I helped Lester pack up his belongings the night before he embarked for the other side. Lester was almost a complete traveling commissary; among other things I remember he had twenty pounds of Baker's sweet chocolate and gave me two pounds to take back to camp with me. A few weeks later, about February 17th, our turn finally came and after tramping through the snow and riding on a darkened train, we were finally stuffed into the lowest habitable space of the now historic George Washington. There were claimed to be more than seven thousand troops on board and we had a terribly suffocating time of it for seventeen days. I knew of two deaths by personal observation and heard of others. Nevertheless, we were fed better than in the camp, had a real feed on Washington's birthday, chicken "and everything;" most of us were in as good spirits as could have been expected. Before embarking I sent some picture postal cards to my relatives bearing the picture of a most lugubrious looking ship as a prearranged signal that the unknown was at hand—I felt very heroic; but some days later my heroism departed as each individual hair of my head stood at attention while like so many trapped rats we were held in the hold of the ship at the point of a revolver (through an officer's error) while the George Washington trembled from end to end as her guns repelled "a submarine attack." Those on deck swore that at least one "sub" was accounted for by the "red headed gunner"—we had all the sensations in any event.

From Brest, where most of our disappointed casual company remained for the duration of the war, the powers that be (a medical officer cousin presumably) shuffled me by way of Blois to Paris. At first it seemed great to see "gay Paree and OO La La." If the air raids did not supply me with

a case of psycho neurosis it seemed probable that it would be easy to obtain a transfer to the center of things. So in March 1918, my work began as an emergency ambulance driver attached to the Attending Surgeon's Office. For some weeks we drove every day and every other night. In June my two left sleeve chevrons were increased to three, and for a few weeks I did nothing but oversee the other drivers and route the trips as the calls came in; but some of the drivers were without sufficient driving experience for threading through the Paris traffic at good speed without smashups; so it was expedient that I trade jobs with one of the worst offenders. We carried everything from an "A. W. O. L." American doughboy clubbed to death by an "M. P." (here's to Senator Watson!) to a Major General who thought he had a cold. We carried men wounded in Paris and wounded in battle. Sometimes the work seemed degrading, but it was useful even if far removed from the heroic activity we had imagined. We were shown almost no consideration by our Colonel, and there seemed to be no excuse for our being run to the limit of our endurance as relief drivers might easily have been secured. Although lieutenants and committees from Congress rode in Cadillacs and Winton Limousines, I was forced to put a private, who had recently lost his eyes, a lung, and part of a leg, to the torture of the relentless racking of the bottom of a Ford across the worn-out brick pavements of the French capitol. Other unpleasant truths might be told, but as no other former enlisted man will read this, little interest would be aroused. From the Chateau Thierry offensive in which Lester was killed, to the final onslaught life was just one cranking up after another, filling up with "gas," repairing tires (for a time we had to run minus inner tubes, putting on a new outer casing every two or three trips) and the never-ending carrying of litters weighted with sufferers from every form of contagious disease and wounds. At this stage of the game "Big Bertha" coupled with frequent air raids threatened to increase our melancholy activities, but in general it seemed an intolerably gruelling grind. My much-looked-forward-to visits with Thyrsa and Carlotta Welles helped me to forget about Germaine and the others who seemed to need additional protection as the "Boches" neared Paris. Under the flickering pale blue lights lit during the air raids, the sights to be seen made me sure the world had gone mad. I last saw Lester when he came to 10 Rue St. Anne to get transportation. We had shaken hands; Lester started to leave, but returned a few long paces and said, "Well, I just heard we are going into business this trip. Can't tell what will happen, you know. Well, good luck!" I remember thinking at the time of a narrow escape in which Lester had figured in some years before, and hoping that if the worst did happen that he would again have an opportunity to prove his unusual courage. I was thinking of an adventure which occurred when I was not more than seven



The allied barbed wire followed this path at the north end of Belleau Wood from June to July 18, 1918, when the offensive was launched north across the wheat field. The tree and stump were the land marks showing where the handkerchief was found on January 13, 1919.—S. W. Dean, May 30, 1919.



Photograph of Lester's handkerchief found by William, January 13, 1919. The marking "Lester C. Barton" may be read. For details of finding, see page 83

years of age: Lester, Amelia, and I were out walking. Amelia had started out ahead across a long wooden trestle near Charlevoix, Michigan. Suddenly a train came from behind us when Amelia was about three quarters of the way across the trestle (the wooden ties were about eight inches apart with a deep ravine below). Lester and I were playing near a little stream in the ravine. Lester reached the trestle just ahead of the freight train and bounded ahead of it. Snatching Amelia up in his arms, he rushed to the end of the trestle and jumped off to the side just in the nick of time.

So to those who had seen other examples of Lester's daring it would have been rather a surprise if he had come through unscathed. We had other relatives who proved their characters and intellects in higher notches in the military organization of the country; but so far as I know, Lester was the only member of the family whose physical courage was officially recognized and the only one to come to such close grips with the enemy. By comparison, the risks incurred by many of us were slight,—a "Big Bertha" shell exploding a block away, a Gotha bomb causing havoc in a nearby church, or perhaps a narrow escape from a collision while driving at speed without any headlights. These were negligible risks compared with the hazard of standing in a rain of explosive shells on the spot, where, by an apparent miracle, I found Lester's handkerchief. Why I instinctively picked up a dirty little bunch of rain-soaked rag which Thyrsa identified by Lester's distinctive name tape, no one may know. Many more interesting looking relics were in evidence about this nearest exposed outlook point from the edge of Belleau Wood upon the village of Torcy. The interlocking shell holes interwoven with barbed wire, the broken rifle butts, and the abandoned clothing, both olive drab and the hated bright green and gray,—all these indicated that this had been the most advanced section of the American line at the beginning of the offensive which brought final defeat to the forces of autocracy. The finding of that handkerchief at the moment we were turning away from the woods, discouraged after searching in vain for Lester's name among the countless crosses, was astounding. Our thoughts were centered on our eldest brother at the instant of finding the handkerchief. Reason as we would, we could not shake off the emotion that we were leaving him without a farewell—a mere coincidence, probably, but the sort which keeps you wondering.

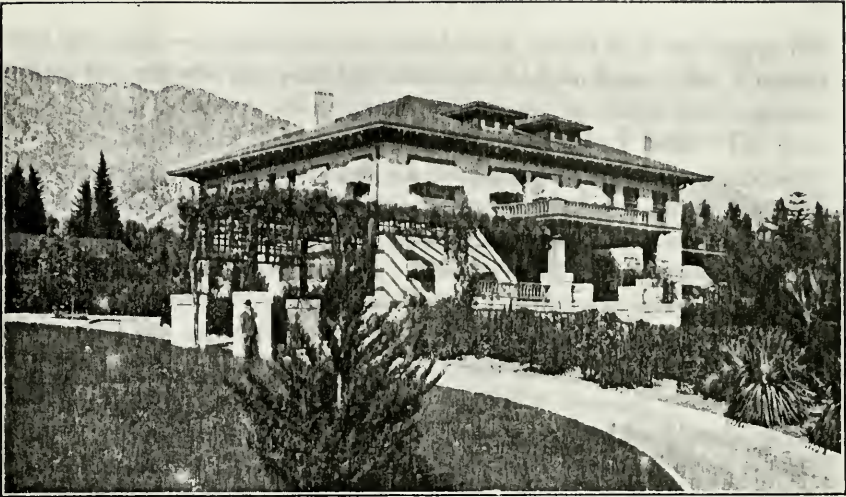
About two weeks after receiving the confirmation of Lester's death, a Y. W. C. A. worker told me of Raymond's death. We had been almost like twins; shared our thoughts as well as our clothes. I admired him more than any member of the family, old or young. After he was twelve years of age, Raymond was better physically than he was given credit for. At that age I saw him do battle on behalf of a friend and close up the eye of a boy four years his senior. "Tub" played on his school athletic teams and won third

or fourth place in the one hundred-yard dash for all Pasadena grammar schools against about twenty competitors. I remember his pleasure at finding that he could "chin" himself fourteen times. But ambition plus great will-power made him force himself past the breaking point on many occasions. Whether he brought on the fatal relapse by getting up to help carry in another sick "gob" we don't know; but it would have been playing the game according to his usual form.

About the time the two deaths in the family were reported to me, the influenza epidemic reached its most serious stage in France and our ambulances were kept busy. The weather was bad, and not having any windshields on the machines we were often drenched by the almost continuous rain or mist. In fact, until Sherman Dean presented me with his old fleece-lined overcoat it seemed impossible to drive more than five or six kilometers without being chilled to the very marrow. That coat helped us out a lot. Early in November I was presented with a persistent cold, and while fighting the germs I learned that the armistice had been signed. On three successive days Paris was stunned, wild with joy, and later completely abandoned. Whether they deserved the homage or not every uniformed man within the old sod-covered walls was a hero in the eyes of the "citizens," and no hero unless he were a better acrobat than I, could walk from the Madeleine to the Bastille without being kissed by at least fifty jeunes filles who, roaming in groups of twenty-five or more, would join hands and dance about the unwilling captive until only one recourse remained for a gentleman. French girls may be flighty, but they seemed to be quite warm-hearted. I have not forgotten one instance: I had driven to a hospital near Paris and was waiting in the hallway for further orders. It happened that I had missed my noon "slum" so the little affair meant more than if I had been feeling blue hungry. A dozen American nurses and a few girls from a telephone unit were having some kind of Armistice celebration of their own in the next room. I saw them open a big box of candy, and consume cake such as I hadn't seen for a year. Although they looked towards me, they offered me nothing. A French girl came downstairs, saw me in the hall, and before gorging herself she brought out a tray of food to me, poured my coffee and made me feel that life might be worth living a few months more, anyway. My cold gained headway, and as, when not driving, I was confined in a small waiting room usually filled with victims of all diseases, it was not surprising that I was eventually jolting about in the box of an ambulance myself, suffering from the "flu." Due to the lack of space my bed was in a tent for the first few days and as there was some snow on the ground at the time, I did not like the orders which made it necessary for me to walk in a thin bathrobe to a building about forty feet away to get a drink of water or wash my hands. There was one nurse for about sixty-five of us and she spent

so much of her time sitting near a convalescing marine that most of the nursing was done by the luckier patients. The man in the bed next to mine was carried out on a stretcher and was said to have died. I got a morbid idea that fate had decided to wipe out our family and that my finish was close at hand. We were well treated on Thanksgiving, both the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross doing their best to make us happy; but my obsession grew stronger that, to remain longer in that damp hole would be fatal; so I decided to escape at any cost. When my temperature was taken soon after coming to this conclusion, I held the thermometer so that the mercury stopped at normal and told the nurse that I was fit for duty. On being returned to Paris in about as bad a condition as before, I decided to go "A. W. O. L." rather than start driving immediately; the war was over and there was no longer any excuse for our being short of drivers. But here the tide at last turned, and a surprise was handed me in the shape of a seven-day permission to Aix Les Bains, the first official leave of absence and the longest that I had while in service. If you have gone for more than a year with no privacy whatsoever, obliged to listen to a never ending flow of boisterous talking, you can imagine what a relief it was to be able to sleep all night and to actually lock one's door. Thyrsa had me transferred to her hotel which was much better than the one first assigned to me. The week passed like a day. We had a wonderful view of the Alps, and took a few bicycle rides about the country which seemed much like California. The train which we took back to Paris was so crowded that there was not even space enough to sit down on the floor; so with many others I was obliged to stand up all night, but we all had had a week of freedom and were a comparatively happy crowd. This short taste of normal life made me decide to use any means possible to realize the universal dream of the "buddies"—a one-way right to standing room on a homeward bound transport. So with the idea of using every means in sight, but with not real hope of gaining my ends, I wrote a letter to the Commanding General of the Paris District. But, as I was sure that my Colonel would not have the backbone to help me out by approving any document out of the ordinary, I waited until he went on a two weeks' furlough himself and played upon the more normal sympathies of a man who was not in the regular army and who took the Colonel's place. In this way the letter was finally approved and sent through "military channels" to the Elyssee Palace. That letter was rather colored; among other things I claimed that father was infirm and needed my help in caring for a large family. I suppose that that, due to the fact that I had been tricked into joining an organization other than that represented to me, kept me from feeling guilty. I was proud of that letter when the unexpected happened and I found myself, forty-eight hours later, bound for home and California. Perhaps the fact that I mentioned Colonel Alvin Barton Barber's name had something to do with

the quick action which was taken (I'll always take off my hat to "Vin" who took the trouble to call on me at least twice—how I did appreciate those calls!). My "Special Orders" directed me to proceed to St. Aignan. I was held in St. "Agony," as the place was fittingly called by the rank and file, for about a month and a half until they were able to recruit a full California bound casual company. We were billeted in tents and marooned by alternate mud and snow. Scientists to the contrary, we discovered that real mud can be made only if ten thousand men have walked a number of times on the same soggy ground. For the first two weeks we rolled up in our blankets on the wet ground, but later we were able to get some straw to fill up our canvas ticks. As an ambulance driver I was not used to sleeping in mud and so far as quarters went St. Aignan was the most uncomfortable camp of all. In addition to the mud and cold, the food was poor; cold, sticky rice, diluted sops of hard-tack and lukewarm canned tomatoes, and unsavory chunks of meat in some kind of slop. The officers were fed the choice food hot and right in the mess kitchens. That is why they will tell of the wonderful food the enlisted men got in France. But I do want to pay tribute to the really good white bread we had at every meal. The best part of the meal was the bread and coffee, and beans were usually welcome! Of "goldfish" (canned salmon), I cannot speak without a twinge. One of the last of the million false rumors was circulated while we were at St. Aignan; it was to the effect that we were going to be shipped to Germany to do emergency military police duty. As casualties we received no pay, and as Thyrsa had loaned me one hundred francs, I was, for a few days, one of the wealthiest non-coms. in camp with over fifty dollars in my pocket. The Y. M. C. A. people served hot chocolate at half a franc per cup, put on various shows and tried in every way to keep us from becoming too impatient at the delay. We spent our spare time figuring out how to steal firewood for our little tent stoves from the mess-tent, as almost no fuel was obtainable elsewhere, and our food was cold by the time our turn came, anyway. It was here that I became Aunt Anna Welles's debtor, due to her efforts which resulted in my being allowed a three-day pass to visit at Bourré. Aunt Anna came from Bourré in a snowstorm to make the commander of the camp pay up for dinner which he had enjoyed the previous Sunday at La Salle, Bourré. The colonel was finally persuaded to grant me the leave although it was against all the rules of the camp. As I had no regular pass, a truck driver offered to take me out of the camp on condition that I help him load up his truck. The sudden change from a cold tent to a preheated feather bed created one "grand and glorious feeling." A few weeks later fifty-seven of us were stuffed into a "forty um," "weet shevo" freight car (about half as big as one of our American box cars) and started to an unknown destination. We were so crowded that if one man got up we all had to move. Two or



RESIDENCE, ALTADENA—BUILT 1913-1914
 Photograph by Raymond, about 1917—South and West exposures



WILLIAM
 On lawn southwest of house and facing easterly—Photograph by G. P. B., September 1919

three days later—I couldn't be sure which—we arrived in Brest, hoping and praying that our next step would be to board a boat for home. But it seemed to me (probably to every other common soldier) that no matter what organization I was attached to, it immediately became the hardluck outfit. For more than three weeks we lived over again the first part of our St. Aignan experience with the difference that the food was very much better, and, for the last week we had better bunks. The Twenty Seventh Division came after we did, but started home a week before we did. After receiving three kerosene baths we were finally moved to Napoleon's old Pontenezan Barracks ready for embarkation. As I was one of the two men in our company who had had the training of a Medical Sergeant, I was kept busy treating minor colds and skin infections, and in getting men out of the camp hospital so that they would not miss our boat. One unfortunate who was said to have a record for bravery sobbed like a baby when he feared that he was to be left behind. We had reached the point where we expected the worst, and my old friend, the George Washington, was half way across the Atlantic before we dared think that we were going in the right direction. We were allowed to inspect the suite occupied by President Wilson who had landed in France for his second European tour. An enthusiastic reception in New York, aeroplanes overhead, cheering and flag-waving from the wharves, handkerchiefs fluttering from skyscraper windows; all these made eyes swim and hearts thump. A week or two more at Camp Merritt—short weeks—and then the return trip across the country—in comfortable Pullman's this time. When our train stopped people crowded about us and shook hands. When the train didn't stop they waived aprons from their doorways or shook hands with themselves as a sign that they would do so with us if they had the chance. It was a welcome contrast to the previous indifference we had encountered on our trip to France. We were showered with cigarettes, candy and magazines. It was wholly a surprise to us, as we were by no means the first to return. At every stopping point our wants were attended to. A lone, old woman in a two-house town in Nevada gave us each a stick of chewing gum. But the welcome in New York was as nothing compared to that which we received in San Francisco,² as most of those on the train were wounded men from the 91st with their homes in the Bay District. There was a parade along Market street, cheering, bands, and the usual speeches. After two long weeks in the Presidio we received our honorable certificates of discharge, but not before we had been threatened with court-martial: an hour before we were scheduled to receive our walking papers I was ordered to get thirty men together and see that the barracks were scrubbed out; it really seemed like rubbing it in, but it changed the minds of certain ones who had definitely decided to enlist again. As I climbed off the Altadena car and entered the house to greet the family there was only one thing to assure

me that I was not awakening from a rotten dream—I did not hear Raymond's usual salutation, "Hello, old Top!"

A week or so later, in the raiment of freedom for the first time in practically two years, I was calling in Sierra Madre, where I found it increasingly easy to forget about commissioned officers and such.

Wm. S. Barton.

(On arrival at Camp Merritt, about Dec. 20, 1917)

Dear Father:—

Well, we are now said to be at an embarkation camp in New Jersey. There are many artillery outfits in this immense camp, and Lester may be here. Nobody seems to know anything, but men are coming and going out quietly about all the time.

We were all fairly cold on our way out, and last night I wore my big sweater and a smaller one. Was unable to even telephone to Aunt Adelia for lack of time. It is said to be impossible to get passes of over 12 hours here.

We eat from mess kits and hope food will be better than last night—beans, bread, stewed dried fruit.

Am not sure about my address, but they say it is: Camp Merritt, Tinafly, New Jersey, besides the regular salutation, Corp. W. B. Med. Dept.

It would be impossible for one to find me in person or to telephone here.

My knitted stuff is absolutely invaluable as we have cotton underwear. My hands seemed to be very chappable, so I bought a pair of expensive gloves at Kansas City.

Well, one good feature of this layout is that we have shell barracks, so are not bothered much by snow.

With love

W. S. B.

Believe you were right.

With The American Expeditionary Force.

Paris, April 17th, 1918.

Dear Mother and Thyrsa:

Today I received my birthday letter. The news was not new as Thyrsa sent me later communications from the Occident, however, any news, old

or new is cheering. This letter is rather a test to see what we are allowed to write.

I am driving an old fliver ambulance, which shows its willingness to retire from active life. There are two other machines, and we three drivers do odd jobs around here. I have not had any one die in my machine, altho a few succumbed soon after reaching the hospital. It is not pleasant to be begged to save a fellow's life when you know it is impossible. Don't get the impression that we have many serious cases, they are few and far between, but keep things interested.

Here is an exceptional trip. Call comes in for ambulance. It is my turn. Orderly accompanies me to help with litter. We carry down to the machine three blankets and first aid kit. Crank awhile and are off. It is raining and streets very slippery. We find place, go up five flights of narrow stairs and find patient unable to speak, almost unconscious. He must have spinal men. After partly dressing the unlucky gent we left him on litter and find the curve of the stairway too great for that mode of conveyance. One or both of us cursed a little, not very badly. As the patient is not heavy, I pick him up across back style and slowly descend, my colleague bringing the man's belongings and empty litter. I try to keep my burden from breathing directly into my face. We jounce along over quite bumpy streets two miles or so to a hospital. After some delay the authorities allow us to bring our man in. We return and sign the time of arrival on ambulance book. To finish the call we get a culture taken of our own nostrils. The same night I imagine my neck is getting stiff and in the morning laugh about it. For the most part this seems almost too much a woman's job, but I guess we shall get plenty of excitement before the war is won. When it rains it is rather interesting to speed at night thru a crowded, slippery street, as we do not use chains, and I, at least have no headlights. A few days ago, I ran into a horse, but did no damage. The driver was so excited that we couldn't help laughing. He evidently feared arrest for getting in our way as he howled over and over, *Je né marche pas trop vite*, etc., etc. (that's not good French but it sounded like that).

A few days ago a Pasadena boy by the name of Chawner (not sure of spelling) came in and passed his physical ex. for enlistment in the Engr. Corps. I never knew him in Pasadena, but remembered his face. He was in the class of 1915 at P. H. S. He has been working for the Red Cross. Says he hopes for Commission later. All do. He certainly looked in the pink of condition.

A cousin of the Winter family, (Ralph knows one of the girls) is in the office, also a Captain whose father was one of the first pastors of the Pas. Presby church—Fife is his name. (Do not know where B. B.'s is stationed).^{*} From what one of the other drivers tells me, he must be a cousin of the Miss Frazee who taught English in Pas. He is from Texas. French people are all right but if I were to be wrecked on that oft imagined desert isle, I'll sure pick one American in preference to ten French natives.

Was within a block of where le canon battle (that is also probably poor French) anyway few were injured. People are getting used to the gun. The air raids have not been very bad lately. Have only had to go down cellar once.

Thyrza's work is certainly worth while and she is sure going into it with all her strength. She has a new scheme of fixing her hair which increases its beauty. I accused her of adding a coil or two belonging to some one else; this she denies, anyway it looks *better groomed* than ever before.

There is not much variety to our chow but on the whole it is good. We have plenty of white bread and good meat once or twice a day.

I sure miss choc malts and other Choc Shop produce, altho we can get ice cream once in a while.

Most of the French seem to have colds. I have been under the weather, but am getting on gradually. Have not received that check.

Much love, from

Bill.

Received at Altadena, California, May 15th, 1918.

From:

Corporal William S. Barton.

^{*} Refers to William Burns.

(Mother's Letter)

On Active Service with the American Expeditionary Forces,
May 12, 1918

Mother Dear:

Was lucky enough to get your letter of April 2, yesterday: It was sure welcome, also Ralph's enclosure. The latter shows that he is improving; I sympathize with him in his experience with Halbert and motor-bike. For a few days I had to run an Indian with side-car, and can well understand how Halbert fell off. My fliver is quite mellow with service, but it beats a motor-cycle.

Lester passed through with some other officers. He seemed quite well although skinny.

Thyrza invited us to an enjoyable feast; and, after staying here overnight, Lester left early the next day.

About a week ago I had to convey a Pasadenan to the hospital: His name is Chawner, and he graduated from P. H. S. a year before I did. We were not in the same gang in school, but had each heard the other's name. No! it was nothing more than a cold.

I have not seen much of Aunt Anna or Carlotta for the past two weeks, but it is my fault.

Am on duty every day and every other night, and, at present it is hard to change my clothes, and get to their place before eight thirty.

Am most fortunately situated at present, especially so far as learning French and about France is concerned. However, cannot help but feel that after a few months, I shall prefer to get more into the center of things.

The only vice I have acquired thus far, is to somewhat enlarge my vocabulary of expletives, but, it is necessary, in that it takes more slang to make the taxi drivers behave. Unless I yell, and make awful faces, they pay no attention—You may remember that when I make faces, words come unbidden.

In the last year or so, I have been in almost every state in the Union, and, now in Europe.

Well, here's hoping for another letter *Soon*.

A ford-full-of-love,

Bill.

P. S. Don't need any clothes or medicine.

With The American Expeditionary Force.

Paris, May 24, 1918.

Dear Mary:

The skein of events is unwinding so vite that I do not know when I wrote last in your direction. Sorry that your ex-cook knocked out the props from your writing desk, but hope you can repair it yourself or get hubby to do it (just heard a fellow whistling a tune composed by a P. H. S. teacher for a school song. Went out to look up the gent but he'd allayd).

Thyrza has had to hit the bunk for a week in company with a bronchial cold. I went out to her hospital yesterday evening. It is a sanitarium a la battle crik, situated about five or six miles from my place. After the usual amount of French red tape had been cut, I was let loose on a wicked look-

ing elevator with a week old baby and lots of étage buttons. After punching the 4th étage button, the child and I dismounted. One of us was crying, and as I expected to see T. M. very low was shocked to see her wandering in evening décolleté. Yes we kissed, altho I had just been exposed to spinal men. and diphtheria. The hospital is one of the best that I have yet inspected, everything clean, modern, and equipped with quite ornamental nurses, T. M. is to leave today for a rest cure in the south. We walked in the perfectly groomed garden among some really lookable horsechestnut trees. We saw the entrance to a beautiful little cave and approaching same, found it a camouflaged garbage pit. Finding the garden tricky we went indoors where I viewed a punctured ceiling, perforated by the doings of hier sair. Yes I am very very suspicious of Miss T. M. B. She admits meeting a "nice man." As before scratched, she kissed me, I remember that once you kissed me when I was eleven years old. Yes I do feel looney tonight, altho I have had one grenadine (non-alcoholic) only. The trouble is that we are on duty 36 out of 48 hours (that means we are meeting ambulance calls or just waiting) and when we do have the night off we feel like making the most of our time if we are not all in. In am in charge of four ambulances, and drive one of them. The cobble stones are fierce on nerves and machines, the latter are going to pieces after a rather long period of service. This morning I had the honor of bringing the first load of patients to a newly opened hospital. It was about ten miles away, at the far end of a back-breaking road. Aside from nearly knocking a woman off her bicycle, everything went bouncily. As we have no wind shield for obvious reasons, was obliged to stop twice to remove foreign matter from my lacrymal ducts. I now have some goggles, celluloid lenses at 2.50 fr. per pr. On getting home, bought and ate 6 olufs fris sur les deux coté my meal cost six francs.

Am still sleeping on the floor, but hope for a cot soon.

Have been looking for a nice French girl. Have also looked for gold pieces in a street. In my quest, have had some rather romantic adventures, but no good luck. When I find her, we are going rowing on a pretty lake in a Park. After seeing the lake for the first time, decided that I must go rowing on it with a nice French girl. That lake has caused me all the troubles ensuing from my search. It would not be by moonlight as sun does not leave until after nine P. M.

You sure did good work for the cause by selling that bundle of bonds. Bet that was the biggest single sale.

I can't sympathize with Crampton over his anguish at staying out of school over Sat. and Sunday. Is he really such a studious little man or doesn't he enjoy tearing around with kids or playing with his brother and sister, to say nothing of Mother and Dad.

Altho, there are lots of unpleasant features of my present situation, and I'll admit 4 lizzies get me crazy at times, I really feel that I am doing something, and that helps.

Am getting better and better at making the froggies savey my lingo, but am worse as far as my French grammar goes.

Well as my corebrum is buzzing and I feel really and some more fatigued, good night sister Mary and the best from,

Sergeant Bill Barton.

With The American Expeditionary Force.

Dear Hubert:

It is so warm that it is necessary to keep the windows open, hence we have to go without sufficient light to enable me to make this epistle mechanically perfect.

Have been driving most of the time today, so do not feel unduly ambitious. Heard indirectly from Lester. He is right in it. Says that a shell struck within thirty feet of his dugout, speaks of the incongruity of his being in the same hole with a Harvard youth. He also commented on the utter recklessness of the Amex.

A few days ago, I received a bunch of mail from Camp Merritt. Am glad to hear that you have sworn off the nails and smudge pots, but wager that you begin before I do. Do not like the wine but can get along with cider. I once had the hard luck to some that was pretty hard, and felt quite cheerful for a time.

Thyrza has been under the weather with the grippe, but is much improved. The spring is as one imagines it here without birds. There are one or two nice men in attendance??—

Aunt Anna and Carlotta are still hospitable, also working hard, especially the latter. Uncle Frank working hard to get the former back to Bourrè.

This is interesting work. Am on duty thirty six hours out of forty eight, but some of the time is spent waiting for calls.

Love to everybody,

Bill.

(Post-marked: Paris, 6/23/'18.)

Miss Amelia P. Barton,
Altadena, Cal., U. S. A.

Dear Amelia:—

This afternoon being uneventful, perhaps I can tell you about the occurrences—(After getting this far, a call came to get a man at a station and take him, with two other sick gents to Hospital No. —) so this being written tomorrow, I forget what I was to tell about yesterday afternoon.

When we got to the hospital it was raining, and one of the first men to look into the rear of the flivver was H. Perkins, former P. H. S. student and a fellow Sgt. in the Med. Dept. He is wearing a well trimmed moustache. From him learned that Alex. Shepherd is at present at the front, and some of the others in Italy. Shall see Perkins again.

Last week Jack Nichols came in to join the tank corps; you remember Mr. N. who taught English.

The day after J. N. enlisted, his brother Allen was fatally shot in an aeroplane fight.

Guess I mentioned talking with another P. H. S. student, Lowell Chawner. Have sure run across an unusual number of Southern Californians.

The Y. M. C. A. worker here, lives on South Lake Avenue, but I forget her name and am ashamed to ask it again; she is sure popular. A fellow here going to the hospital for an operation, had no money, and no cigarets; she gave him the latter. Most of the canteen workers keep pretty exact hours, but this Pasadenan is always on her job when anything is wanted.

One of the military police attached in this vicinity is from Los Angeles and Manual Arts H. S.; his name is Pomeroy and he claims to have almost beaten Charles Paddock at 100 yards.

I shall have to buy a wedding present, with some money loaned me for a different purpose by the bride, whom you well know. Have no idea as to what to buy, but must get it before tomorrow night. I have to give away the bride, be best man, and tie on the shoes, though³so far, can not find any rice; guess that Carlotta can be the brides maid.

With my limited acquaintance with the groom, which consists of one letter, can say that you will all like him, especially Father.

They must really want to be man and wife, to cut thru all the miles of red tape around the process. This marriage over here still has me rather flabbergasted.

I was the first one in the secret, and came near taking treatment for shell shock afterwards.

I was told in an attempted calm voice, that there was some news to be imparted to me, so was prepared for the worst, which I thought would be that my oreilles might need nettoyage.

Without any preliminaries came the sentence—"I'm going to be married." How did I feel? well how would you have felt? The same! also did as you would have done: got up, and walked around, sat down and repeated ten times.

We had fine weather for a time, but lately, rain, rain, all the time heavy rain.

Don't like it much tonight, as I shall likely have to take a fellow who is really sick, ten miles to a special hospital. My lack of windshield adds moisture to the affair; my lack of searchlights, guard me against breaking many speed limits.

Well that muffler is a good piece of heating material and will get plenty of work next winter. Thank you mille fois. It must be much work and I hope vous yeux bleus ne sont pas plus malades!

I sure appreciate those socks knit by Miss Moll. It must be hard to work that way for a slight acquaintance.

If you will send me the young lady's address, should like to write her my thanks, but it will be winter before she hears from me at the present post speeds.

Well, here goes,

Sgt. Bill Barton.

Soldier's Mail,
Active Service.

Sgt. Wm. S. Barton,
Office of Attending Surgeon,
A. P. O. 702, A. E. F.
(Marking of censor)

(Rec'd at Altadena, Monday, July 15, 1918.)

With The American Expeditionary Force.

Dear Mary:—

Have just arisen from the most lengthy and satisfying snooze of the last fourteen months, nothing to worry about for a whole week. Sister Thyrza and I were lucky enough to be able to come here to Aix Les Bains within

a day of each other. It is great here. Am sure lucky to get my leave now, as the little pep I had left, was knocked out of me by this last catastrophe. As nearly as I can now find out, Lester was holding the most dangerous job, that of a liaison officer. He must have been with the Marines, when killed, signalling back to his battery the result of its barrage and making corrections. He and a Captain were killed together as the result of a direct hit from a German shell.* If he must have died, it could not have been in a more glorious engagement.

Tub's death does not seem real. We had all looked forward to the time, when, even more than in the past, people would say, "There goes one of Raymond Barton's family." Why the best of us was taken, only God knows, altho we scrapped, after each row, we understood and loved each other more. Before leaving home, we had some talks and walks, I can never forget. It is sure great to have Thyrza around. Have been on call, 84 out of 96 hours these last weeks. Because of odious personalities, my work is not happy, but anyway there is plenty to do. I fear for Mother!

With best love to the family,

Wm. S. Barton.

(P. S. Punk scratcher)

* Not confirmed as to a Captain.

Sgt. Wm. S. Barton,
Office At. Surg.
A. P. O. 702.

On active service with the American Expeditionary Force

Oct. 14, 1918.*

Mother Dear:

I hope you are well when this reaches you. You must be able to come down to meet me when I get home, (the time seems[†] nearer now) so please, dear mother, do not let this last, and most bitter sorrow of all, take any part of you from us who are left.

It is getting harder and harder to be way off here from you, but if you get sick, it will be unbearable. It seems as if an age had gone by since we

*Note: With hesitation, and with something of apology to its writer, I take the responsibility of putting in this letter, leaving out only a few lines that are possibly too intimate and personal to place before even the small number of those who may pause to read.

†The date, October 14, 1918, coincides with the day of the joint service at Mountain View for the two brothers referred to with such affection. The grave of Raymond had

had those chocolate malted milks in the "choc shop," that beautiful December day. How warm the sun was, and how the birds sang, and the best memory of all, how my mother smiled. My California Loves are too numerous; I always dream (only when I sleep) of living back there.

Only a few days ago, I took an officer who had trained with Lester, to the hospital. We had a long talk. He told me that Lester was well liked by his fellow officers. Lester was very kind, and much interested in my work. He was good about writing to me. Am sure glad that I could help him get his equipment packed in New York. The fact that we both realized what the other was up against, helped to draw us together.

A new brother is gone, the loss is sharp, but Lester died gloriously, fighting for the best ideals ever fought for, and giving up his life in what will be called the first and most important tide-turning battle. He might better be envied than pitied.

Dear Mother, the "Tub" part of my heart will always be an open cut. We were more to each other than you realized. I had just been thinking that we had not been together for some time, and wondering if we could not work together in life. Though we fought and criticised each other, at bottom, was always respect and love. I shall never forget the talks and walks, before I left.

At first, to keep up working at the present pace, seemed impossible. I never knew what it was to be tired before. Am on duty eighty-four hours out of ninety-six. However, am getting to like the work better; it is helping some one else's brother all the time. Our food is better, and I sleep on a mattress; am wearing your sweater vest now. (Don't read to any who will laugh.) On some of my night trips, alone, I have felt, or imagined, you may say, Tub's presence.

been closed in the morning, the father, the mother, and an uncle attending; Lester's sepulture had been on the battlefield where he had fallen at Belleau Wood, but his grave was not to be identified.

In California the epidemic was at its worst, and no public assemblies, under roof, were permitted in Pasadena. Except the family, there was present only one from Chicago where Lester had always lived; and of Raymond's many friends and acquaintances, there was but one boy, of approximately his age—this one, by reason of an injury when a child, not being eligible for the service—while all the others were absent in camp, and no liberties granted.

And thus we gathered, nearly one hundred in all, about the fresh mound banked with brilliant flowers and decorated with flags. The sky was clear; the sun had begun to decline, and it was shining almost directly against the mountains towering above us. It was a perfect day, with a typical afternoon breeze of which the pendant leaflets of the pepper-trees did not take notice; the lights and the shadows made a glorious setting, which seemed to say, that in this world there is no place for grief or for repining, but that we should ever look forward and upward; and such, I believe, was the spirit which pervaded that group who had gathered there, and who, having heard the "dust to dust" pronounced, separated sorrowfully, but with hope and with courage.

G. P. B.

Rochester, July 4, 1922.

Oh, but it is not right that the *best!* of us should have been taken.

Tub was always more than a human being to me. If he thought anything right, it was right, and vice-versa.

He was the *bravest* morally and physically of anyone I have ever known. (I am not just drooling either.)

I do not know whether, if the chance had come, I could have given my life for his, but I know it would have been better for the world for me to have gone in Tub's place. I can never be worthy of him as a brother, but I must at least try.

I may get a week's leave soon, and hope to spend it with Thyrza.

If the work was not so pressing, and thus keeps me from thinking, this loss would be too much.

With much love to you and father,

Your son, Bill.

P. S. Have been much interrupted, so it will take time to get the sense of this letter.

(Rec'd at Altadena, November 14, 1918.)

Sgt. Wm. S. Barton,

Office Attending Surgeon,

A. P. O. 702, American E. F.

Soldier's Mail

18 OCT

4-PM

1918

Mrs. George P. Barton,
ALTADENA (Pasadena),
California.

On Active Service with the American Expeditionary Force
(Postmarked, Nov. 2, 1918)

Dear Father:—

Have only two days more of liberty. After we arrive in Aix, we have seven days before leaving here. Counting in travel time, I shall have had nine days rest.

Thyrza arrived the day after I did, and we have hung around together most of the time.

To-day, we went for a bike ride, after attending church this A. M. By the way, it is my first Protestant service since leaving the States, over eight months ago. Have not had time to miss it very much, but certainly enjoyed the music

and talk to-day. Going back to the bike ride: The day has been perfect, bright sun, cool enough, and cottony fluffs playing with the mountain crests. We followed a smooth white path down the valley. While Thyrza tested the points of some chestnut burrs; I borrowed a bunch of purple wine grapes, and we divided and soon lost sight of the spoil. Without an exception every French male under the age of ten, if within howling distance, wanted a cigarette. Have heard American women say they enjoy watching a man "chowing," but these old French women prefer to watch cows eat. It appears to be poor etiquette for a lady cowherd to sit down while her charge is up and chewing. Most of the cowherds knit, even while climbing about the hills. Tried to ditch Mrs. Dean long enough to exchange compliments with a pretty country girl who was following us on another wheel, but the road was too straight. The country girls look more refined, and more like real Americans than the Parisians. But whether country or city bred, all the demoiselles like the Yanks *too well*. After pumping about twenty kilometers, we coasted into the town of Chamberry, another leave center. After consuming some hot chocolate (with sugar in it) we returned by another route, reaching the Hotel de Europe in time for roast lamb, and custard. In the dusk, the mountains reminded us of the San Gabriel Range; they are of about the same height.

All of us on leave are more than pleased with the royal vacation Uncle Sam has given us here. It is beyond our wildest hopes. The food is perfect, and the table cloth clean (unusual here). The beds are more comfortable than even those at home. There are all forms of amusement, from ping-pawn to polo. The men are so delighted, that they all act like gentlemen, and there is absolutely no disorder or even horse play. Even though we are small cogs in a big machine we sure know when we are well treated.

Well, in only two days I shall be back at the old grind, with little time to think or write. It is well that I can't think, or this last deep cut would burn too deep. I see no chance for advancement in my line of work. It is just a treadmill, but some one must continue tramping. Anyway we can do some real good, and that helps. Hope to get a bit more time off duty. Of late have been on call 84 hours out of every 96, in other words, one night off out of every four days and nights.

With the exception of 36 hrs. last Christmas, this is my first leave in nearly fifteen months. Think my next will come sooner.

Well mine may not be a soft job, but compared with the doughboy—when I think of what he is up against it makes me feel like a slacker. Yes,

I've had some excitement, but shall tell about that when we get home. Have driven a Fliver ambulance nearly around the world.

With lots of love to you all,

Your son Bill.

Sgt. W. S. Barton

Med. dept.

A. P. O. 702 A. E. F.

Army and Navy Young Men's Christian Association

"With the Colors."

(Postmarked, Dec. 8, 1918)

Dear Ralph:—

In Bob's last letter, he says that you were getting over the flu. I did not know that you had been really sick. I waited until Germany had been counted out before I let it get me, but as I had to be around buggy people a lot, it was coming to me anyway. My turkey feed was served in bed, but it was all there, including pumpkin pie. My only possible criticism is that everything was cold; however, you can guess how sick I must have been. My sick buddies were an interesting lot. In the bed across from me was an ex-convict who had served three years for a big jewel robbery. Next to him was another, tho less vicious crook. They spent the day talking about famous crimes and criminals. It was quite an education, and my pocket book and its fifteen francs were well hidden. On one side of me was a jockey by the name of Riley whom I remembered having seen race at Juarez, Mexico. On the other side was a boy who had lived two or three squares from our house in Chicago. We had friends in common. It was my first trip to a hospital as patient, and here's hoping it will be the last. Since getting back, I have not had to do much work; had forgotten how pleasant an occasional loaf actually is.

Since being over here, have seen the saddest people in the world, and yesterday saw the happiest, a detachment of Americans bound for the States; think we shall be here for a long time, confound the luck.

Received three letters yesterday, one from uncle Emory, another from Amelia, and the third from mother. Was interested very very much in the Star News, have some more sent as I may get time to read them now. Hector is lucky to be alive after getting three wounds.

It is time for chow and as they are to give out some issue chocolate besides hot chocolate to drink I shall finish later.

The grub was fine to-day, hamburger and mashed potatoes. The best part was some FRESH white bread.

I think that I made a fool of myself the other day. Another sergeant, in a moment of pique, called me a liar, he did not really mean what he said, but I was in a mean mood. As he was on duty, it might have caused us serious trouble to start a row. It was suggested that we settle it with gloves, so we went into a vacant room and locked the door. I got a bloody nose, but at last he got winded and fell to the floor, and when he got up, he wanted to stop for wind, and as we had knocked the grouchiness out of each other, I saw no use in continuing.

Just heard that some of those fellows on their way back to the States were killed last night in a wreck. That's the way it goes.

* * * Father probably still thinks that I was foolish to enlist when I did, but if I had gone to college for two years, got a commission by hook or crook, it would have all been for no purpose. All my time would have been spent in getting ready and I could not feel, as now, that my bit has been done. Most men would rather be a private over here than a commissioned drafter too late to do anything. My big regret is that the ambulance company was broken up and that we wasted so much time in the states. In the next war I'll make sure of what I'm getting into, and it won't be the med. dept., unless it is an honest to goodness ambulance unit.

You and I know better than the others what Tub stood for and what kind of a fellow he was. It's no use my writing my feelings, as they are yours. Just remember this N. F. I.: When you are wondering if you ought to do something, act as Tub would have acted and you won't go far wrong.

I hope to get off tonight to take dinner with Carlotta. Aunt Anna is expected up from Bourré soon. Hope to see Wilson. Shall try to shake hands with him. I told you about my row with the King of Montenegro.

But for the flu and two or three other happenings which should not have happened, I might have got a chance to drive some of the peace party around France.

I have a German belt which I hope to be able to send to you if they will take it at the P. O. No I did not take it off, it was taken from a dead German in the middle of the Argonne Forest.

Just got a fine Christmas present from Uncle Arthur's family. Shall write my thanks soon.

Thyrza has been all over the front with her hubby. Am jealous of her.

Cannot find many things which just suit me to send home as presents, and whatever I get will get there late. I do not need anything but money. Had to draw on that account for the first time as I missed pay day in the hospital.

With love,

Your brother,

Bill.

P. S. This bit of ribbon was given to me by an awfully pretty Belgian refugee, with whom I marched in one of the many parades after the armistice had been signed.

On Active Service
(Post-Marked Dec. 28, 1918)

Dear Mother:

Christmas is over—This pen is not worth the name, so this will be short.

I drove all Christmas eve., and most of the morning, getting thru just in time for dinner at Aunt Anna's. Was glad to lie down for a nap after the meal, while Capt. Paul, T. B. D., Carlotta and Sherman went for a walk. The tree etc was all there. It was sure fine for them to go to that trouble for us. In the evening I dined at Thyrza's with some of Sherman's friends; plum pudding and all.

I had *some more* pictures taken, and they took almost a month to complete and are rotten. I sent one to-day.

We are not working as hard as before, but I see no chance of returning for months. Shall write a better letter soon.

Aunt Anna gave me a very kind present, also Thyrza gave me a flash light and nail brush! etc., Carlotta a book. Am sure lucky to have relatives around!

Lots of love,

Bill.

P. S. Received kind letter of Warwick T.

January 12, 1919.

Dear father:—

Am scribbling this in a porous hotel in Chateau Thierry. The town is not smashed up as much as I expected, but it is bad enough. What is most noticeable is that everyone seems happy. Have not heard so much singing since armistice night. They are sure glad to get the boches out of this

vicinity. It first struck me as a town inhabited by big kids. Of course this impression was partially imprinted by the amount of enforced picknick style of living. There are no electric lights. Candles light us to bed and we eat and read by kerosene. It is quite cold and as there is not heat enough to melt butter I think I'll crawl in, though because of a small shell hole, it won't be too warm, even under a big puff. The dinner was a good one, nothing lacking except a dessert. The French are sure good at turning stones into bread.

This was not mailed but brought home by Wm. S. Barton and handed me in November 1919.

The trip to Belleau Wood where handkerchief was found, was made next day—January 13, 1919.

St. Aignan, France.

3 P. M. January 16, 1919.

Dear Thyrsa:

Have just been talking with a Corp. Gleason of Lester's battery.

He says that Lester was "out in a dugout* with seven doughboys" whom he had carried in "thru a hell of a shell fire" when "a shell struck them." It was undoubtedly one of those we saw near the woods.

Gleason tells me that Lester "never knew what fear was, while with Battery B." Also that he got along with the men, sitting, smoking and singing with them in the evenings.

Gleason also volunteered that Lester was *always* generous in lending money to the poor devils who had not been getting paid for some reason.

Also the Corp. told me that Lester never bawled his men out, without good cause.

I mailed the other about an hour ago.

By the way, Gleason said L. C. B.'s picture was in Leslie's copy which he saw while in a hospital.

He said he believed the reason a D. S. C. had not been given was because there were none of Lester's officers to see him rescue those men, but that many working with him and not doing any more, received the decoration.

Again,

Bill.

(William S. Barton)

*I am informed that there were no dugouts at Belleau Woods such as this implies.
G. P. B.

From Sgt. Wm. S. Barton,
Rec'd at Altadena, Feby. 24th, '19.
Copy—by G. P. B.

La Salle Du Roc, Bourré (Loir Et Cher)

January 29th, 1919.

Dear Mother:—

I arrived here for a three day visit with Uncle Frank and Aunt Anna at 10:45 P. M., last night. The pass was made possible by Aunt Anna, who came ten miles thru snow and slush to see my commanding officer, whom she has entertained. It was a pleasant surprise that she could get the pass granted, as no one else in camp had been able to get such a leave. Owing to the delay in loading a motor truck bound for Mont Richard, I got near Bourré just as the people were retiring.

As all French people lock their gates, I looked and found one that was not secured, and, after wandering along winding paths, pools, and stone steps, I saw a light in the castle. The light shone thru a glass door, on the other side of which was a hospitable, white, tail-wagging dog, "Toupe Trois," I found out later. The door not being locked, I was certain my kinsman's Castle had 'een been reached.

Aunt Anna, kind as ever, sat me down to bread, butter, and honey, even giving me a hot water bottle which Amelia would envy; it stayed hot all night.

From sleeping in a tent, to this luxury is as big a change of life as a man has even experienced. It is fine not to stand in the bean line, even if it is for a short three days!

My hobnail boots would do the hard wood floor little good, so I am wearing slippers about the house. My feet felt so light, that I could not keep them glued to the stairway, and thus coasted down it, partly in the air, but mostly on my tailor-made pantaloons. I now have a mild, acute case of posterior rheumatism.

To-day has gone fast: They have fed me candy, taken me thru the cave, introduced me to the donkey, showed how the wine press works; and pointed out a few more of the interesting old objects on the place. Must conclude before supper, but just let me state that I should not have missed seeing the old place, for anything.

As you know, I was moved, on my own application for transfer, and hope by degrees to land in God's country, but they may get me to Germany yet. Anyway, am nearer home here than before.

In camp, there is no good place to write, and nothing to write about. It is similar to Camp Merritt. I can get no letters.

Aunt Anna had your check letter, and three other of your dear letters. They were certainly welcome.

Met Alex. Shepherd, just by chance, in Paris. He had left some of his friends who were out for *too good* a time, and was on the way to his room in a hotel near my quarters. We met on the Avenue de L'Opera, not another soul in sight. He is much heavier and seems in good health. We talked until 1 A. M., and I for one enjoyed the meeting. He is wearing his Croix de Guerre, and while treating it as a joke, he must have earned it, other than by bumping into a tree with his flivver.

Thank you for the check, my pay may be irregular until I am assigned elsewhere or get to the U. S.

With Lots of Love to ALL, Better write c/o Thyrsa.

Wm. S. Barton.

Bourrè, February 1st, 1919.

My dear Emma:—

So that the enclosed may not be delayed, I'll write just a line and start them off.

Your nice William left us on the 8:16 train. He looks and feels well. If they are not likely to leave St. Aignan soon, I shall go again and get him.

This is cold but healthy sort of weather and William says they make out to keep quite comfortable—six, I think he said, in the tent and they have a stove, but only green wood.

He carried back a doz fresh eggs, some candy and cake.

* * * * *

I offered him a good sleeveless sweater, but he says he has now more than he can carry. He seems very well fixed as to warm clothing.

Wm. shows a good brave spirit—never complains, but accepts the disagreeable duties as a part of the game and goes ahead.

* * * * *

(From Mrs. F. R. Welles—Aunt Anna.)

IV.

RAYMOND WELLES BARTON

1899-1918

FOREWORD

This is the story of a short life. It is partly told in Raymond's own letters, and partly in letters from friends. To these have been added a chapter of life history and one entitled "personality."

If the propriety should be questioned of recording some of the superlatives used concerning him before he left us as well as after he had "crossed the Bar," this one explanation appears adequate. It is that while others, his companions and contemporaries, are with us and still *achieving*, Raymond's earthly existence is finished; his work here completed. He ran his race not only well but swiftly!

With his physician, who was also his valued friend, we believe that "Raymond may now be fulfilling a higher mission."

When he passed into the more abundant Life, his sister Amelia said, "We had Raymond for *nineteen beautiful years!*"

Our every recollection of him is helpful; and although for the present we have not the joy of his companionship—and the separation is indeed grievous—we still feel his influence a real and *living* inspiration.

The weaving of a chaplet of precious memories has been a labor of love, a little thank-offering for a beautiful gift!

LIFE HISTORY

Raymond Welles Barton was born at 5307 Lexington Ave. (now University Ave.), Chicago, Ills., June 5th, 1899. He was the son of George Preston Barton and Emma Welles Barton, and was named for his grandfather, Raymond Welles.

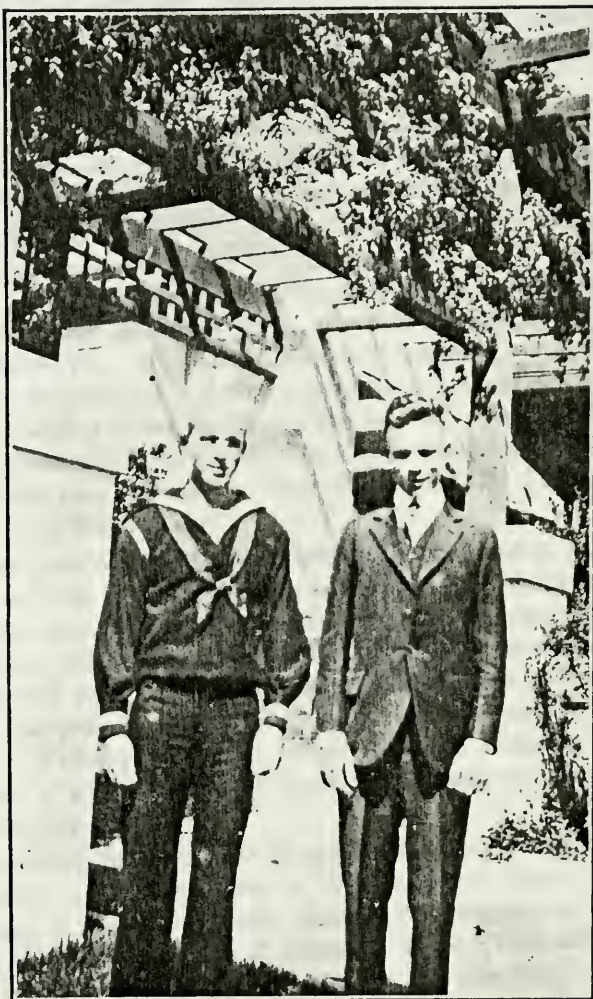
Something of the history of Raymond's father's family has already been given in this volume.

Concerning the early history of the Welles family the following is quoted from Louise Welles Murray's "History of Old Tioga Point and Early



RAYMOND WELLES BARTON

From a group taken by Thyrza in garden at Altadena 1916



RAYMOND AND RALPH
Altadena, July 28, 1918

Athens." "It is well known that they were originally Norman and came (to England) in the train of the Conqueror. . . . In the reigns of Richard and John, Hugo de Welles was Bishop of Lincoln, and his brother Joscelyn de Welles was Bishop of Bath and Wells; the prelates were also the principal constructors of the two grand cathedrals with which their names are associated. As Lords Spiritual in Parliament, their seals were attached to the Magna Charta wrested from King John."

The first of the family to emigrate to America was Thomas Welles, who came about 1636. He was elected to a number of offices in the state of Connecticut,—Treasurer, Secretary, Deputy Governor and Governor.

Charles Fisher Welles, sixth in descent from Thomas Welles and son of George Welles and Prudence Talcott Welles, was born at Glastonbury, Conn. in 1789. In 1789 his family removed to Tioga Point (now Athens), Penn. He married Ellen Jones Hollenback, who was the first white child born in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Her father, Matthias Hollenback, was a picturesque figure and a vital force in the early progress of north-eastern Pennsylvania. He was born at or near Jonestown, Pa. in 1752. On his father's side he was of German origin, his grandfather, George Hollenback,* having come to Philadelphia from Wurtemberg about the year 1717. His mother Eleanor Jones, was of Welsh descent.

When seventeen years of age Matthias Hollenback started out to seek his fortune, his only material equipment being a horse and saddle and fifty dollars. It is said that when he and his companions rode into the beautiful Valley of the Wyoming with boyish enthusiasm he threw up his cap exclaiming, "This is the place for me!" Engaging in trade, he established trading-posts along the upper Susquehanna from Wilkes-Barre, Pa. to Newtown (now Elmira), N. Y. Endowed with great energy, vigor and fortitude, not to mention the power of infinite attention to details, he was eminently successful in his business undertakings.

In 1776 he received the Commission of ensign from Congress, and served for eighteen months under Washington in the Continental Army. As a soldier his conduct is said to have been "daring and courageous in the extreme." He received the commission of lieutenant, and in 1778 returned to the Wyoming Valley to take part in its defense. On July third "he was one of the little band that marched out to battle and defeat." When they were put to rout Matthias Hollenback escaped by swimming the Susquehanna, many shots being fired at him during his progress. Afterwards he led those who were "fleeing through the wilderness, old men, women and children" to a place of safety.

* Originally spelled Hollenbach.

In 1787 he became Justice of the Peace, his commission being signed by Benjamin Franklin. In 1791 he was commissioned an Associate Judge, "a position which he filled with honor and esteem for thirty-eight years."

Raymond Marion Welles, son of Charles Fisher Welles and Ellen Jones Hollenback Welles, was born at Wyalusing, Pa. in 1825. He married Amelia Page in the year 1850. Amelia Page was born at Brinton, England in 1827. Her father, Thomas Page, son of Philip Page and Hannah North Page, was born at Attlebridge, Eng. in 1796. Her mother, Anne West Page, daughter of Christopher West and Elizabeth Springall West, was born in England in 1801.

On October 11th, 1831, with their four little girls (one of whom was Amelia), Thomas and Anne West Page set sail for America. The voyage lasted ten weeks. Repeatedly their ship, which was a sailing vessel, was driven hundreds of miles out of her course. One of her compasses was washed overboard and the other injured; the yard-arm of the foresail was broken and the sails so badly torn that the sailors were "mending them day and night." Three times all on board escaped starvation only through receiving a fresh supply of food from a passing vessel.

It became a cause for devout thankfulness to Anne Page when she could give her children enough to eat to satisfy them. Her journal, in which she kept a record during the long journey, is not only a graphic description of the experiences of the voyage, but also an example of simple and beautiful English diction.

Of her, a sister-in-law, Sarah Fountain Page, once wrote, "There was that about her that made one look up, and at the same time wish to draw near!"

Thomas and Anne West Page and their family eventually settled upon a farm three miles below Athens, Pa.

Their daughter, Amelia Page Welles, twice visited her relatives in the land of her birth, once in 1883 (when she was accompanied by her daughter, Emma Louise Welles), and again in 1892. The rambling old brick house at Brinton in which she was born was then occupied by some of her Page cousins; and just across the way was the ancient, ivy-covered gray stone church whose services her parents had attended.

As has already been indicated, Raymond Welles Barton was a grandson of Raymond Marion Welles and Amelia Page Welles.

His earliest years were spent in Chicago. Three early visits were made at his grandfather's in Towanda, Penna. During the first of these, when Raymond was a year old, his grandfather and he became devoted friends, and

he learned to walk, to the great satisfaction of his Grandmother Welles, who had largely aided in the accomplishment. On the way to Towanda for this first visit, Raymond spent a few days in Rochester, N. Y., at the home of his Grandmother Barton and his Aunt Adelia. Though at the advanced age of eighty-nine years, his Grandmother Barton was still enjoying life and interested in her ever-increasing circle of grandchildren.

The next summer Raymond's grandparents in Pennsylvania had a gathering of their children and grandchildren, some of them from overseas. Raymond and his sister Amelia and brother William, who were members of the family-party, spent those gala days playing with their cousins in the big, shady yard of the old homestead.

During the years 1903 and 1904, Raymond's family passed the summer in the bracing air of northern Michigan. A few years later they again spent two summers in Michigan.

In the winter of 1905, when he was five years old, Raymond, together with the other three younger children, was taken to California. In that favorable climate, leading a simple out-of-door life at Altadena, they all soon showed marked improvement in health. Raymond himself regained his hearing, which had been pronounced "irreparably injured."

Raymond's first schooling was in the little public school of Altadena, then embracing only the first four grades.

During several years he, with Amelia, William, and Ralph, spent part of the time in Chicago and part at Altadena. When in Chicago they attended the University Elementary School. Raymond's third, fourth, sixth, and seventh grade work was taken there.

When he was ten years old, with William who was then eleven, he united with the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church of Chicago. A year after the family located permanently in Altadena, which was in the summer of 1912, their membership was transferred to the Westminster Presbyterian Church of Pasadena. A year or two later both boys began taking some active part in the work of their church and Sunday School.

In the autumn of 1912 Raymond entered the Polytechnic Elementary School in Pasadena for his eighth grade work. After graduating there, he had four years at Pasadena High School, graduating in 1917. The following autumn he entered Occidental College.

During the summer vacation after his high school graduation he had undergone an operation at the Pasadena Hospital in order to qualify for enlistment in the service of his country. Entering college too soon afterward, his health suffered; so upon the advice of his physician he dropped his studies to take up work on a ranch. On the Ball ranch near Porterville he not only promptly regained his strength, but also "made good" as a farmer. Except for three

or four days at Christmas, and a few weeks in the spring, which he spent at home when work was slack on the ranch, Raymond was at Porterville from November, 1917, to June, 1918.

In May, 1917, a month after the United States joined forces with the Allies in the Great War, Raymond's brother "Bill," then nineteen years of age, enlisted in the Medical Reserve Corps. Before William was sent overseas, their eldest brother, Lester, who had offered himself only a little later than William and who was then in the Field Artillery, and their sister Thyrsa in the Y. W. C. A., were already in France.

The subject of enlistment had been for months in Raymond's mind, and from the time that William left home in August, 1917, it became his most cherished ambition.

Discussing with his father the question of its being his duty to enlist, Raymond brought forward as an unanswerable argument the Germans' cruelty in their treatment of women and children. After he recovered his health at Porterville only the strong opposition of his family deterred him. In the spring of 1918, while still at Porterville, out of consideration for his parents' wishes he determined to wait another year.

He then registered to enter Stanford University the next autumn. The registration was hardly completed before he wrote his parents imploring their consent to his immediate enlistment. Believing that in his great desire to serve his country they no longer had the right to oppose him, they granted his request.

He came home and a few days later, on June 19th, after first going to see Amelia, who was then at La Jolla, volunteered, not in the army as he had expected, but as gunner's mate in the Naval Reserve Corps.

Immediately after his enlistment Raymond became engaged to Miss Winifred Wallace, whose acquaintance he had made in high school, and who for at least two years had been a very near and dear friend.

He left home for war service on July second, having received orders a few days after he enlisted to report at Point Loma, Cal., July third. Just before his three weeks' quarantine there was over, he found that wearing glasses disqualified him for gunner's mate. So when volunteers were asked for to take the course in the Signal School at Hampton Roads, Va., he was one of five to offer to go. He then came home on a short leave of absence. July 29th he started for Hampton Roads.

At the Naval Operating Base, Raymond was in the 715th Company, Unit T.

On September twenty-fifth he was taken ill with influenza. The evening of October first his mother had a letter from him saying that he had some fever, but not to worry as he believed it "only a touch of gripe." He wrote

another little letter September 27th, mailed the 29th, which did not reach home until after his death.

The morning of October second a telegram from the surgeon in command of the Naval Hospital reported Raymond critically ill of pneumonia. A message sent in reply inquired whether his mother should go to him. This question was not answered, though the rest of her message received a courteous reply.

Raymond had then been ill a week and it is a journey of five days to Hampton Roads.

Besides telegraphing the surgeon at the Naval Hospital a message was sent to a lieutenant-commander at Norfolk, a friend of Raymond's brother Hubert and sister Mary. This telegram was delayed and finally reached not the right lieutenant-commander, but a retired officer of the same name and title. Though an entire stranger this retired officer kindly made inquiries, only to find it too late to be of service.

At the time Raymond was in the hospital at Hampton Roads, a thousand of the Navy boys were ill of influenza, and as many as fifty were giving up their lives each night.

In the early morning of October fourth, Raymond was one of those to make "the supreme sacrifice." His age was nineteen years and four months.

Ten days later, in the afternoon of October fourteenth, all that was mortal was laid at rest in the place he would have chosen, beautiful Mountain View in Pasadena. Because of the quarantine regulations the memorial services were held there in the open air. Raymond's pastor, Dr. Clarence A. Spaulding, being absent on war-duty, they were conducted by Major Leslie R. Groves, retired chaplain of the Fourteenth Infantry.

The services were equally in memory of Raymond's brother Lester, who had been instantly killed at Belleau Wood but the notice of whose death had not reached the family until late in the month of September.

And so we left Raymond that bright October afternoon *near his old home*, with the mountains he had known and loved from childhood looking down and keeping watch!

PAX TECUM

Thou'rt sleeping on a grassy slope,
A hillside 'neath Sierra's crest,
In the sunny Southland of thy dreams—
Of all the world thou lov'st it best!

RECORD AND MEMORIAL

Undaunted, when the clarion call
 Of duty bade thee spring to arms,
 Thou leavedst all to thee most dear,
 All soft allurements, pleasing charms.

* * * * *

But thou art come again, Beloved!
 Here are the old familiar scenes,
 And 'round thee moves their world again,
 Just as it used in thy sweet dreams.

Above thee now, like sentinels hoar,
 Sierras raise their lofty height
 Where thou didst clamber, for of yore
 To scale their peaks was thy delight.

It seemeth me they guard thee now,
 A tired child come home to rest;
 And o'er thee watch thy quiet sleep
 In the sunny land thou lovedst best!

January 25th, 1919—E. W. B.

 PERSONALITY

As a little child Raymond's bright eyes, curling hair, and vivacious manner attracted notice. Added to these was a gentle friendliness that gave him more than the usual charm of attractive childhood, and won for him even among comparative strangers such terms as "that blessed baby!" and "irresistible."

With those he knew best he was affectionately demonstrative. His baby words, "I want to love you!" meaning that he wanted to be taken into friendly arms to caress and be caressed, are still sounding in memory's ear.

Then when the evening prayers were said, the good-night kisses given and the children's door was being closed, it was always Raymond's voice that rang out with one more last "good-night."

The quaint sayings of his childhood were for years among our household words. Many of them were delightfully humorous. Thyrsa, especially, loved to recall them, repeating them with the greatest relish; and to her is largely due the fact that a number of them are still unforgotten.

The following verses were written as a setting for a thought he once expressed to his father in poetic vein. At the time, Raymond was about five years old, and was playing among the leaves a blustering autumn day.



WILLIAM, AMELIA, RAYMOND
With their mother (Emma Welles Barton) Chicago, 1901



RAYMOND
Pasadena, 1905

DRIVEN LEAVES

A child is playing in the wood,
A little child with winsome face.
His curls are straying with the wind,
He runs and leaps in childish grace.

November frost, November storm
Have shaken down the leaves.
He sees them flying in alarm
To hide in crevices.

Some lie in heaps in hollows deep;
Some flutter to and fro.
A sudden twirl, a noisy whirl,
And far afield they go!

The child smiles gaily as he strives
To catch them as they stray;
While they elude his eager grasp,
Pursue them as he may.

His cheeks aflame, while in the game
He shouts out in his play,
"Leaves are the horses of the Wind!
He drives them every way!"

January 22, 1919—E. W. B.

In everything he did Raymond showed energy and abounding enthusiasm. He began early to excel in his school work. When he had been in the Altadena school a few months his teacher said she had "told the other children that at first Raymond was behind them, but he had soon shot far ahead of them all."

Throughout his entire school experience he maintained a fine record. The standards he set for himself were high, and he lived up to them. Once when remonstrated with and told that he would do well even if he did not study so hard his reply was, "You know, Mother, I cannot be satisfied unless I do my best!"

Raymond's teachers trusted him. This was proven by the little letters that sometimes came to light among his school papers. He received such a letter in 1915 when he had been ill and absent from high school for several weeks.

The teacher who wrote it said she had marked his work "completed" in the subject she taught, and added, "as I know it will be." It was completed at home, as was the work in the other subjects he had missed at school.

Another note is remembered—one from his teacher in biology. This teacher, a man, expressed appreciation of the fine way in which Raymond was keeping his note-book. A little letter from his fourth-grade teacher appears in this volume.

At a social gathering Amelia attended in 1913, some of the teachers of the Polytechnic Elementary School were discussing the subject of who of the class about to graduate would do them the greatest credit at Pasadena High School, and they decided in favor of Raymond.

He was, withal, modest and unassuming, and when some one once taxed him with having the highest standing of his class, told frankly of another student, a girl, who he said was doing better in Latin than he.

In the autumn of 1918 one of the high school teachers said to a friend, who repeated it to Raymond's family, that his was "the finest mind they had ever had in the school."

For one so clear and logical the law appeared a suitable vocation, and he had been advised to study with that profession in view.

In all the activities of his different schools Raymond felt a lively interest. In the elementary schools he took some active part in athletics, and in his senior year of high school was on the debating team.

Like any regular boy he loved out-door sports. Base-ball, tennis, golf, hiking, swimming, etc.,—he enjoyed them all. When eight years old during a never-to-be-forgotten visit at the summer home of his Uncle Charlie and Aunt Nellie Welles at Lake Wesauking, Penna., he had fished and rowed and learned to swim. Swimming became afterwards second to none among his favorite sports.

As little boys William, Raymond and Ralph found in the quiet neighborhood of their home in Altadena much to interest them. If given a choice, they almost invariably preferred playing there to going elsewhere for amusement.

When they were a few years older they began making excursions to the nearby mountains, the Sierra Madres, among whose foothills Altadena is situated. At first these were day trips taken on Saturdays or other holiday time. Later there were carefully-planned camping trips, when they would go farther into the mountains and be gone two or three days. On these more important occasions one or more of their boy friends would be of the party.

Then there was "Snookie," their pet dog (Snookie never failed to recognize any hiking preparations, as joyously excited as the boys themselves!), who invariably accompanied them.

For the camping trips once or twice the boys had burros upon which they packed their equipment, but usually their supplies were carried upon their own shoulders.

For a trip they were to make during the Easter vacation of 1915 they rented two burros and brought them home the day before they were to start. During the night the animals broke loose and were heard galloping off. Next morning instead of getting the early start they had planned the boys had a lively chase to locate the deserters.

There were also bicycle trips. The longest one, William and Raymond made in 1913 to La Jolla, a distance of about one hundred and forty miles, stopping over night at San Juan Capistrano. That was before the roads were paved, in the days when they were oiled and the hot summer weather made them soft and sticky.

After all three of the boys had become expert automobile drivers there were frequent rides to the beaches and other places of interest. In 1916 Raymond and Ralph made a notable auto-camping trip with their father to Lake Tahoe, returning by way of Berkeley to visit Amelia, who was then at the University. Among his letters in this volume is one Raymond wrote to Thyrza from Stockton, coming down from Tahoe.

Raymond was by nature methodical. It enabled him to accomplish a given result with dispatch and a minimum of effort.

It was also early recognized that he was thoroughly responsible. He could therefore be depended upon to do with promptness and efficiency anything he undertook.

Moreover, whether it was a lesson to be prepared for school, or one of the homely duties required by his family, the work was done cheerfully.

The coal furnace was never run better than during the winter of 1914-1915 when he had full charge. Upon his father's suggestion that he should save the good coal that went through the grate, he might be seen on Saturday mornings out on the far side of the garden sifting the ashes.

An automobile in his hands received intelligent care. He kept it clean, and when there were repairs needed which he was able to make did the work himself.

He was interested in amateur photography, and learned to develop and print the pictures he took.

When "between seasons" work was slack on the Porterville ranch and Raymond came home for a few weeks, he took up the study of the French language. In this he had the advantage of lessons given him by his cousin Anna Welles Brown. He also studied under a teacher at Throop College, Pasadena. As was characteristic of him, he worked with enthusiasm, devoting five or six hours a day to the subject in hand.

During this time there was the drive for the Third Liberty Loan, and in its interest Raymond made the canvass of one of the districts in Altadena.

At Porterville, although he didn't like "sloshing around in the water" when he was irrigating nor the sixteen-hour day seven days a week observed during the latter part of his stay on the ranch, he enjoyed most of the work. To use his own words, he liked "nothing better than pitching hay all day long." A brother of the ranch-owner, a lawyer of Los Angeles, who himself had financial interest in the ranch and was there from time to time, said to Raymond's father, "Not one boy in a thousand brought up as he has been would do as he is doing!"

Late in the spring when help was scarce because of the war and Raymond was the only one employed, he had a room in the house of the owner and ate with the family; but most of the time he not only worked faithfully and efficiently but ate with the other farm hands and shared their bunk-house. Sundays he washed his clothing and swept the floor in the bunk-house.

Throughout this experience Raymond was the same boy who as a little fellow inquired on the way over to Catalina Island whether we were to have "a room with bath," and when he was older would sometimes say in a playful way, yet with inborn-appreciation of the good things of life, "Now we ought not to economize on stationery," or if the subject was neckties, "We shouldn't economize on neckties!"

Raymond early began showing a sweet consideration for others that grew with the years.

Naturally his life was rich in friendships.

After a separation of several years his chum of the sixth and seventh grades still considered Raymond his best friend. Later several boys each claimed him simultaneously as his best friend. The one who without doubt was nearest him from the time they became acquainted in the eighth grade until the end of Raymond's life, after being with him used to say, "There's nobody like Tub!"

In his family Raymond was loving and dutiful.

His companionship became more and more a delight; and his judgment, mature beyond his years, had begun to be sought and relied upon. In times of perplexity there are those who still ask themselves, "What would Raymond say?"

One of the finest of comradeships existed between Raymond and his brother William. Very near in age, they were closely associated, and each trusted and admired the other.

"There's no doubt of it," said Raymond to their mother just after William left home for war service, "of us four children Bill is the superior mentally and physically!"

Of the passing of his old playmate and brother well-beloved, William wrote from France, "The 'Tub' part of my heart will always be an open cut. We were more to each other than you realized. I had just been thinking that we had not been together for some time, and wondering if we could not work together in life. Though we fought and criticised each other, at bottom was always respect and love. I shall never forget the talks and walks before I left."

And again, "Oh, but it is not right that the *best* of us should have been taken. Tub was always more than a human being to me. If he thought anything right, it was right, and vice-versa."

And, "He was the *bravest*, morally and physically of anyone I have even known. (I am not just drooling, either.)"

What higher tribute could be given? *morally and physically the bravest!*

More than one of Raymond's friends have referred to his "loyalty" and "his wonderful disposition." He was essentially fair and generous in his judgments, and he was notably loyal to his family and friends, his church and pastor, his school and teachers, loyal to the promptings of a sensitive conscience, loyal to his country.

Among his teachers he of course had favorites, but it was evident that he regarded them *all* his friends! To his schools he was devotedly attached. When, not long before he enlisted, he heard that his nephew Crampton Barton was to spend the next winter in Pasadena, he strongly advocated Crampton's going to the Polytechnic Elementary School. Crampton came the month after Raymond died, and he attended P. E. S.

Cheerfulness, as has already been indicated, was one of the salient points of what Raymond's friends have been pleased to call "his wonderful disposition." It was an outstanding trait of his character.

In the spring of 1915 when he had an illness, the gravity of which he fully realized, and was conforming to the rules laid down for him, he was unperturbed in spirit. "With his excellent surroundings and *frame of mind*," so wrote his physician, "his recovery is very probable." He *did* recover promptly and completely.

After he had the happiness of becoming engaged to be married, Raymond had only two weeks at home before reporting for war-duty at Point Loma. How hard it was for him to go just then could only be imagined, for, although three or four different times he expressed the thought that he might never return, no word of regret nor complaint escaped him.

In selecting an engagement ring he wanted to get one that was really good, "For," he said, "it may be all that Winifred will have of me." Then on the eve of his departure for Hampton Roads, speaking very quietly and earn-

estly, he made a request in regard to a provision for her in case he did not return.

One other time when he mentioned this possibility, he was speaking of the gold watch that had come to him from his grandfather. "If I do not come back," he said, "I want Tom (his cousin Arthur Thomas Welles, Jr.) to have Grandpa's watch."

Raymond's work at Hampton Roads, that of signalling, was a subject entirely new to him, and (it may have been because he had not a naturally musical ear) he found the course difficult.

As always, however, he did his best, and we have his captain's word that he made a good record. He wrote home frequently; and, to the last, cheerful letters.

After months of searching and following every clue that might lead to the discovery of some one who had been with him during his last illness, the nurse who was in his hospital-ward at that time was located.

After the many months that had passed since her experience in the terrible epidemic, all she was able to remember of Raymond was "that he took his nourishment and expressed gratitude for every little thing that was done for him."

Raymond's cheerfulness was not merely the mark of a pleasant disposition. It was the cheerfulness that survives in adversity and is the visible proof of an *abiding courage*.

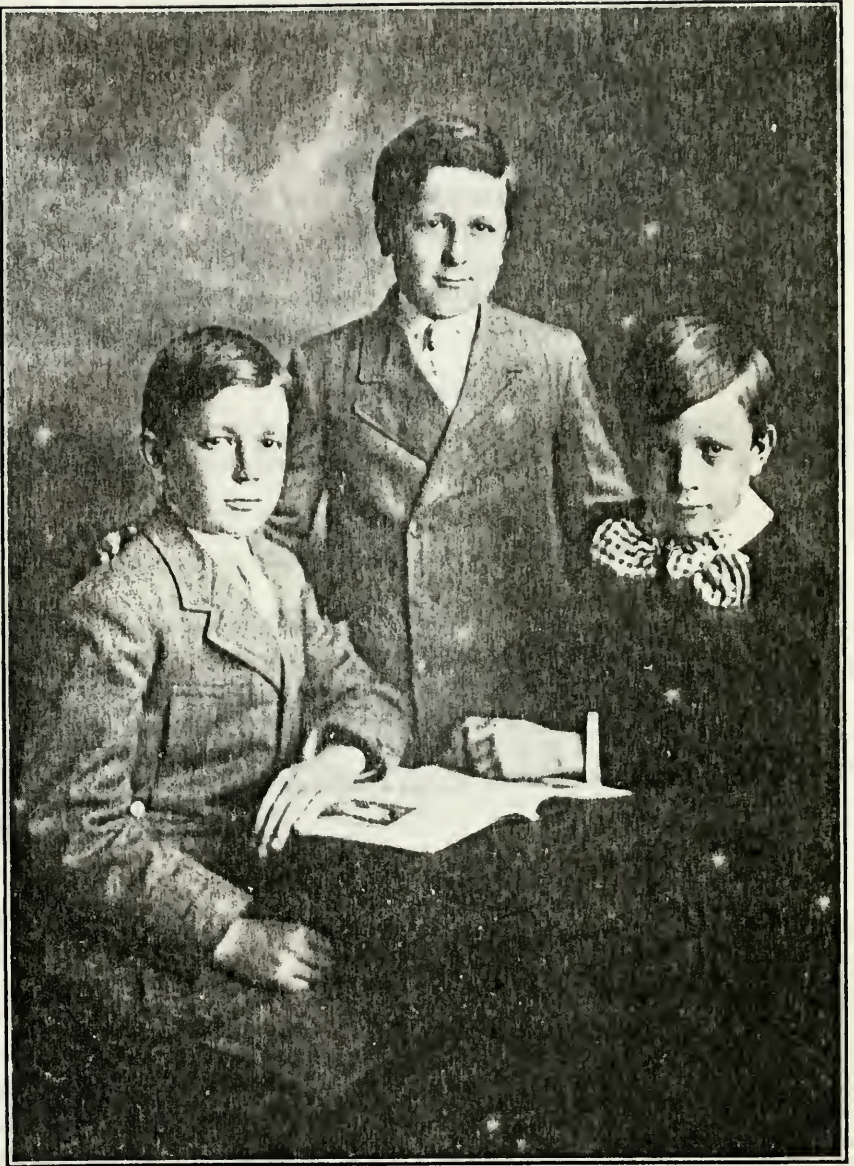
Shall we not then be confident that his brave spirit endured the final, the supreme test, and that with faith unshaken in his Pilot, he embarked upon the Great Adventure serene and unafraid?

RAYMOND'S LETTERS

The following letters seem to belong quite naturally to four separate groups; early letters; those written at Porterville; those concerning enlistment, which while written at Porterville seem apart from the others; and those Raymond wrote when he was in the Naval Reserve.

Of the early letters there are only a few, while of the second and fourth groups there are so many that selection has been difficult.

In certain instances omissions, which are indicated, have been made, but nothing has been changed. Not only the composition but the spelling, paragraphing, punctuation, and capitals are Raymond's.



WILLIAM, RAYMOND, AND RALPH
Pasadena, May 1910

EARLY LETTERS

Feb. 19, 1909
Chicago Ill.

Dear Mama;

Ralph dose not know really what he wants for his birthday but thinks that he would like some more things for his Humpty Dumpty Circus. Ralph sleeps in Papa's room. William and I have the frount room, it is all fixed up. We got your letter all right. We didn't catch cold the night you left. We didn't do much on Valentine's day.

Helen Stone is here. My opal pin is dandy. I hope Amelia is all right. It is almost time for bed so I must close now.

Your loving Kid
Raymond

Dear Amelia,

We were all very glad to get the Valentines you sent us. Ralph thought his goat was fine.

I have been sick for three days. I got up yesterday.

Last Monday, (I mean a week ago), we had about nine inches of snow. It was the first deep snow we have had that stayed on the ground any time. It began to melt Sunday and to-day it is nearly all gone except the water which is all over the yard and the street.

This is supposed to be a Valentine letter but I guess it will not reach you for a long while. I guess I will stop now.

Yours for a while
Raymond

Feb. 14, 1910

Feb. 11, 1912

Dear Mama:—

Jimmie Black is over diptheria now, and Black can go to school now. Last Sunday he was sent home from Sunday school because they hadn't got a notice from the Health Dep. I bet he was glad.

Yesterday Bill, Dick, and I went skateing on the lagoon. The ice was pretty good. We don't have school to-morrow because it is Lincoln's birthday, and we are going skateing again.

To-day it is warmer than it has been for a long while.

I hope you will get well soon and come home.

Your son,

Raymond (Tub) Barton

Mar. 17, 1912

Dear Mama,

Dick and I passed our exam. for the Boy Scouts. We had to tie four knots, repeat the Scout law, tell about the American flag, and take the Scout oath.

I wish we had our Mullins steel here because it's melting like the dickens. The streets are like lakes and so are the side-walks. I bet we'll have snow all summer.

Our church has called Rev. I don't know his initials Allison. is this spelt right? He will preach next Sunday. I guess he will stay. He has seven (7) kids.

Your son

Tub

THURSDAY JULY 3, 1913

PAGE 1

The Weekly News

William and Raymond Barton the great bicycle riders of the west have started for La Jolla, to make a record run. They are going to spend a night at San Juan Capistrano and they will reach La Jolla Wednesday morning.

Miss T.M. Barton of Altadena has left for La Jolla to meet her brothers after their long ride and hardships.

(Ralph's composition written on the typewriter with no assistance except spelling of "La Jolla" and "San Juan Capistrano." E. W. B. July 3, 1913)

July 9th. 1913.

Dear Bill:—

As you probably know the plan is for you to come here after Mama gets to La Jolla and go back in the Ford.

The great moment has come at last. MAMA IS GOING TO SIGN THE CONTRACT TOMORROW!!!!!! The house is going to have asbestos shingles and I guess it will be finished in a year or two.

I will close now as I have nothing more to say.

Tub

Sept. 11, 1916.

Dear Thyrza:

The mighty Buick has at last conquered the tortuous grades and bottomless sands of El Camino Sierra, paused for a breath of the invigorating air of Lake Tahoe and now rests peacefully after its arduous struggles in the Hotel Clark garage. Plastered with mountain mud and desert dust it stands a mechanical memorial to the class of work put out by the Buick Company in the year 1915, A. D.

Honestly I have never been over such hard roads in my life. On one terribly sandy 20% grade a spark-plug wire jiggled off and Ralph had to put on the brakes because the machine would not pull over on three cylinders. After fixing the wire, I took the wheel and threw her into low gear. It took every bit of power the engine had to get started because the wheels spun in the sand; but once going, the bus went up like a bird (low gear all the way of course).

We had another interesting time on a very long, rocky grade above Bishop. We foolishly started up without filling the two canteens and the water-bag. I don't think we could have reached the summit if a party in a Paige six coming down had not given us three gallons of aqua pura.

Probably you know that we camped out along the way. I'll admit that it was pretty cold and that the grub was not very good, but nevertheless all three of us enjoyed the experience. We stayed a day and two nights at the Glenbrook Inn on the Nevada side. We spent the day fishing and had a good row but that was all. Yesterday (Sunday) we made the trip from Glenbrook to Stockton via Placerville and Sacramento. This is a 170 or 180 mile run, half of which is down a winding mountain road. After doing the 500 mile trip from Altadena to Tahoe in five days, this seemed pretty fast.

I must close now as it is time to start for gay old Frisco Town (about 80 miles from Stockton).

With love,

RAYMOND.

P. S.—If Pasadena plays Pomona this year I am going to take *somebody* to the game; otherwise to the Long Beach game.

The foregoing letter was addressed to Thyrza at 4933 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Santa Maria, Cal., Sept. 14, 1916.

Dear Bill,

Well, here we are at your favorite California town, next to San Louis Obispo, which we have just come through. Our trip up El Camino Sierra to

Lake Tahoe was certainly great, although we got into some fierce sand. The route took us into Nevada and through Carson City, the capital. The town is about in a class with Compton, not even a decent hotel.

At the Glenbrook Inn on Lake Tahoe we stayed a day to recover from the effects of Papa's terrible camp cookery which, nevertheless, tasted good after a hard day's run.

Ralph and I saw Chuck Peteler at Berkeley. He told us that he nearly got killed in the Sophomore-Freshman Tie-up. Amelia seems to be enjoying herself and claims not to be working much at her studies.

I must close now as Ralph is begging me to go with him to see the street dancing which has just begun. Too bad you can't be with us.

Tub

AT PORTERVILLE

Nov. 18, 1917

Dear Mother,

Mr. Ball and I arrived here safely yesterday morning. The people here seem very nice and I feel that this is a very good opportunity for me.

Of course, as I expected, everything seems rather rough, but that is just what I need and I shall soon get used to it.

The ranch is eight or nine miles west of Porterville. As there is but one collection of mail daily, my letters may take considerable time in reaching Altadena. I did not write yesterday because I did not get the time.

On the next page I give a list of things I would like you to send me by parcels post. It may be necessary to do them up in more than one package.

If you are unable to find that mattress or think it too bulky to ship, an empty ticking, cot size, which could be filled with straw here, would be just as good. On second thought, I guess it would be better, since it would take up so little space if I could not use it. I think that you can buy such a ticking, all sewed and ready for me to fill either in Pasadena or Los Angeles. If you cannot get the ticking, another old comforter would take its place. If you could ship some of the things in some such bag as Uncle Arthur's dunnage bag, I could make use of it; but it is not important.

Of the things I have asked for, the bedding is the most necessary and I would like it as soon as convenient. I need the bedding because there are so many people here that I would have to furnish some of my own anyway, and I might as well furnish all of it.

I was initiated into farm life yesterday afternoon when I helped thresh some Egyptian wheat. I worked up some perspiration all right, but the work was not as hard as I expected.

The food here is good and there is plenty of it. I am feeling fine and hope that you and Amelia are well.

Lovingly,

Raymond

My address is:

Route 1, Box 39,
Care of Ivan J. Ball,
Porterville, Cal.

P. S. I would be much obliged if Ralph would subscribe for the Chronicle for me and have it mailed up here. I'll pay him back when I earn the coin. I also wish that he would mail me a copy of the Item when it comes out.

Dec. 9, 1917

R. W. B.

Dear Mother,

Thank you very much for the fine bag and the other things you sent. I hope that by this time you and Amelia are both well and have your beach trip in view. I just got a letter from Father saying that probably he would not have time to stop in Porterville, so that is O.K.

I enclose with this Thyrsa's letter and an enclosure from Bill. I was very glad to hear that Lester had received his commission. I feel that his request for equipment money ought to be fulfilled. This is his big chance and I think we all ought to co-operate. I am ready to lend him \$25. We should remember that being a 2nd Lieutenant entails some big expenses, and the pay is comparatively small. Unlike the enlisted men, the officers get very little furnished them in the way of equipment, and the cost of the latter is large.

I hope Ralph is all right. Tell him not to forget to look after the storage battery on the Dodge. (I bet that will make him sore.)

This last week I have been digging, sacking, hauling, and sorting potatoes. Great sport. Don't worry. A little exercise is just what I need.

Lovingly,

Tub

Dec. 16, 1917

Dear Mother,

Everything is going along nicely here and I hope things are likewise at Altadena. For the last few days I have been picking up the potatoes as they are uncovered by the new potato digger. It is a great exerciser for weak backs. The little Mexicans can beat me picking up the spuds but I can beat them tossing the 110 lbs. potato sacks upon the wagon. Handling sacks of barley, Egyptian corn, and potatoes is a great all-round muscle developer. It strengthens the back, legs, biceps, pectorals, wrists, and fingers. Don't worry about its being too hard work for me. I don't strain myself and it is getting easy. I feel much better than I have felt for the last couple of years, and I have developed an enormous appetite.

To-day I took my weekly bath and shave and swept out the room. I did no washing but will bring my dirty clothes home with me. I expect to arrive in Los Angeles either next Sunday or Monday at 7:30 o'clock. It is unnecessary for anyone to come to meet me, and anyway the day of my arrival is not certain. I shall return to Porterville, leaving L. A. the night of Thursday the 27th.

Since my \$12 boots depleted my purse, I would like you to send me a Post-Office Money Order for \$10 as soon as convenient after you receive this letter, so that I may have a chance to get it cashed.

Well, I guess that is all the news for the present.

Lovingly,

Raymond

Dec. 30, 1917

Dear Mother,

Here I am "back on the farm." We arrived between 10 and 11 p. m. Thursday evening, and as we did not leave L. A. until 12 o'clock and stopped for meals at Saugus and Bakersfield, that is not bad time.

We brought up a cook with us, also Mr. Ball's Airdale (don't know how to spell it) pup. The cook seems to be a good one and I sure am glad.

That mattress got here Friday and it certainly is fine. With it my sleeping outfit is all that one could ask.

At present Joe is on his trip to Visalia, Tulare, Bakersfield and Los Angeles, so the "Portugee" and I are alone in the bunk house. Joe will be back next week.

Yesterday we had the buzz-saw going and tomorrow we start in real earnest on the wood the Mexicans have cut down.

Please be sure and have the Chronicle sent to me every week. It is important that I have it to keep posted on P.H.S. affairs.

I hope that you and the others are all well. I am feeling fine and have regained my rustic appetite.

With love,
Raymond

Jan. 6, 1918

Dear Mother,

I certainly was sorry to hear that you had such a lot of trouble with that operation. It surely is too bad, but I hope you are fully recovered by this time.

I was very glad to get the copies of William's and Lester's letters from Father and to hear about Hubert and Mary meeting both of them. It was a very lucky happening.

For two days last week while Joe was away, I was "swamper" or oiler on the Holt caterpillar tractor. I drove the outfit some, and while I didn't get very expert in making the big gang plow track correctly on the turns, I am sure I improved in the course of time. Although I would not care very much about swamping as a regular job, it was interesting work and I was glad to learn a little about another phase of modern ranching.

The rest of the time I have been helping with the sawing and hauling of the wood the Mexicans have been cutting. Everett Ball had to go to Porterville for one day so I was left in charge of the saw and directed the Mexicanos. It was my first experience at bossing any men and I rather enjoyed it.

I am enclosing a picture taken by Ralph. It was included in a roll of film that Oscar had developed for me. Tell Ralph that it is a pretty good picture for a beginner.

I hope that you and Amelia are both well; likewise Father and Ralph.

Lovingly,
Raymond

Postscriptum: My wages have been fixed at \$40 per month beginning with the time I got here in November. That seems quite liberal and I am perfectly satisfied.

Went to town last night and spent some of my earnings on a warm cap with ear-laps, a pair of overalls, and some work gloves—my first experience at spending money I have actually earned.

Thanks for the interesting clipping about Carlos Alviar.

The post box number has been changed to No. 125, but Rt. 1, c/o I. J. Ball is sufficient.

Jan. 13, 1918

Dear Father,

Thank you very much for the interesting copies of William's and Lester's letters that you have sent me. I am always glad to get such. I read those two editorials and while I think the one on "Congressional Curiosity" very apt and well-written, I don't agree with the one on "War and the Weed." While it is harmful to give convalescents too many cigarettes, if the man in the trenches can derive a little pleasure and relief from indulging in tobacco, he ought to have it.

Hard luck you got stung by Judge Robert W. However, it's all in the game.

While Mr. Everett Ball is in L. A. I am looking after the wood business. Lately we have been hauling the wood over near the house and having it corded up there. Already there are 89 cords ranked up in the yard.

Yesterday afternoon I drove a team with a harrow, helping to drag the ground after the wheat seeder. I liked the work although the old mares went very slowly over the soft earth. I would really like to gain a little skill handling a team. My first attempt, which was hauling wood across the river, was a glorious fiasco as I got stuck several times and ended by breaking the wagon reach, thereby leaving the rear wheels and axle behind.

We had a little rain last night and would like some more.

With love,

Raymond

P. S. The new box and route numbers are Route No. 2, Box 125.

January 13, 1918

Dear Mrs. Wallace:

The moment I saw the little package that yesterday's mail brought me I was pretty sure what it contained and from whom it was. The little testament with its pretty binding and convenient size is just what I have wanted. When I was home for Christmas I exchanged my Bible for a testament I have had for some years, but as the latter is just about as large as any Bible I did

not gain much with regard to its size or compactness. This little one fills the bill exactly; Winifred could not possibly have selected one I would have liked better.

I am glad to be able to say that I have read from the gospel of John regularly since I got back; to-night's chapter will be the seventeenth. I was interested to note what Joe, the Franco-Italian, said when he first saw me reading.

"What you got there, a Bible, Ray?" he asked in a curious but friendly tone. That was all, and he has never made any disparaging remark yet, so you see I have very little to contend with in regard to the attitude of those around me.

I am indeed glad to be getting for once and for all the story of Christ's life. While I attended Sunday school up until the last year, when the class I was in began to break up, somehow I have never been able to get Christ's life in its proper sequence. I have decided that one must read straight along to get the proper connections and lessons.

Of course, there are lots of things that I cannot understand, but more and more am I coming to satisfy myself with the answer to the question, "Can a man by searching find out God?" Dr. Shawhan used that as a text for one of his sermons at our Westminster Church. He pointed out that all the thought and study of all the world's philosophers and scientists had never brought forth any conclusive proofs one way or the other about God or His existence. He mentioned a questionnaire that had been sent out to the leading American scientists asking them whether or not they believed in a God and what they based their beliefs upon. 41.8% asserted their belief in such a being and 41.5% denied his existence; the remaining answers were evasive. The striking part of the results, however, was that the great majority of those answering yes or no did not base their views upon science. Their belief or disbelief was just based upon their opinions as men, not as scientists. In other words, what one needs to find God is first of all faith and trust.

Thanking you and Winifred for the testament and the kind thought it bears, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Raymond Barton

January 27, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Wallace:

Thank you very much indeed for your kind and helpful letter and the two volumes of "The Fundamentals." I have no doubt but that they will do me good.

I have just finished reading "The Diety of Christ" by Prof. Warfield and found it very fine. The only thing about it that puzzles me is what he calls the "Great Proof." He says that it is an impossibility that the great movement of Christianity, which still persists after two thousand years, "could have originated in a merely human impulse."

Judging other religions from the same viewpoint, ought we not then to acknowledge the divinity of Budda, Confucius, and Mahommed, whose teachings have dominated much of the world for equally long periods? Did not Mahommedanism spread over portions of the East with a rapidity equal to that of Christianity in the West? It seems to me that this proof is not as compelling as Prof. Warfield seems to believe, but very likely I have gotten the wrong idea from it.

I have finished John and instead of continuing the Acts, I have started reading the gospel of Luke, as I want to thoroughly get the story of Christ's life. Luke amplifies John's story by introducing more of the historical details, and for that reason I am glad to read it after the former.

I hope that you and the rest of the family are all well and that the girls are enjoying school. I often wish that I were back at P. H. S. once more.

Sincerely yours,

Raymond

Southern Pac. Depot

Los Angeles, Cal.

April 14, 1918

Dear Bill,

Well, here I am at the station waiting for the 11:30 p. m. train to leave for Porterville. It's back to the farm after a long and joyous rest.

We all were sure glad to hear of your safe arrival "over there," and yesterday we got a note from Thyrza saying that you had been ordered to Paris to be chauffeur for a Major Austin. Great stuff!

We were all mighty happy to get the good news, especially Mother.

That experience on the transport must have been rather "interesting" to say the least, I thought, to make good material for an English Comp.

Hard luck that the French girls aren't better looking; but if that is what you were looking for, why did you leave Southern Cal.?

That advice you gave me in your letter was pretty good stuff, in parts at least. The whole family raised such a howl about my enlisting that I have decided to put it off for a year.

Next year is going to show a lot of things.

Halibut and I are planning to go to Stanford next year, if he can get in.
Here's hoping.

They roped me in for a speech at the debating assembly the day of the debate, and I sure felt like a fish.

Well show Maj. Austin some real So. Calif. speed.

With love,

Tub

In Frazier Valley,
Near Strathmore and
about 15 miles from
the Ball ranch.

April 18, 1918

7:25 P. M. new time

Dear Mother,

This letter may be regarded as a literary curiosity inasmuch as it is being composed and written on my knee in the open air behind a much-traveled cook shanty. To explain—

Yesterday morning Mr. Ball sent me over here to Frazier Valley where the Holt Caterpillar is doing some plowing for summer fallowing on shares. The land being worked, over 720 acres, is infested with ground squirrels, which must be exterminated to comply with the law. Hence my job is cook and bell-hop to the hereinbefore mentioned pests. That is, I have to "feed" them strychnine-treated barley. It is not as easy as it seems as it involves a tremendous amount of walking carrying a pretty heavy bucket of the barley. However, it is really about the best sort of exercise one could have, so I don't mind it. I am afraid, though, that it is about a hopeless job unless gas is resorted to.

This morning, one of the two disc plows which the caterpillar draws broke down and Mr. Cole, the engineer, had to take a shaft to Porterville to be brazed. He had me quit the poisoning and drive the tractor and the other disc plow. For six hours I was my own boss and drove the "cat" all by my lonesome. It is much easier than using the bottom plow (gang plow) and I had a lot of fun and incidentally got a good deal of valuable experience.

Continue to address my mail to the Ball Ranch (Route 2, Box 125, Porterville). I think it will be brought out here once in a while. Have very little time to write so don't worry if you don't hear from me for a week or so. Am feeling fine.

With love,

Raymond

May 12, 1918

Dear Folks,

I am too lazy to write much. . . . We had a little rain last week, which knocked over some of Charlie Peak's barley, but did a little more good than harm, I guess. We have had cool weather, fine for grain, but it is warming up again now.

I have learned to milk a little. No, I was not drafted, but volunteered out of curiosity. I don't hand it very much as a job.

I took a real bath in a bath-tub this afternoon. Oh, boy, it was fine. It cost me just 60c for a whole month's washing. I had it done roughdry, which is by the pound. I think it is easier on the clothes than having them finished, and it costs about 1-3 as much.

I guess I'll get a chance to pitch a little more hay next week. It is not hard work if you know a few tricks about it. The old man (Mr. Hutchinson) showed me how to lift a heavy load by putting the end of the fork handle under one knee.

Please ship along all the Chronicles that are handy,

With love,

Tub

Dear Father,

Including time for meals I was on the irrigating job for about sixteen hours yesterday (Sunday) so there was little time to write.

One has to be on the job from 5:30 A.M. or earlier until 8 or 8:30 P. M. as a rule. The work is disagreeable in the extreme or at least it is to me. It consists of sloshing around ankle-deep in the mud and keeping up an eternal war with the water, which always tries to go where it shouldn't. Of all the jobs I have struck yet it is the only one which I really detest. And worst of all, it means that one has to work just about as hard on Sunday as any other day. I don't mind, and in fact I rather enjoy, looking after the stock and doing the other necessary Sunday chores. However, I draw the line at slaving out in the fields like a nigger on that day. The way I look at it, it is impossible for me from religious, psychological, physical, and hygenic (I must bathe once in a while) reasons. A fellow will become an animal, thinking only of eating, working, and sleeping, if there is no definite and semi-pleasant break in his weekly routine.

I made up my mind to tell Mr. Ball about it, but he brought up the subject first by saying that he would raise my wages since I was irrigating. I re-

plied that while I disliked irrigating, I would be willing to keep it up if I could have Sundays off. He said that it was necessary to irrigate on Sunday, but that perhaps it could be arranged so that I should not have to do much then. I told him, since irrigating was about the only thing for me to do, not to hesitate to let me go and get a man who wouldn't mind Sunday work, if he thought best.

As yet, I don't know how things will turn out. If the Sunday work can be more or less eliminated, I'll stick; otherwise you may get a sight of me before long. Mr. Ball has been very nice to me and I should hate to leave, but nix on the Sabbath toil. By the way, what would be the chances for me in N. Dakota or South Amherst for this summer? Another opportunity for me might be to get into the Boys Working Reserve.

And now about Stanford. My application should be sent in immediately, and you or Mother will have to do it, since it is impossible for me to do so up here. Your method of procedure should be as follows: If the high school has the Stanford application blanks, have one filled out by Mr. Clifton with my credits and then mail it up to Stanford. If the school doesn't have them, you will have to send to the university for one. It would be highly advisable to get a catalog (a new one) and then you would be able to know just what was necessary, about fees and the other entrance routine. Get Mr. Whittemore's help if you are not clear about everything. Also, you might make inquiries about dormitory accommodations. For financial reasons Halbert is a little uncertain about going, but I don't think haste is necessary about the dormitory reservations in view of the present war.

All this stuff about college should be done right off, and I hope it won't be very much work for you folks.

Shall keep you advised about situation up here.

Love to all,

Raymond

May 27, 1918

CONCERNING ENLISTMENT

Dear Mother:—

I am awfully sorry that I failed to write you a birthday letter. I fully intended to do so, but what with the irrigating, and other tasks, things were going so rapidly at the time that it slipped my mind completely. Anyway, I'll say, "Many happy returns" now, for it's better to be late than never.

I expect that this will be forwarded to you at La Jolla. I am so glad that Amelia can get away for a little change, and it is nice that you can be with her for a little time at least. Give her my love and tell her I am going to write when I get a chance. But being on duty with the water until eight-thirty, or later, in the evening doesn't give much time to take one's "pen in hand" &c.

Very likely Father has forwarded to you the letter I wrote on Monday. I'll not repeat its contents here, merely saying that it dealt with the probability of my having to work with the water on Sunday as on week days, and my discontent at that outlook.

And, now, dear Mother, you ask me what I wish for a birthday gift. There is really only one thing that I desire, and that I long for with my whole heart and soul. Briefly, it is just your permission for me to enlist this summer. Don't be startled or heart-broken at this sudden request. Instead, try to be brave and let me explain the situation as I have grown to see it.

In 1914 when the war had just begun and every one in this country was singing "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," the whole colossal conflict seemed so remote and distant, that my interest in it was similar to that of a person watching two stray dogs fighting in the dust. Intellectually, I was conscious that the violation of Belgium was a crime that should be avenged, but nevertheless I tried to look at the great struggle in a calm, judicial light. I even (I blush to recall it) tried to be "fair" to Germany by attempting to pick up here and there bits of justification for her less atrocious acts. But all in vain. I began to realize that without question the cause of the Allies was the only righteous cause; that their success meant the triumph of good over evil, of the kingdom of light over the realms of darkness; that their failure meant the victory of powers terrible enough to truly make a "hell of heaven." Then came the sinking of the Lusitania and the dastardly trail of kindred acts.

From that time the war was indeed America's war.

At last the stars and stripes were flung to the breeze in line with the Union Jack and the tricolor. "Alea jacta est." America had pledged herself to

the uttermost. The primary burden now rested with her sons. Would they respond to the clear and unmistakable call?

I, for one, was not carried away on any wave of patriotism. I am ashamed to say that for the first weeks I was *afraid* that I might be among those summoned to fight. Then, as sudden as a thunder-clap, came the enlistment of Bill, the brother who had been so close to me in my boyhood and youth. If he saw his path of duty leading somewhere in France, should not my own have the same objective? Had I anything more to sacrifice than he? Could I look for a lesser burden than he had so gallantly shouldered? Had I any more to give?

Though, with the exception of an occasional outburst, I may seem to have more or less concealed my longing, nevertheless, since my recovery from my operation, I have never been satisfied with my position. My desire to enlist has constantly increased. It has not been any flare-up of emotionalism; it has been the growth of long months, steady and unceasing.

At last, during the past weeks while I have been working out in the fields alone with the opportunity for careful thought, it has come to a head. Mother, believe me when I say that I can never be happy or at ease until I have at least offered myself to my country. If I do not, the self-reproach and humiliation gnawing at my heart will be more than I can stand.

Oh, Mother, please give me your consent, hard as it may seem, for I feel that I *must* try to enlist and it would be hard, oh, so hard to do so without your leave.

And now as to my health.—It will never be better than at present. You told me I might enlist when I was twenty, but is it not logical to say that I am better off physically after this farm work, than I shall be after a year of college studying?

If you will give me your consent, I promise that when I am being examined and am asked about any serious sickness I shall give the full history of that touch of lung trouble in 1915, and let the surgeons judge. Thousands in far poorer health than I are being called; should I not at least give Uncle Sam the chance to decide whether he wants me or not?

And, Mother, in spite of what you have heard from that army officer's wife, America does want those under the draft to enlist, else why would the age when one may enlist without the parents' consent, have been put at eighteen years?

And now this "Work or Fight" law affects those from nineteen up. I don't know whether it exempts students or not, and I don't care. To-day and yesterday especially, I have been considering college, and I don't see how I could go when I feel as I do about enlisting. Mother, I must try to get into the army or navy. Bill has gone; my friends are going. How can I stay be-

hind? Nobody has been trying to talk me into volunteering; what I have written is all my own spontaneous feelings.

Dear Mother, I simply can't go on without offering myself. Oh, please say yes, and make my mind feel at rest once more.

Your loving son,

Raymond.

May 29, 1918.

P. S. I know that you can have no fear of "army temptations" for me. Bill wrote me that any fellow, if he made up his mind to it, could successfully resist whatever of them lay in his path. And how could I do otherwise when I think of my family, my love for you, and my love for the dearest little girl in the world?

(Written at Porterville, May 29, 1918.)

June 2, 1918.

Dear Father,

For many weeks, now, my mind has been filled with one constantly increasing idea. It has reached the point where it completely and inevitably dominates my thoughts and feelings. To put it briefly, I must enlist.

The letter for Mother, which reached Altadena Saturday and was to be forwarded to her at La Jolla, contained my most eloquent appeal for her permission to do what I more profoundly desire to do than anything else so far in life,—to try to enter my country's service. Father, I was sorely tempted to go to Los Angeles and attempt enlistment without saying anything beforehand to you or Mother. Perhaps that would have been the easier way, but I felt that my duty as a son required that I first inform my parents of my intentions and beg their consent, for it will be terribly hard to have to do it in the face of their continued opposition.

In my letter to Mother I tried to trace the gradual development of my present high resolve, starting with Bill's enlistment. Here, I shall only say that finally America's call for volunteers has so completely penetrated my very existence that I can never know happiness or peace of mind unless I at least try to respond to the summons. During my recent stay at home, the pleasant association with my family and friends partially lulled my almost crystallized resolutions and I felt almost content to look forward to a year at college. But now all is changed and my conscience gives me no rest. My long hours of solitary labor have given me an opportunity to think, and ponder, and mentally wrestle with myself on the all-enveloping problem before me. I am truly thankful to have at last reached my decision. It would be wholly impossible for me to go to college until I have essayed to tread the path of my moral

duty, which I see pointing straight to somewhere in France. Now do I sympathize fully with the high moral obligations which led Bill to enlist.

Father, I am not going into this blindly; I have had a year to think it over. I have considered everything,—health, family, and future; and I abide by my decision.

As for my health, Mother said that if I so desired, she would consent to my enlisting when I was twenty, but am I not in better condition now than I shall be after a year of college study? I am fully as rugged as Wylie and he was called to serve. This ranch work has shown me that I have the physical and mental stamina to live as men live, to work as men work, and, God helping me, to fight as men fight. Be proud instead of sad that I have proven these things to my own satisfaction. It remains for the army surgeons to judge whether I am physically qualified to serve. * * *

I know that all this will be a real and powerful shock to you and Mother, and I would do anything in my power to alleviate it. But duty calls me and I shall be in anguish until I answer.

Believe me when I say that no one, up here or at home, has been encouraging me to enlist. My decision is wholly and purely one of my own making. Father, comfort Mother and try to be proud of your son.

Your loving son,
Raymond

P. S. I am uncertain as to how long I shall remain here, but think I shall come home in a week or so.

June 6, 1918.

Dear Mother and Father:

The letters from both of you arrived to-day, and, needless to say, I am overjoyed by the sympathetic attitude you each take; I thank you indeed.

Mother, I indeed appreciate Bill's solicitude for what he considers my welfare. However, has it ever occurred to you, that the brother he left behind last summer, was lying flat on his back, white and weak; that that same brother is now doing the work of a common laborer, wielding a shovel from sun-rise, until eight or nine in the evening?

I have considered everything you mention with the greatest care, and the conclusion I have reached is not the result of hurried thought, but of long months of self-debate. Further ponderings are useless: My Country is the one in whose hands the decision is to rest now.

I am not exaggerating the situation, when I say, that for months both here and at home, I have *winc*ed every time I have passed a man in uniform, or have heard the national anthem played. You will see that this is intolerable.

Though Bill may have given "saving the family from disgrace" as a reason for enlisting, I credit him with far deeper motives than that. I feel that unless financial necessity intervenes, one has no right to think that having one, or two, or more brothers in the service, excuses himself from going. That would be as illogical as to say, "My brother is a church member, so I may stay at home and play poker on Sunday;" or "My brother is an honest man, so that exempts me from paying my debts."

I have told Mr. Ball that I should like to leave as soon as he is able to secure some one to take my place, and, I suppose, I shall arrive home some time next week.

I have been considering what branch of the service I should prefer, and have decided on the artillery as first choice, and the cavalry next, then the signal corps. I have also been very favorably impressed with the navy and marine corps. One thing I am certain about, however, and that is, that I do not want any clerical position in the Quartermasters, or Ordinance Departments.

Mother and Father, I am very, very proud of you, and my heart goes out to you. There is little more for me to say.

Your loving son,

Raymond.

From R. W. Barton,
Route 2, Box 125,
Porterville, Cal.

In Service
U. S. N. R. F.

July 4, 1918

Dear Amelia,

Well, I feel myself a fully qualified sailor now, able to yell "Raw and uncooked beef" at all the new arrivals. Yesterday we all had our final physical examination and it was a lot stiffer than the one in Los Angeles. The doctor listened to our lungs for a long time and then to our hearts just as carefully. The only thing he wrote down about me was "mitral valve slurred," whatever that means, but I passed all right. I was better on the eye test than in Los Angeles. The only test they didn't repeat was for hearing and color blindness.

After the examination we got slips saying we should get our outfits. Yesterday we were given only part of it. We got our bedding, toilet articles (including about 5 lbs. of salt water soap) underwear, white duck suits, and caps. We were furnished with two blankets which are plenty, as the nights are comparatively mild.

I haven't done anything to-day except to loaf around and play a little indoor base-ball. The food is good.

Have heard that after quarantine we may be sent to Mare Island or even the Great Lakes Naval Training Station in Chicago. So you had better not make any definite plans about coming down here until after I find out where I shall probably be.

With love,
Raymond

Address:

Raymond Barton, Harbor Patrol,
Section Naval Base,
San Diego, Cal.

U. S. Harbor Patrol, Section
Naval Base, San Diego, Cal.
July 7, 1918

Dear Mother,

Well, everything is going along finely, and I think I shall like this life very much. I have got my complete outfit and it is certainly complete. It includes a swell overcoat (contract price \$18) and a thin machine knitted jersey. I have two pretty thick wool blankets and I am plenty warm at night. I just bought a rubber stamp of my name and some indelible ink and have marked all of my white things according to regulations. I think I shall look quite

classy in my blue serge trousers and middy and my blue coat. I have been told that probably I shall get 48 hrs. leave on the first week-end after I get out of quarantine. Oh, boy.

I have had to buy quite a lot of stuff here, and my money has dwindled to a little over \$7 but I should worry.

Heard a pretty good talk by a Y.M.C.A. fellow this morning. It was followed by mass by a Catholic chaplain but I didn't stay for that.

I got my first "shot" in the arm yesterday and it is still pretty sore, but I should worry. We had inspection yesterday A.M. and we had to dress up in clean whites with our black silk handkerchiefs. We looked pretty nifty, I am sure.

There sure is a good bunch here, at least compared with the ruffos in the army. The Salvation Army bird is post-man now and has moved to the mail tent. His place here has been taken by a nice guy from Merced.

I haven't started to smoke yet, but "moral" reasons will not deter me if I decide that the advantages outweigh the disadvantages.*

With much love,

Raymond

*Evidently he decided in the negative, as he seems not to have "started."

U. S. Harbor Patrol,
Section Naval Base,
San Diego, Cal.,
July 14, 1918

Dear Mrs. Wallace:

I have begun to receive my mail at last. For about ten days all of it was sent to another part of the station to a fellow named Ralph Barton, but I think I'll get all of it now.

I was certainly glad to get your letter. It was handed to me a few days ago with nine others that had all been missent. No, I threw away my Fourth of July cigarette. I really don't think I'll ever begin using the "filthy weed" unless I should be dying of ennui on some long, monotonous cruise. While of course there is a good deal of smoking here in detention camp, every sailor does not have a cigarette in his mouth all the time as some reformers and alarmists would have one believe.

My tent mates are nice fellows, all things considered. One is a husky farmer boy from Merced and the other is an electrician with a wife and child in Colorado.

There is really quite a lot of religious activity here in camp. For instance, today at nine o'clock there was a service led by the Y. M. C. A. secretaries, at ten there was mass for the Catholics, at six this evening there is to be a Christian Endeavor meeting, and at eight a D.D., L.L.D. etc., from Colorado is to give a religious address of some kind. Then during the week the Y. M. C. A. has one or two good men to speak to us.

Of course we have various kinds of other programs, such as singing and good moving picture programs. Nevertheless, in detention camp we have a good deal of unoccupied time, and as the average recruit gets to feel too lazy to study much, things often get monotonous.

However, Bob Bruce has been here to see me several times so I am better off than lots of the boys.

I hope the little girl will have a happy summer and still keep me in her mind. I think of her constantly. I often say to myself that I don't see how I ever did it or what I ever did to deserve so wonderful a girl. Ever since I first knew her she has been an enormous help in my life and a continual source of inspiration. Not only that, but you and Mr. Wallace have helped me tremendously. I thank you both from the depths of my heart.

I trust that you and the rest of the family are all well. Please give my regards to Mr. Wallace.

Gratefully yours,
Raymond

Section Naval Base,
San Diego, Cal.,
July 18, 1918

Dear Amelia,

Was very glad to hear from you.

I sure hope Thyrza is safely married by this time so we can dispense with some of the secrecy. Some speed to Bill, the best man. But then I have it on him when it comes to the things that really count.

That's funny about the A. T. Welles family and my engagement. It really strikes me as funny. Do you know that the last evening I called there, they all spoke so wisely and knowingly about my next call* that I thought Mother had told them all about it, as I told her she might. Accordingly I just tried to look wise and noble and didn't admit or say anything. One on them.

Have decided to try to get into signal school as glasses bar men from gunnery. That will mean Virginia before very long, but that is better than swabbing decks forever.

I get out of "goof camp" Tuesday and I hope to get home Tues. or Wed. night, but may be delayed a few days.

If no more money has been sent me, I think five dollars ought to be shipped down right off in currency, and don't register or insure the letter as that will delay it.

With lots of love,
Raymond
seaman 2nd cl.
NOT 2nd cl. seaman

*A call at Sierra Madre that same evening.

Section Naval Base,
San Diego, Cal.,
July 20, 1918

Dear Folks,

Ralph came over to see me this p. m. with Bob and Henry. They came over in Bob's sloop. I was engaged in washing (undershirt and trunks were my garb) but I guess they didn't mind. I sure was glad to see Ralph, also Bob and Co. They are coming back again tomorrow.

I am so sleepy that I forget whether or not I said glasses barred me from gunnery and so I am going to try for signal school instead (not radio). Doubt whether I'll make it, but it's worth trying for anyway.

Shall get out of detention camp next Tuesday, but shall only get a 12 or 24 hr. liberty then. Shall go to Coronado and perhaps to La Jolla to see the Freys. Then if I am lucky enough to get into a division that is off guard next Saturday and Sunday, I'll get a 48 hr. liberty then and hit for home. If my division is on guard those days my 48 will be a week later. Will let you know my definite plans as soon as I learn them myself.

Got ten dollars pay yesterday.
Have got to study signals.

Love to all,
Raymond

Somewhere in Ind.,
Aug. 2, 1918

Dear Folks,

Hope you got my postals. I didn't write any letters because I thought it was against regulations, but I have decided to take a chance. I shouldn't have told all I did about our destination and route, so you had better not spread it more than necessary. Also don't allude to it in letters to me, as incoming mail may be censored, though I hope not.

Our trip has been successful so far. We had a standard Pullman last night and get another one tonight. At present we are observing Indiana scenery from a parlor car. Some speed!!

The fruit was fine and we all enjoyed it. Thanks very much. We all took shower baths at K. C. and then spent some of our coin at an amusement park.

Indiana and Illinois are the real thing. I never saw such wonderful green trees and such beautiful vegetation. And such picturesque old towns. Believe me, when I look out at the rich farms on either side, I have to laugh at the poor fellows who are pecking away at California alkali. This is real farming country.

I think mail will reach me if addressed to Naval Training Station, Hampton Roads, Va.

With lots of love to everyone,

Raymond

Norfolk, Va.,
Aug. 4, 1918

Dearest Mother,

We arrived in Norfolk last night and stayed in the city as we did not have our baggage. We are going out to the camp in a few minutes, hence the brevity of this scrawl. The address I sent from Cincinnati was not quite correct. It should be Raymond Barton, Naval Training Station, Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Va. That is at least the best I know of now. I shall communicate with you from the station as soon as I am able after getting there, but don't worry if you don't hear from me for a little while.

Our trip was successful with the exception of yesterday which was very hot and uncomfortable.

We are feeling well but are all rather tired.

I hope everybody at home is feeling fine.

Please forward Halbert's address as soon as possible.

With lots of love,

Raymond.

Signal School,
715th Co., Unit T.
Aug. 7, 1918

Dear Father and Mother,

I am sorry I haven't time to write more but I am awfully busy. A couple of weeks of special detail work preceeds the signal course. This week I have been using a pick and shovel. Believe me, I don't work very hard when I get a chance to loaf. It is pretty hot and I and all the others have been in a constant sweat for the last two days. The water spots on the paper are not tears but drops of perspiration which have trickled down my face.

Shall be glad to begin the signal work and hope, I can make some kind of a rating or at least get started towards one. However, don't expect very much as I haven't as much preparation as most of the others.

Warwick Tompkins is a very nice fellow. Glad to have met him.

With love,
Raymond

Signal School, N. O. B., Hampton Roads, Va.
Aug. 18, 1918.

Dear Mother:

I am sorry not to have written this last week, but mess duty involves rather long hours, and I simply have not had time to do much more than my work in the galley and washing clothes after hours. While I didn't have to labor so very hard, I always felt glad to get into my hammock at night. The best part of it all was the extra chow. We managed to get about what we wanted of everything from watermelon and pie to blackberry jam and apple butter. While I haven't weighed myself, I am sure that I have gained a few pounds. But it is all over now and we begin studying on signals tomorrow.

Some of us who don't know very much about signals are going to have quite a hard time as a great number of the fellows have been attending signal schools in other camps for several months and are already able to meet the requirements in the semaphore, wig-wag and "blinkers." I fully expect to be put back several classes in a few weeks, so don't be surprised if I am. It is quite a common occurrence, the worst feature being the fact that one put back has to go through an additional week of detail and one of mess-hall work.

Last night (*censored* W. T.) Warwick Tompkins and I went to the Y. M. C. A. and saw the "Ship" in moving pictures. It is a film I have wanted to see for over a year. The only drawback to this exhibition was that this particular film was rather old and worn.

Warwicks's company take their final examinations next Friday and then will probably go to sea within the following week. He has a good chance of qualifying as a signalman 1st class, although not very many of them are being sent out now.

I was glad to get the letter to Bill and me. I guess some of my mail has been missent, as this letter was the first I have received for three or four days. However it's all my fault for sending those three or four incorrect addresses. Here's hoping I get everything within a few days more.

That is fine about Halbert. I'll have to get a move on to keep up with him.

I hope you and Amelia are well and that the motorists are experiencing no difficulties on the road.

With lots of love,
Raymond.

715th, Co., Signal School,
N.O.B., Hampton Roads, Va.,
Aug. 25, 1918.

Dear Portia,

Well, at last I am writing you one of the many letters I owe you. I am awfully sorry I have not written sooner, but swinging a pick, washing dishes, and studying signals, as I have been doing the last three weeks, haven't given me very much of spare time. But anyway I humbly ask your forgiveness. It is granted, most gracious lady?

Perhaps you would like to hear what I do every day in Signal School.

At five in the morning one of the student buglers murders that already hideous tune, "I can't get 'em up", etc., and we all tumble out of our hammocks. In fifteen minutes we are supposed to be dressed and to have our hammocks and bedding properly airing outside of the barracks. At five thirty we line up for muster, when the roll is taken. After that, certain squads are detailed to scrub out the decks of the barracks and police the grounds, and all the rest go out to the "grinder" or parade-field for "monkey-drill." That is various kinds of exercises that keep one working pretty industriously.

At seven o'clock we have chow, and at eight we have quarters and inspection. Everyone must have on a clean white suit and hat, also clean leggings, and shined shoes. We are supposed to be shaved, too.

If anything is the matter with our uniform, we get an hour and a half of extra duty on the "dizzy squad" with pick and shovel.

From eight to eleven thirty in the morning, we have classes in semaphore signals, taking the Morse code on the buzzer, or by wig-wag, sending up messages by flag hoists, using the international code flags, and in reading parts of our Bluejackets' Manual. We are off from eleven thirty to one, during which time we have chow.

From one to four in the afternoon we have more classes. The rest of the afternoon is our own, but one generally has to scrub some clothes during part of the time. Evening chow is at six o'clock.

Then our last job is for about half an hour, beginning at eight, when we go out on the grinders and take messages from the "blinkers." That means the Morse Code is used in flashing dots and dashes, with little lights on the yard-arms of a mast, which is set in the ground.

At nine o'clock taps blow and we are supposed to be in our hammocks. It is still quite a ticklish job for me to get into mine, but as yet I haven't broken my neck.

It is fine that little Jane is with you at the beach so that you can play together. I would give a lot to take a swim or two in the dear old Pacific. The East is all right, but give me the West.

By the way, Portia, how could you have said all those things about Winifred and me? Are you sure they are true?

I'll be awfully glad to hear from you, whenever you can write.

With love,

Raymond.

U. S. Naval Training Station,
Naval Operating Base
Hampton Roads, Virginia.
Aug. 27th.

Dear Amelia,

Some speed to this stationary: 35c per bx. Class to the Navy out here in ole Virginny, eh what?

Our last week's averages were posted yesterday; 4.0 is perfect. One fellow got 3.8 and one as low as 1.2. My mark was not so bad, 3.2, but I won't keep it up. Already I have begun to fall below it.

To give myself some time for study and letter writing I am hiring my washing done. It costs a lot, \$2.00 per wk, but it will be worth it if I can graduate without being shot back several classes.

As it is necessary to have two or three suits of blues, I have decided to have a tailor-made suit of dress blues. It will cost \$30 or a little more, and the

pan cake hat will be \$2. So I shall appreciate it if Mother will let me have about \$35 as soon as convenient. Please send a *money-order* for the amount and do *not* have the letter registered as that is unnecessary and takes a lot longer. However, it would be a good idea to send it Special Delivery. It is a lot to ask, but believe me, I'll sure appreciate it, all right.

It has turned warm again, but it is not nearly as hot as that first spell. Am feeling well.

Hope you and Mother are fine and dandy. Thank Uncle Emory for the L. A. Herald.

Lots of love,
Raymond

Sept. 1, 1918.

Dear Mother,

Well, I hope you and Amelia had a fine time at La Jolla. It is too bad, though, that I couldn't have been at the Base while you were so close. But things might be lots worse than they are.

I went on liberty yesterday and got my watch which was having a new main-spring put into it. Another fellow and I went to a movie and saw in pictures a story that was running in the Sat. Evening Post a few months ago, "The Firefly of France." It was quite good.

I investigated tailor-made uniforms. You can get classy broadcloth ones that look like silk, yet are heavy and strong, for about \$30. I think I'll get one of that material as it has everything else backed off the map. How about having a picture taken? Would you like one in my whites and neckerchief and one in my tailor-made blues when I get them? The whites and black tie really look quite snappy.

My average last week was only 2.5, but all the others were low as a rule. I think that our company having the regimental guard last week was partly responsible.

Thank you for the picture and write up about Alan Phillips, also the clipping about the marriage of Vic Sturdevant and Lena Spake.

I wonder how Ralph and Father are. They were foolish to take the Buick instead of the Dodge as it is pretty old and has not had much care for the last two years.

Tomorrow is Labor Day and I think we get liberty in the afternoon. If so, I'll go to Norfolk and try to hunt up another good show and some good eats.

It's funny Bill didn't get the letter I wrote to him the fourteenth of April, but I suppose it will get there eventually. I am going to write to Pipp, but

I don't know whether to address it to Altadena or Wash. Is his address there the same as it was.
Please remember me to Mrs. Popenoe.

With lots of love,
Raymond

P. S. The bags are fine, just what I needed. Thank you very much for them.

U. S. Naval Training Station, Naval Operating Base,
Hampton Roads, Virginia.

Sept. 8, 1918.

Dearest Mother,

It rained last night and this morning, so for the first time the uniform of the day was blues instead of whites. It seemed good to get into them just for a change. In a few weeks we probably shall be wearing them regularly, which means just that much less washing to worry about.

I am waiting to receive that money before ordering a suit of tailor-mades, but if you think it too extravagant just let me know. The only thing is that it is pretty hard to get issued suits that really look nice.

That description from Lester about his flight in an aeroplane was fine. I am returning it in this letter. Please thank Uncle Emory for forwarding it and the letter to Father.

Yesterday I went to town, primarily to get my shoes halfsoled while I waited. Just as I was going to catch a car back to the Base after eating supper, I met a fellow from my squad and we decided to stay in town and see one of Keith's shows. As we had to wait until the second performance to get seats, it was pretty late when we got back and I feel pretty sleepy today.

Things are going so fast here that I am sure I must forget to answer lots of questions and so forth. Just keep hammering at me until I come through with the desired information. Then, too, I must repeat lots of things about what I do here.

I was very glad to get the letters and card from you and Amelia while you were in San Diego. It must have been a fine change for you both.

By the way, I suppose that Herbert Popenoe is back in Washington by this time. I ought to have written him long ago, but have simply failed to get around to it. Will his address there be the same as before, Apt. 311, Willard Court, 1916 17th St., N. W.?

Dear Mother, whatever you do, don't worry about me. Even if my letters are delayed or I don't write as often as I should, you may be sure that I

haven't forgotten "the folks at home." You surely are wonderful to have given so much and so bravely to this war, but it won't last forever and just think of the home-coming.

I forgot to ask about Father and Ralph. Are they home yet? The trip they took is one I have wanted to go on for a long time, and perhaps I'll do it when I get back to the "land by the sea."

With lots of love to you and Amelia,

Raymond.

Sept. 8, 1918.

Copy of Raymond's Letter to Aunt Nellie from
U. S. Naval Training Station, Naval Operating Base,
Hampton Roads, Va.

Dear Aunt Nellie,

Some days ago those splendid socks arrived. They are simply fine and more than welcome now that the weather is beginning to turn cooler and the rains are getting more frequent. When one is wearing rubber boots, good wool socks are just as necessary as they are in the winter. I certainly appreciate what a task it is to make them, for I have watched them being knitted, and (don't tell anyone) have actually tried my own hand for a few rows just to see what it was like. Thank you very much indeed.

The work here in signal school is very interesting and I am glad that I came. Even if I am unsuccessful in getting rated as a signalman, I shall have learned many things that will help me while I am in the Navy.

Our classes last every day for about seven hours. The subjects studied are signaling by the two-arm semaphore, wig-wag, blinkers or signaling by lights, and by flag-hoists, and seamanship from our Bluejackets' Manual.

Before the present war most of these methods of signaling had been almost displaced by the wireless; but now that submarines are able to locate ships from their radio messages, they have been used more than ever.

I wish very much that I was stationed where I would have a chance to see something of my relatives, but one can't expect to get everything just as he wishes it.

Life in the Navy I have, on the whole, found pleasant, and I am glad that I tried the Navy before the Army. Of course, being still a dry-land sailor, I have just started my Naval education and have a tremendous lot to learn. My chief ambition now is to get on board ship and be rated a signalman if possible.

I hope you and the other Towanda relatives are all well and that I shall have an opportunity to see you before so very long.

Thanking you again for the socks, I remain

Your affectionate nephew,

Raymond.

Sept. 10, 1918

Dear Father,

This is just to acknowledge the receipt of your money order. Thank you very much indeed.

I am awfully busy here, so you will understand the reason for my not writing oftener. The signal work is proving to be fully as hard as I had expected and I am having quite a bit of difficulty with it.

It was probably a good move to sell the Buick. It has given good service, but the dear old boat was getting rather decrepit. Then, too, with the small family at home and the Dodge and Ralph's motorcycle, there was no need for it.

I must close now, but shall write again as soon as I have time.

Your son,

Raymond

Sept. 15, 1918

Dearest Mother and Father,

Yesterday I went to town and ordered my tailor-made suit. I had it made of broad-cloth or cap cloth because that looks the best and a tailored suit is bought primarily for that reason (i. e. appearance). The material I selected was just about as heavy as my flannel suit and I am sure it will be heavy enough. The trouble with cheviot is that it has too rough a finish to look really snappy.

I am planning to have my picture taken as soon as the suit is finished and I can wear it. That will be in about a week. However, I now begin to have some sympathy for Bill in his troubles about having his photo made. It really is not very easy to get fixed up and find a good photographer etc.

No, Father, I haven't yet written to ——— about that \$47.50. I guess it is simply a question of being hard up, as far as he is concerned. Recently I saw a piece in a Colorado newspaper that said California had gone "bean crazy" this year and was much oversupplied. ——— must be pretty short of funds, or I am sure he would have paid me. Since I told him to send the

amount to you, don't you think it would be a good plan for you to drop him a line about it? Of course I don't want to "dun" him about it, but I think he should pay it up, doing so by installments if necessary.

I was glad to get that copy of Father's letter to Uncle Frank. All in all, that trip must have been a pretty expensive one, but it must have been worth what it cost in the way of interest and experience.

Mother, I don't believe I'll need another of those water proof bags, but I'll let you know if I do. Thank you. I have heard from Halbert, and he is at Camp Eustis, which is located about twenty miles the other side of Newport News. It certainly will be a crime if I don't get to see him, but I doubt if I can get leave to do so as a new order to the effect that we shall not go to any places except Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Ocean View has just been made. I am going to try, though.

In some ways I wish I were in the army. This signal work is *hard* for me and I am beginning to be discouraged of getting to be more than just an ordinary seaman. Then, too, the war will have to last a long, long time before I'll ever get into foreign waters. But don't think I am kicking; I am just sizing up the situation.

There is no denying that I am a trifle homesick, but that is natural and to be expected. I miss you all like everything, but I was expecting that when I came out here.

By the way, the Jews in the Navy got their special leave of a couple of days for Hoshanna and Rom Kippur (you see I am getting learned) just like the soldiers Amelia wrote about. I think it is a dirty graft and have about decided to embrace the Jewish faith.

Lots of love from
Raymond.

ARMY AND NAVY
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION *
"With the Colors"

Sept. 22, 1918.

Dearest Mother,

This seems to be the beginning of the cooler fall weather. We have had thunder showers at intervals of a few days and the air has become quite cool, almost cold. Yesterday and this morning the uniform of the day was regulation blue jerseys over our white jumpers. About an hour or so ago it was changed to undress blues. I am of the opinion that we shall wear blues for most of the time from now on. The pleasant thing about it is that it makes our

washing just about one fourth as much as when wearing whites. I shall have to draw about \$30 worth of small stores this week. They will include another pair of shoes, a couple of suits of heavy underwear, one or two blue undress jumpers, a pair of blue trousers, and various other articles. You see, in San Diego we received only a warm weather outfit which came to just about \$60, which was the limit of the clothing allowance when I enlisted. The clothes I draw now are all deducted from my account and consequently I guess I won't draw any pay for about six weeks. However, I think I have enough cash on hand to carry me through all right unless I should want to go to Washington, D. C. if I pass my examinations and get a 42 hr. leave. The men who enlisted since July 1st are given the fairer allowance of \$100.00 for clothing.

Talking about clothing, I guess it would be a good idea for you to send on the knitted things that you have ready for me. There is some chance that I shall pass (but not very much) and in that case I shall leave the station in four or five weeks. If I do stay here for another course or part of one, the weather will be such that I will need it some of the time anyway.

For the last two nights I have worn that sleeveless jersey I got at the A. & N. League. It certainly is fine. In your letter you said you had one jersey ready for me and wondered whether I wanted a third one. I really am not quite sure about it, but very likely I will. The jersey I have is nice and warm and, as I remember, the one you have knitted for me is a good heavy one too. If you have time to knit me a third one, I would like to have it made rather light weight and quite snug so I can wear it under my undershirt for liberty. For that purpose the collar should be made rather low so that none of the sweater would show over the edge of the undershirt, as that is against regulations for liberty. Perhaps the A. & N. League could give directions for making it. It seems to me that the way the collar originally was on the sweater Winifred knit would be about right. However, Mother, if it isn't perfectly convenient to make this jersey, don't do it, for a fellow is lucky to have two of them.

I am as punk as ever in the signal work. By some miracle I may get out as a 3rd class signalman, but it will certainly be a miracle in every sense of the word. It will be pretty poor for me, who graduated with a good record, at high school, to flunk work that farmer boys are getting away with.

I suppose that Ralph starts in school to-morrow, khaki clad and speeding around on his demon motorcycle. He ought to get some good military training, which will be beneficial whether he ever uses it or not.

Oh yes, I said good-bye to Warwick Tompkins Thursday night. He was leaving for the Outgoing Detention Camp and I am sure he is on the Arizona

by this time. His address is U. S. S. Arizona (Bridge) care Postmaster, New York City.

I am always glad to hear about Mrs. Dean and William. I certainly would give a lot for a chance to get to France. If I had the opportunity, I should join the Marines. The only chances of getting across for sailors are (1) to get on some battle-ship that is going over (a hard thing for a signalman to make unless he is very expert), (2) to get on a transport, (3) to go with the Armed Guards on a merchantman. I certainly should hate to get on board some ship that was just going to hang around this coast. The advantages of getting on a transport or a merchantman are that there are very few regulations to be observed. Just think of the joy of wearing blue denim dungarees!

Those fellows who make 3rd class in the examinations are sent to the "crab fleet" for six weeks additional training. The "crab fleet" is made up of old, slow ships that are unserviceable for anything but training purposes. From it, the signal boys are sent to transports and merchantmen. From what I hear now, my preference would be to go with the Armed Guards, but transports, especially those with a base at New York, are about the most popular things with the fellows going out from here. A signalman or an Armed Guard gunner gets fine treatment on a merchant ship, and the watches are easier than the 4hr. on 4 hr. off routine of a transport. On a battle ship the watches are arranged 4 hrs. on, 4 off; 4 on, 8 off; 4 on, 12 off; 4 on, 24 off; as I understand it. That is pretty soft, but there are lots of regulations to be observed.

Winifred has written that Oscar has got into the Armed Guards with a gun crew, and is going to be shipped east pretty soon. Gee, I would like to swap places with him.

At present the station is under quarantine for "Spanish influenza" which has broken out. We get no liberty and consequently I was unable to go to Norfolk yesterday and get my uniform and have my photo taken. However, I'll do both at the first opportunity.*

Don't worry about the influenza. There have only been one or two cases in this company, and they keep pretty careful watch on us, examining us every day. Undoubtedly the quarantine will be lifted within a few days.

With lots of love to you and all the rest of the family,

Raymond.

* The opportunity did not come.

With the exception of the letter of Sept. 22nd, which was written upon Y. M. C. A. paper, Raymond's letters beginning with the one of Aug. 27th have the letter head, "U. S. Naval Training Station, Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Virginia."

In a note already mentioned in the chapter of Life History, Raymond said that he had developed some fever and was going to "sick bay" (hospital), but not to worry as he believed it "only a little touch of grippe." This letter was received October first. After being read and re-read it was burned, instead of being fumigated and kept as was the following, his last letter home.

U. S. NAVAL TRAINING STATION
Naval Operating Base
Hampton Roads, Virginia.

Sept. 27, 1918.

Dearest Mother,

Just a line to let you know how I am. I still have some fever and am rather light-headed, but don't worry. I guess I'll be out of sick bay in a few days.

Lovingly,

Raymond.

He also wrote a letter to Winifred of the same date.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS.

Out of the letters of sympathy from the more than hundred friends who wrote to Raymond's family immediately following his death, selections have been made for this memorial.

In some instances a letter is given in its entirety. More often there is an excerpt, the plan being to use only what expresses personal acquaintance with Raymond.

Inevitably, many letters equally beautiful but having no direct bearing upon his character have not been included.

There are a few excerpts concerning him taken from letters addressed not to Raymond's family, but to family-friends; and, in addition to the selections from letters received immediately after his death, there are some of considerably later date.

For lack of more appropriate place, a note already referred to, which was written to Raymond himself is given here. It is from his teacher in the fourth grade in the University Elementary School, Chicago.

"Dear Raymond:

You have been a credit to your grade and the school. I hope you will like your new school and come back to us as soon as you can.

Don't hold back, Raymond, but take active part as you have been doing in the part of King Volsung.

I hope you will have a happy summer.

Sincerely yours,

Adele Lackner,

June 16, '09

3201 Calumet Ave."

The following letters are from Raymond's young friends, all, with one exception, his schoolmates.

Suzanne Wadsworth:

"I want to tell you how deeply I have felt for you during your sadness. Raymond's death has made me feel as though I had lost one of the finest friends among the boys.

His loyalty to all his friends and his wonderful disposition can never be forgotten by those who have known him.

It makes me happy to feel that I had the opportunity of knowing Raymond."

Herbert Popenoe:

"It was with the deepest grief that I received word yesterday of Raymond's death, and although mere words fail to express our feelings at this time, I wish to pay tribute to Raymond as a loving son and brother, a noble citizen, and my best and truest friend."

Robert Bruce:

"This is truly a great loss, to the nation that he was serving and to his family, and friends. Young and promising so much, it surely is a sad bereavement and I wish to extend to you all my deepest sympathy."

Dorothy Pierce:

"I can sincerely say that his friendship is one of my deepest and finest memories of high school days."

Marion Laird:

"May I assure you that he was always a great help to me in the Debating Club, and that I feel it was an honor to have been his friend."

Halbert Brown, to his mother on the eve of his departure for France:

"It is hard for me to write I am so broken up over the news of Raymond's death, but I must say good-bye, as it is probably my last letter on this side of the Atlantic. I can't realize it yet—that I shall never see Tub again, and except for you all at home the world seems empty and without much to work for.

Why do fellows like Tub have to go out of this world and some examples of worthless humanity I have seen since I left home stay here and enjoy the best of everything?

Tub has done his last bit—he will always be a memory for me to try to live up to. I feel very sorry for Mrs. Barton and the rest of the family, and Winifred, but they all ought to be proud of him."

Warwick Tompkins wrote on board U. S. S. Arizona, Fort Monroe, Virginia:

"I cannot realize that Raymond isn't still puzzling over the multi-colored flags, and the flashing lights of Signal School. It was just yesterday that we were comparing letters and drinking sodas at the ice cream booth and now one of the finest souls I ever met has met the Great Adventure and passed into the place where dreadnaughts and machine guns are unknown. The silence that fell over all of the long barracks when the fellows heard of his passing was a fine tribute to the high esteem and affection which his mates held for him. I shall never forget the scene as a couple of his closest chums and myself returned, dazed, from the Chaplain's office where we had gone for information about Raymond and where the incredible news had been told us. We looked in the door and there were the usual carefree Jackies—some were dancing to the music of the Victrola, a couple of boxers were having a workout—many were waiting and talking. Our message spread like wildfire—the soft thud of gloves stopped, the dancers stepped apart and the music stopped. For a full minute man looked at man in an incredulous, doubting look and then, simultaneously, from a hundred throats came the cry for "Proof!" Most of the fellows downrightly refused to believe one word and I left soon—left a saddened company and the way they talked of Raymond—well, it made me mighty proud of my chum for it showed that he was without an enemy in the bunch and a fellow has to be fine, thru and thru, to have that distinction.

Raymond was very dear to me and I want to extend my deepest sympathies to you in this saddened hour and to tell you that the Navy is a better, finer place for having had Raymond. His life was an inspiration to all of us and we shall never forget him."

Warwick wrote again October 25th:

"Everyone loved Raymond. They couldn't help it, and I was no exception.

I am very sorry that I couldn't have been with Raymond at the time of his illness. I didn't even know that he was seriously sick until October 7th, although he was on the Base with me. We know little of happenings even close at hand in the Navy; for everything is in such a rush that personal wishes and desires are too small to be noticed. Ships must sail, and troupes must move, and my dearest chum slipped away and I never heard a word of it.

Raymond was a fine Christian. No more need be said of any man. Will you express my sympathy to Winifred? She will never know just how much Raymond loved her, revered her. He told me while we sat on the Signal Bridge beneath the stars, and the beauty of his devotion was wonderfully inspiring."

From "Somewhere on the Atlantic. Homeward bound" Carlos Alviar wrote:

"Raymond and I were indeed real friends and colleagues. I wish I could tell you how much we have learned from each other, how we have come to think and to act together. If I could, it would only add to your bereavement."

Of Raymond's enlistment, Winifred wrote:

"I am proud and glad that he enlisted and volunteered to go East as he did, even though it seemed more than he needed to have done at the time. But those two steps only further proved the high qualities of his character, and made me love him all the more."

Miss Nellie G. Clarke of the high school wrote to Winifred:

"I am glad for you that your every memory of Raymond is to be surrounded with such happy associations.

All who knew him will think of him always as fine and clean in character, cheerful, friendly and thoroughly able."

The Secretary of the Philomathian Literary Society:

"We have felt his death deeply, for he was a fellow of fine and sterling qualities.

Everyone who knew him held him in the highest esteem."

The following is a quotation from a letter written by Julian Woodward, to Herbert Popenoe:

"Tub's death was a severe blow to me. Tub had been one of my closest friends. He was the most mature of his age of anybody I ever knew, and there is no doubt he had a great future before him. I shall never forget Tub; his influence upon my life has been too strong for that."

A year after Raymond's death, Oscar Palmer wrote from the University Farm, Davis, California:

"I never before had a friend like Raymond, and no one can take his place."

July 2nd, 1919, Halbert Brown wrote from Tulare, California:

"Yesterday morning I received from my mother last Saturday's Star-News describing the planting of the Memorial Tree in memory of Raymond at the Polytechnic Elementary Commencement exercises. There is no need to tell you how I regret that I could not be present at the ceremony. It would have meant much to have taken part in the planting of the Memorial Tree at the school where Raymond and I first became acquainted. More than anything else of value, which I received from the school, I prize the opportunity I had there of knowing Raymond."

The following letter and verses were received July 29th, 1919.

"Dear Mrs. Barton:

Just a little tribute to what my friendship with Raymond has meant to me. The four lines comprising the second of the two stanzas came to me so suddenly and without effort or will on my part that I perhaps have no right to call them mine. Because of this fact, I have set them down just as I jotted them in my notebook and although they may seem inadequate, I feel that I have no right to try to modify them.

Sincerely yours,
Herbert.

"For Him we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest;
Did give his Life that we might still survive,—
And by Himself crept silently to Rest."

Rubaiyat.

And we, that still grope through this Earthly Way,
 Seeking, as yet in vain, the Perfect Day
 Where He abides. How better can we do
 Than live as pure as He? God grant we may!
 H. F. P.

The following letter is from Raymond's pastor, Dr. Clarence A. Spaulding:

ARMY AND NAVY
 YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.
 "With the Colors."

X, 7, '18.

My dear Ralph:—

I want you to know that in Raymond's loss I too am a sharer and a sympathizer. He belonged to the New World Order. His mind was set on High Things. He was fitted for great tasks. Those will be incomplete unless we who are left and who knew Him enlarge ourselves, do our work more perfectly, tackle our tasks harder and overcome our handicap and limitations with more grace and pluck and fortitude even as he did.

I need not tell you that I believe you will "Carry on" but I want to assure you that because of Him and his plucky fight I am going to try and do a bit more for this world to make it better.

I shall always be interested in you and your work. Because of your fondness and expertness in wireless will you let me give you a motto—"The things that are seen are temporal, the things unseen *eternal*." Good night.

Yours sincerely,
 Clarence Spaulding.

Dr. Spaulding in a letter to Raymond's parents said:

"The news of Raymond's death has just come. It was a distinct shock. It was something like the loss of a brother . . . Of all the young men I know, Raymond gave the greatest promise of the largest usefulness in the world."

Mrs. Spaulding: "Our deepest sympathy is with you all and we feel a personal loss in Raymond. He was such a rare boy! Heaven must be a wonderful place these days with so many beautiful youths crowding in."

Mr. Wallace: "Had Raymond been our own son I can scarcely see how we could have loved him more.

Some time ago I had a quiet heart-to-heart talk with him. I spoke in simple, plain words as to the only ground upon which one could rest for forgiveness of sin and assurance of salvation and, farther, said I did trust that he knew the Lord as his own Saviour. His prompt, modest reply was, 'Mr. Wallace, I think I can truly say that I do.' He further spoke with much intelligence as to the difference between the mere profession of which there is so much in the world and the real thing itself."

Mrs. Wallace: "He has grown into our hearts so easily and in such a wonderful way that we can all say it is quite the hardest thing we have had to suffer as a family.

It is comforting to look back on the beautiful friendship. I cannot recall one thing that we could have wished otherwise. His memory is a real joy to each of us."

Mrs. F. O. Popenoe wrote as soon as she heard of Raymond's illness: We love Raymond so sincerely and know him so well that we share your anxiety, and earnestly hope and pray for good news—soon and continually."

The same friend later: "We can only weep with you, and rejoice that the relationship with him is not destroyed—only interrupted. The nineteen beautiful years in this world are surely only the prelude to the things that 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' "

To William in France, Mrs. Popenoe wrote: "I saw Raymond twice after he was in uniform—once at Point Loma when Robert Bruce and I went to call on him, and again the day before he left for the east, when he came in for a few minutes to bid me good-bye. Both meetings are a sweet memory—he was so proud and happy and life looked so wonderfully bright. . . . I know it is a comfort to your mother to feel that every pleasure and pure joy a boy could have in his first nineteen years of life had come to Raymond in full measure. He is a sweet memory to all who knew him."

Miss Jennie M. Deyo, of The Pasadena High School: "The going of Raymond is the passing of a rare spirit. . . . I enjoyed Raymond so much during the two years that he was in my class, that I cannot yet realize that he has entered into the more abundant life."

Miss Harriet Conkling of The Polytechnic Elementary School: "We always think of our graduates as a part of our school family, and we truly feel that we have lost a fine loyal member in losing Raymond."

Miss Lucie M. Wygant, who had not seen Raymond since she nursed him at Pasadena Hospital: "I shall never forget Raymond and the happy week I spent with him a year ago last July when he placed himself in a position to be in better physical condition to serve his country. Though he did not go overseas to the fighting there, he certainly has fought here; and I shall always feel that I have known one of the real heroes who gave his life in his country's service."

Mrs. Richard T. Dodson: "Raymond had a particularly warm spot in my heart, although I saw him but three times: he appealed to me at once."

Mr. Ivan Ball, in whose employ Raymond was at Porterville: "We were dazed by the news of Raymond's death, as in his loss we feel that one out of our very midst has been sacrificed in the great cause. This community appreciates his many noble qualities."

Hector MacLeod, in an English hospital after being wounded in the war: "Raymond was my own ideal of the perfect gentleman. He spoke and acted in all sincerity at all times. Even a casual acquaintance with Raymond was enough to attract him to anybody."

Mrs. George B. Fundenberg: "We knew the dear boy so well that we can understand the utter void his going makes in your home."

Helen Sunny McKibbin (Mrs. George B.): "I cannot seem to write about Raymond—I know too well the beauty of his youth, his manliness, his winsomeness; and the radiance of his hopes, and yours for him, to endure the thought of this cessation of them all."

Mrs. Alexander R. Shepherd wrote:
My dear Mrs. Barton:

The news of Raymond's entering Life Everlasting fills me with grief for you, and with a deep sense of personal loss; for I had always honored and loved him. He seemed to be so singularly fine and I realized he was unusually blessed with a splendid character and great unselfishness.

I know how broken and sad you must feel: the beauty of sacrifice only comes after Time has laid its kind hand upon us; so I grieve for all you have to bear, in the giving of your spendid boy—I know only too well the bitterness of it and know human help is of no avail.

This note requires no answer; it is only a word of sympathy in a sorrow which touches me very deeply.

With love to you,

Believe me always faithfully,
Phoebe Elthon Shepherd.

Ely, Nevada,
Oct. 24th, 1918.

Aunt Grace (Mrs. Edward C. Nichols): "We all loved and admired Raymond."

Katharine Barton Childs: "It will be a dreadful blow to Thyrsa, for she loved and admired Raymond extremely. She has talked to me about him so much and with so much pride in his brilliancy and manly qualities."

Lucy Lombardi Barber: "I have such a clear, sweet memory of your three beautiful boys, and the glimpse I had of William when he was in Washington made me realize what an ever-increasing joy and comfort they must be to you. And now Raymond is gone and you are left desolate.

"I cannot help thinking of William in France and of how hard the news will be for him to bear. What sorrow there is in this world that should be so beautiful! It must make your loss a little easier to know that your boy died in the service he had longed to enter, and that he left this world unspotted and unsoiled by it, ready for life in a more perfect one."

Anna Welles Brown: "That such a life should be taken seems almost more than I can believe or bear."

J. Wylie Brown: "It is hard to realize that Raymond, a favorite of us all, and a boy with such a fine personality is really gone. He is not gone in one sense; for his noble character will not be forgotten by any one who knew him, but will continue to be an inspiring influence for good."

Mary Welles Lawrence: "I only remember him as a dear lovable little boy."

Helen Barber Matteson writing of both Lester and Raymond: "I have very precious memories; of Lester as my great adventurous cousin-from-the-east, wonderful to me, a fifteen-year-old; and of Raymond in 1906, the darlingest little comrade in the world!"

Muriel Seeley Welles: "When I think of Raymond, so bright, so full of vitality and interests, it seems as if he *must* be living, somewhere!"

Not long after his death, typewritten copies of some of Raymond's letters were read by a number of his friends.

The following are expressions of appreciation:

Aunt Mary (Mrs. Enos M. Barton): "The reading and re-reading of Raymond's letters has been a very precious and poignant experience, and I am grateful to be privileged to know so intimately his rare and noble character, his brave, lovely and manly spirit. What a wonderful boy he was, so fair, so clean, so single-hearted and so considerate. How beautiful his attitude of tender consideration for his mother! There are two or three of the letters I must copy for Malcolm and Evan to read. I really think they should reach the consciousness of many young men; for such beautiful letters, the expression of a clean manly soul, a devoted loyal son and a noble patriot should strike deep into the roots of being of the growing youths and young men who are left to us. . . . My personal memories of Raymond come from the time of his being a little boy, such an interesting, bright little fellow. I see him now hopping like a frog over my bedroom floor at '4920' one Sunday afternoon,—and I have many times expressed my fondness for him. . . . Many of the letters are so deeply touching that I have wept and mourned with you afresh. . . . Aside from the personal loss, how much our country needs such men today. Such personality cannot be lost; it must be carrying its weight, exerting its influence and doing its work somewhere. It seems cruel that our vision cannot be sufficiently extended to help us to understand the compensations that, in justice, there must somewhere and somehow be in such an incalculable loss."

Aunt Adelia (Miss Adelia C. Barton) "His inexpressibly high ideal of patriotism can never grow dim with time."

Aunt Nellie (Mrs. Charles P. Welles): "In coming down we read those wonderful letters of Raymond's. Ellen and I were astonished at his logic, patriotism and love, especially the great love for his mother, which not many men express, but which is no doubt deep down in their hearts. I am glad you have the expressed word and knew fully in experience about it."

Fanny L. Barber: "I want to say a word in appreciation of Raymond's letters. I know that age of boy pretty well, as you know, from my high-school experience, and his letters surpass my belief. I didn't know they ever did it. Such fine and noble feeling so freely and fluently expressed! He seems mature and yet has all the charm of youth. I recently found the copies of the letter

from Uncle Enos to Uncle Alvin written on July 4, 1861, which is so remarkable for a boy of that age, and was interested to compare the two as to style and feeling—Uncle Enos's has a dryness and a condensedness that seems characteristic both of him and Uncle Emory. But it has none of the freedom of Raymond's. Utterly unselfconscious he was, and joyous and yet bound by his sense of duty. I want to quote Wordsworth's Ode to Duty! I am too remote from him to feel his loss very keenly—I can only be glad that I have had such a cousin, that I have learned that there was such a boy in the world."

Aunt Ellen (Mrs. S. J. Barber): "Tears and pride were mingled as we read Raymond's most beautiful, ingenuous and heart-breaking letters; and I felt an understanding and sympathy with you that I could not have realized so perfectly in any other way. . . . It must have been a pleasure, though a sad one, to select and make up this packet of letters which so plainly show Raymond's beautiful character and his wonderful power of putting noble thoughts into fitting words."

Major Leslie R. Groves, who had asked for the loan of Raymond's letters on enlistment to use in a sermon he was about to preach on Sunday, Nov. 13th, 1921, returned them with the following acknowledgement: "I am grateful for the use of these wonderful letters.

"The parts I read in the church made the sermon vital to the listeners.

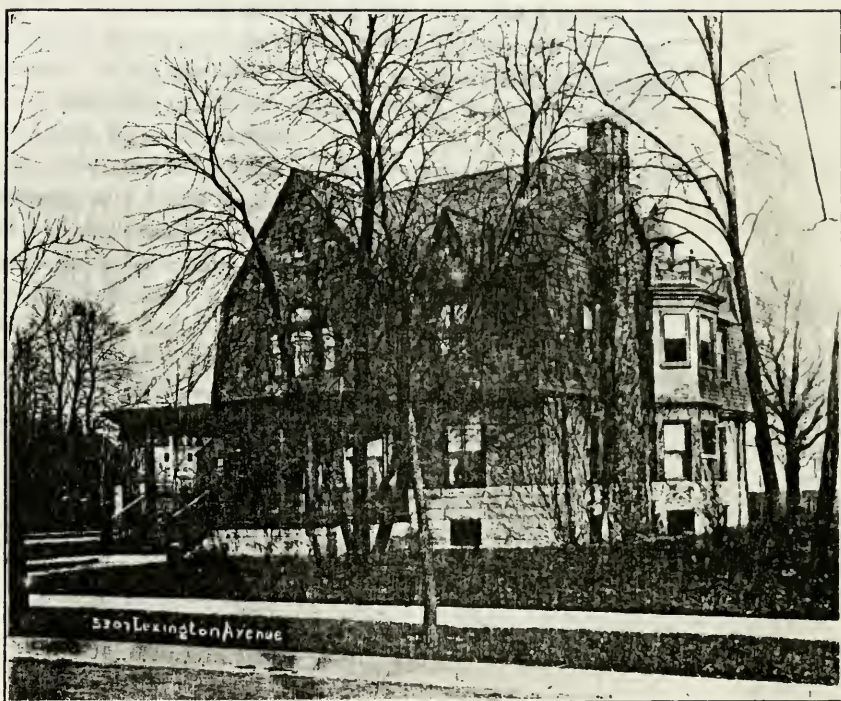
"I have seen no statement of the growing sense of duty in the true American equal to these letters."

FORMAL TRIBUTES

Raymond's was the second gold star placed on the service flag of Westminster Church. Soon a third was added, and one Sunday morning in the winter of 1919 services were held in memory of the three boys of the church who had given their lives for their country's cause.

Raymond was the only one of the boys of the Polytechnic Elementary School to give up his life in the service. In 1919 during commencement week a beautiful evergreen, a deodar, was planted and appropriate services were held in his memory. A bronze tablet bearing Raymond's name, designed and engraved by one of the students, was placed at the foot of the tree.

There were memorial exercises the same year at Occidental College, and a tablet was dedicated to the memory of the students who had given up their lives for the protection of home and country, and for the preservation of civilization throughout the world.



CHICAGO RESIDENCE—1894-1912
Photographed by Lester about 1900

On May 27th, 1921 there was unveiled at Pasadena High School a tablet bearing the names of sixteen students who had died in service during the World War.

Raymond's name appears upon both of these tablets.

It is planned to found a scholarship in memory of each of the sixteen students of Pasadena High School.

Satisfactory progress has been made in raising this fund, and it has already been used to assist boys and girls during their high school course and in college. During the present year the class of 1921 has engaged in various activities in the interest of the memorial fund, and on its graduation day, just passed, was able to contribute as its parting gift to the school, nearly two thirds of the amount required for a scholarship.

So through the heroic sacrifice of sixteen, other earnest young people are having the opportunity of a broad training for life's responsibilities.

This privilege will not terminate with those now sharing its benefits, for the torch once lighted is to be passed from hand to hand.

Remembering the little band whose potentialities for service were thus abruptly ended, it may be that some to come after them will feel that *they* have a double duty to fulfil.

Then shall be perpetuated not merely the *names* of sixteen noble boys but something of *their ideals*, something of *their enthusiasm* and *devotion*!

